

Two books—a **NOVEL** and a **SPECIAL**—complete in the issue-Also **EDWARDIAN LADY** by Agnes de Mille -The Secret of Getting into Harvard - The HIDDEN **EPIDEMIC**—it's here, and the miracle drugs can't touch it - **SUMMER FASHIONS** for romantic tead dancing and starlit dinners FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN JULY 1961 • 35 CENTS



NEW! Color only the gray without changing your natural hair color



Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

Cray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, just wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion. This great new discovery by Clairol gets rid of gray a wonderfully easy new way as it gives all your hair exciting vitality, a youthful sheen that it hasn't seen in years!

Cently so skillfully does this hair color lotion wash in young color that your natural shade appears unchanged. Though gray is gone, all anyone sees is that you look prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural-looking.

No big decisions about shades. Just choose the tone most like your own. And about once a month, before gray starts to show, simply wash your hair with LOVING CARE and keep that gray away. New LOVING CARE leaves your hair in better condition than ever. LOVING CARE won't rub off, won't brush off. There's nothing else like it in the world. Try it. You'll love it!

Loving Care* Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

not a tint ... better than any rinse ... Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.



*Trade Mark © 1980 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.



LDLLIPDPS, TEDDY-BEAR, SAILBOAT AND PAIL! Pack 'em up, Daddy and we're off to the country.

Life with baby

on daddy's vacation



PICNIC BREAK makes the long trip more fun. And so do Playtex® Dryper® Disposable Diapers. Not one dirty diaper to carry the whole vacation.



SMALL-SIZE SAILOR SEES THE LAKE AT LAST! But not so fast, Jimmy boy, Time to change into a fluffy new Dryper®—soft as cloth next to his tender baby skin.



so EASY TD USE—each disposable Dryper® comes fresh from the package—extra thick and absorbent—and fits so neatly into its own soft panty . . .



SNAPS DN IN SECONDS—with no pins to stick Jimmy. The job's all done—with not a single dirty diaper for Mommy to wash and dry,



SAND CASTLES IN THE SUN—and for hot weather protection, Jimmy wears his disposable Dryper[®]. It's gently medicated to prevent a principal cause of diaper rash.



DO NOT DISTURB—a tired young man dreams of happy tomorrows, with Mommy and Daddy—and Dryper®—to help make vacation time carefree.

it's a happier life with
PLAYTEX'
DRYPER'

Disposable Diapers

© 1961 International Latex Corp.



McCall's First Magazine for Women OL. LXXXVIII NO.10

HERBERT R. MAYES

Editor

MARGARET COUSINS Managing Editor

OTTO STORCH

BART SHERIDAN

Executive Editor

Senior Editors: MERCEDES BATES, SAMUEL BERNSTEIN, HERBERT BLEIWEISS, DOROTHY CHAMBERLAIN, MIRIAM GIBSON FRENCH, MARY DAVIS GILLIES. ELIZABETH SWEENEY HERBERT, LENORE HERSHEY, FRANK HOGAN, BEVERLY JANE LOO, NATHAN MANDELBAUM, SELMA ROBINSON, PAUL SCHWIND. LEONARD SLATER, VIRGINIA STEELE. ELIZABETH WESTON Assistant to the Editor

A. EDWARD MILLER

Publisher

ARTHUR B. LANGLIE

NOVELS

- 50 The Tempestuous Career of Molly Murdock John D. MacDonald . Complete in this issue
- 72 The Winter of Our Discontent, Part III John Steinbeck

SHORT FICTION

JULY 1961

- 46 The Dreamer · Eileen Herbert Jordan
- 48 The Letter · William Maner
- 68 Meant for Each Other · Mary Stolz

FEATURES

- 4 Living with People The Editors
- Sight and Sound · Leonard Slater
- 11 Outstanding Events in the Lively Arts · Richard Marek
- 14 If You Ask Me . Eleanor Roosevelt
- Without Portfolio · Clare Boothe Luce
- 18 All Things Considered . Wallis, Duchess of Windsor
- 20 It's All in the Family : Boating Stanley and Janice Berenstain
- 26 Pats and Pans
- Marriage Is a Private Affair: An Open Letter to Any Wife Whose Husband Has Been Unfaithful Dr. David R. Mace
- 45 The Secret of Getting into Harvard · Robert P. Crossley
- 52 The Hidden Epidemic: A Warning! · Samuel Grafton
- Girls Are Silly · Ogden Nash
- Aren't Boys Awful! . Phyllis McGinley
- 70 Edwardian Lady · Agnes de Mille
- 86 The Next King of England . James Brough
- 118 The Bennett Murder Hand · Charles H. Goren
- 132 My World at Large · Dave Garroway

POEMS

Ogden Nash, Phyllis McGinley, Ethel Jacobson, Norman R. Jaffray, R. H. Grenville, Aileen FitzPatrick

MEDICINE

- 32 What Parents Ask: About Traveling with Children Dr. Milton J. E. Senn
- Medical News of the Month . Dr. Morris Fishbein
- 52 The Hidden Epidemic: A Warning! · Samuel Grafton

BEAUTY

90 Six Beauty Problems Nobody Talks About

CHILOREN

- 32 What Parents Ask: About Traveling with Children Dr. Milton J. E. Senn
- 124 Betsy McCall Visits Cape Cod

FASHIONS

- 36 Try This Ior Size: The Eternal Glamour of Black
- 74 Unforgettable Fashions
- for the Summer of a Lifetime 76 Chiffon at Sundown
- Traveler's Discovery; Island Delicacies
- 80 Nights in Cashmere
- 82 Matchless Prints
- 84 Spectacular Dinner Dresses

PATTERNS (ALL McCALL'S!)

88 Most Sophisticated Young Color for Fall: Curry

DECORATING

- 54 Country Airs in Today's Provincial Rooms
- 56 Provincial without Provincialism
- 58 Unsophisticated Objects for Sophisticated Use
- 60 Roughhewn, Restful, Relaxed, Rustic
- 62 That New Country Look

FOOD

- 92 Food as It's Served in Japan
- Step-by-Step to Perfect Potato Salad
- Skilletry! For Chefs of the Great Outdoors 96
- 98 Plan on Flan
- 100 Mellifluous Melon
- 142 Dine in Japan at Home

EQUIPMENT

- 102 In the Good New Summertime
- 160 Yours for a Spotless Summer

COVER

Photograph by Onofrio Paccione

ABOCHUS EMINIS JAMES, SHAKEN, SHRAN, CHAN, BELMONTE MANY NCLLEY, MARGINE 1847, MILTON DEBLAN, HERN PERSHAN, MARIN HOLDROOK, ALLAN 1277, BELGARD MARIN, ANYDDY SLEVEN, MINTONES AL HOLDE, ANNO MANY HELDER, SANDER ANY MARCHES RUNNIAN, VIDENTA ASSISTANCE AND REPORT AND STREET, AND STREE

I. W. A. New Stone . The Control of the Control of

For the 2 out of 3 women who would finally use a hair color... If it were natural enough...easy enough...and camouflaged grey!



Reviou creates 'COLOR UP'... the first cream tinting rinse!

'Color Up'—a new kind of hair color in a tube! It buries grey in a shimmer of color-highlights. Highlights you can keep or lose when you choose. It's NOT a bleach, NOT a drastic dye, so hair can't look strawy, brassy; dyed or artificial. And because it's a stay-put cream, not a stainy liquid,

there's no drip, no dread, no mess, no guess to it. Ten minutes is all it takes to color-brighten your hair . . . color that lasts through several shampoos . . . won't rub or rinse off. Choose from 18 subtle shades—one of them unmistakably you! At leading cosmetic counters and beauty salons.

cream tinting

...Living With people...

"Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea." The Civil War Centennial is being ardently celebrated. Around July Fourth, it might be a good time to emphasize the united red, white, and blue instead of just the divided blue and gray. Under the summer sun, our land lies rich and varied. But as the sea, as the flag, it is ONE.



ON LOCATION AT NASSAU. Fashion photographs are sometimes taken at studios; but every once in a while, more exotic backgrounds are required, which is pleasant for everyone involved. For this issue, Helen Freeman, our Associate Fashion Editor, took our pictures of vacation glamour clothes by outstanding American designers against the setting of the balmy, beautiful Bahamas. Helen fell completely in love with the sounds, scents, and sights of leisurely, romantic Nassau and its outlying islands, particularly Eleuthera. Her special favorite: the goombay songs, vignettes of village life sung by minstrels, who are definite celebrities in the islands. (You'll see the Goombay King in one of the fashion pictures. playing a piano that was dragged to the beach just for the shot.) As for the five on the steps of Government House, they are gathered for the official welcoming ceremony and are, reading in the usual manner, R. Svmonette, Deputy Speaker of the House of Assembly of the Bahama Islands: models Simone D'Aillencourt and Suzy Parker; Gleb Derujinsky, the photographer; and our own Helen Freeman, who, like Columbus directly above her, is delighted that she made this voyage of discovery. P.S.: If you're planning a vacation, you should take note that this area is now considered a summer resort, too. OBIJUR. The gentleman receiving traditional Japanese hospitality is none other than Herbert Bijur, head of McCall's Pattern Division, on a recent business trip to Japan. Mr. Bijur gets around, but not as much as McCall's patterns, which are distributed through more than 1,200 retail stores in over 80 foreign markets and actually also produced at two overseas plants: one in Sydney, Australia, and the other in London, (Here in the U.S., home-sewing fans have been using McCall's patterns since 1870.) McCall's patterns, to namedrop, are for sale in such places as Kenya, Ceylon, Hong Kong, and all over South America, where we are told that "McCall's" is considered the U.S. word for "pattern." Mr. Bijur spends most of his off-duty time in his Mamaroneck, N.Y., home. The reasons: a pretty wife, three fine children, a collection of antiques. a gardenful of chrysanthemums. on which he's considered an expert.





"Are you, by any chance, 'The Body'?"

POLIO SHOTS. Despite all the confusion, the facts are these: Oral vaccine will not be generally available this polio season. The Salk vaccine is plentiful and has proved highly effective, although now a fourth booster shot, of the improved 1961 Salk vaccine, is recommended, to increase protection. Paralytic polio will continue to be a public-health problem until babies, children, and young adults are fully vaccinated. So roll up your sleeve, make an appointment for the family, and be sure you and your husband get shot, too. ("Babies and breadwinners" are the chief targets for the Surgeon General's vaccination campaign this summer.) Next year? Perhaps there will be a convenient pill instead of a needle-but this stillpotent virus won't sit around waiting for you to shoo it away so easily.

STORCH SONG. "Hooray for Otto" is our motto, because our modest, gentle-voiced Art Director has been voted Art Director of the Year by his own peers: the National Society of Art Directors. Eleven nominees, proposed by 38 member clubs, were voted on by 4,000 members. Otto was the top choice for their 14th annual award, presented "to the Art Director who, in this country during the past year, has made the greatest contribution to graphic design." For demonstration of Otto's art direction, see the following editorial pages.



Capitol Take 12" LONG PLAY HIGH FIDELITY ON THIS PAGE

Pay Only

When you become a Trial Member of the Capitol Record Club and agree to buy as few as six future record selections during the next 12 months



ERNIE FORD

263. Bath an album and a hymn book. Jesus taves Me. Caunt Your Blessings, What A Friend, All Hail The Power, 11 more. \$4.98



GORDON MacRAE

143. Twelve ramantic praises to the seasons of lave... Autumn Leaves, Indian Summer, Septem-ber Sang, others. \$3,88



JONAH JONES

200. Skipper Janes' swingin' junket ta ports of call from Rome to Shang-hal: Brazil, Arrivederci Roma, 10 others. \$3.98



GEORGE GERSHWIN

Rhopsody in 8lue and An American in Parir, Leonard Pennaria with the Hallywaad Bawl Sym-phony.
 \$4.98

FRANK SINATRA

13. Frank belts them aut fram the mavie sound track. The Lady ts A Tramp, Bewitched, others. (Monoural Only) \$4.98



JACKIE GLEASON



CAN-CAN



JUDY **GARLAND**

137. Sangr that made Judy famous... Over the Rainbaw, For Me and My Gal, The Trailey Sang, ton other favoriter. \$3.98



PAUL WESTON

142. New album of "Music for Dreaming". Hear Laura. Out of Nawhere, My Slue Heaven, 9 other fovarites. \$3,88



FIRE GODDESS

148. Authentic Hawaiian chentr and songs. Exation nusic and exciting sounds coxed from a variety of Island instruments. \$3.98



PEGGY LEE

196. Exatic renditions of B'way Shaw "Hits" etyled with Afra-Cuban beats Hey There, The Party's Over, 10 mare. \$3.88



GEORGE SHEARING



Rav

ANTHONY 138. Bay and archestra at their lighthearted, dance-able best: Doncing Over the Waves, Intermesso, others. \$3.98



Mary Martin John Raitt

88. The TV casts Mary Martin, John Baltt, Dain' What Cames Naturally, The Girl Thas I Marry, etc. (Manaural Only) \$4.88



NAT KING COLE

270. The velve1 louch turns to the game of tove: Foi Yau, Crary She Colls Me, This ts Atways, My Love, 8 more Greats. \$4.98

KAY STARR

188. Kay swings through a dasen great sangs; Night Irain, tazy River, Sentimental Journey, Slaw Boat to China, etc. \$3.98



MOVIN!

Glen Grav

195. Glen Gray, his Casa Lamans recreate the swingin' sounds of Tam-my Darsey, Benny Gaad-man, 11 others. \$3.98



RED NICHOLS

179. "REO" and the Five Pennies play Dixieland. Hear Ja Oa, September Song, Ballin' the Jack — 11 others. \$3.88



Guy LOMBARDO



STARLIGHT Waltzes

128. Straurs, Tchaikovrky, Sibelius 8 others by Felix Slatkin and Hallywaa



RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN



TCHAIKOVSKY

129. Saaring Tchaikavrky ballet themes enchant-ingly played by Jaseph levine and the Ballet Theater Orchestra. \$4.98



FRED WARING

198, If you've the time, the place, the girl—Fred'e magic with charus, ar chestra will do the rest. 12 "greats". \$3.98



LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI



Frank Sinatra

209. The "Voice" with Nelson Riddle's Orchestra: Nice 'N Easy, Dream, Faols Rush In, Mam'selle, 9 others by Sinatra. \$4.98



FOUR FRESHMEN

189. Ever-fresh young quortet with imaginative ideas amplified by five guitarr: The Mare 1 See Yau, 11 mare. \$3.98



Horn with The Blues

130. The Bobby Hackett frumpet enriched with "deep blue" stringr. Hear Sugar Blues, Blues in the Night, 10 mare. \$3.98



FELIX SLATKIN

119. Slotkin conductr fa-varite band music... Stars and Stripes Farever, An-chars Aweigh, 11 other marches. \$4.98



NELSON RIDDLE

NELSON RIDDLE

135. Zestful sangs about the lays of living and lav-ing: Isn't It A tovely Day, You Make Me Fee! Sa Young, 10 others, \$3,98



ALFRED DRAKE PATRICIA MORISON

151. With Stors of the Braadway production. Alfred Drake and Patricia Marisan sing Sa In Love, Too Darned Haft etc. \$4.98



117. Harry's greatest bond in polished baflads and sangs to swing to far dancing and listening. \$3.98



KINGSTON TRIO

212. The "Toast" of Amer-ica's Calleglates playing Carrier Pigean, Simini, Don't Cry Katie, 9 more favorites. \$3.98



DEAN MARTIN



DINAH SHORE

214. Dinch with the 8ed Norvo Quintet in nostalgic bluer sangs: 8ye. 8ye. 8tues, plus 11 more exciting renditions. \$3.98





STEPHEN POSTER 204. Carmen Dragan can-ducts the famous Capital Symphony in Stephen Faster meladies, Ohl Susanno, 8 mare, \$4.98





GROFÉ 122. Grand Conya Mississippi Suites



KENTON

OTA STATO

time

JAZZ ULTIMATE **Bobby Hackett** Jack Teagarden

121. For out jass at its bert: 8aby Wan't You Please Came Hame, 9 others \$1.98

HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY

118. Hear Chapin's greatest music... sparkling pa-lanaires, waltses, études in superb archestral per-farmances. \$4.98

Stan Kenton

218. Stronge and exciting Lotin rhythms: Adics, Artistry in Shythm, Sierta, Mission Iroll, and 7 other Sentan ciarsics. \$4.98

DAKOTA

STATON 215. Here's "bluer" that's the "mast"-to say the least! Gane With the Wind, Bul Not Far Me, 10 other

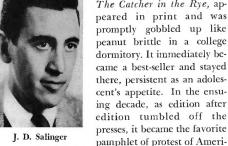
CAPITOL RECORD CLUB . De	pt. 5189, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania
SEND ME-AT ONCE—THESE FOUR ALBU	MS CE,

CAPITOI P		Pept. 5189, Scranton 5, Pennsylvan
SENO ME-AT	ONCE-THESE FOUR ALB	UMS COLOR COLOR
membership in: As a member I tional records months, from For these recore trated above—I price of \$8.98 \$5.98), plus a s packing and n receive each all You'll send the illustrated (view which pic monthly selecti lions, I will en Divisions of the	me FREE each month Sepitol Record Club Re- tures and describes the ons and alternale selec- roll in one of the three Club listed below, and	WRITE NUMBERS IN BOXES whenever I wom the monthly select of my division I need do nothing; it so sent to me settomatically. But it so near to me settomatically. But it no record at all thet month—III not he Chilo not be form always provide III purchase at least one record eve BOXUS ALBUMS will be given me of the rate of one I2 inch album it poss as future selection. If it is come BONUSES from an up-to-data it of current Capitol host sellers. The provided in the company of the company is future selection. If it is all the third is the company of the compa
 Bast Selle Music and Short NO-RISK GU 	or Hit Albums (Doncing, L W Albums from Theatre, : ARANTEE: If not delighted	. I will return these 4 ALBUMS within
1. Bast Selle Music and Shor NO-RISK GU 7 days and Check her future selecti Then the fot with a bill fe also be in SI	ar Hit Albums (Doncing, I w Albums from Theatre, a ARANTEE: If not delighted my membership will be wif you own a STEREO reas in STEREO which the C ir rectords you have chose or \$1.00 more (\$1.97). Be EEREO.	istening, Mood 2. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV) 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 5. Close Tv,
1. Bast Selle Music and Shor NO-RISK GU 7 days and Check her future selecti Then the fot with a bill fe also be in SI	or Hit Albums (Doncing, I w Albums from Theatre, ARANTEE: If not delighted my membership will be will you own o STEREO re ons in STEREO which the C precords you have chose or \$1.00 more (\$1.97). But or \$1.00 more (\$1.97).	istening, Mood 2. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV) 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 5. Close Tv,
1. Bast Selle Music and Shor NO-RISK GU 7 days and Check her future selecti Then the fot with a bill fe also be in SI	ar Hit Albums (Doncing, I w Albums from Theatre, a ARANTEE: If not delighted my membership will be wif you own a STEREO reas in STEREO which the C ir rectords you have chose or \$1.00 more (\$1.97). Be EEREO.	istening, Mood 2. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV) 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 5. Close Tv,
	or Hit Albums (Doncing), wallbums from Theatre, ARANTE: It not delighted my membership will be it you own or STEREO re not in STEREO which the C ir records you have chose or \$1.00 more (\$1.97). Be UERRO. records can be played or	istening, Mood 2. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV) 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 3. Clossicol Albus Screen and TV, 5. Close Tv,



BY LEONARD SLATER





can teen-agers who felt themselves being irrevocably pressed toward maturity. It still sells at the rate of 250,000 copies a year. Pity the poor campus bookstore that fails to keep it in stock, for, regular as the tide, there is always a fresh wave of youngsters streaming in to seek the solutions to their anxieties in its wistful pages. The adventures of the runaway sixteen-year-old schoolboy, Holden Caulfield, have been translated into a dozen languages, including the Scandinavian, as young people around the world identified their unhappiness in the adult world with his. Recently, it appeared in Russia for the first time, and we can now report that it struck a familiar chord even in that monotone society. A critic, in the Soviet literary magazine Inostrannaya Literatura, began his review by dismissing Holden Caulfield as "an idler, and there is no reason why the reader should be troubled about him." However, the Soviet reviewer went on: "This novel about a loafer, fibber, stilyaga [Russian for beatnik], and gawker, about a strange, ill-starred young human being-so simple in appearance but so complex in his internal workings-stirs up a swirl of feelings and thoughts. ... This is the sign of a truly great work." The continuing reverberations of The Catcher in the Rye have shaken up the life of its author, an extremely shy and sensitive man of forty-two, whose full name is Jerome David Salinger. Scholarly critics have repeatedly singled him out as the Pied Piper of this generation of youths. As a consequence, Salinger has become a recluse, abhorring public appearances, avoiding interviews, and even forbidding his agent, editors, and friends to disclose where he lives. "Jerry's wrath can be monumental," a friend said, shuddering at the thought. He communicates with the outside world only through his agent; all fan

weekday, for three years, Professor Gladys Schmitt went home at noon from her English classes at Carnegie Tech, had some lunch, curled up in a livingroom chair with a notehook and pen, and hegan to write. When her husband, an official of the Pittsburgh Housing Authority, came home from work, they discussed her day's output. After dinner, she typed a final draft. The result, just out, is her seventh book, Rembrandt (Random House, \$5.95). It runs seven hundred pages, as overpowering, as replete with lights and shadows as any of the Dutch master's works.



Gladys Schmitt

mail and requests for help, both personal and literary, addressed to him halt at her desk. Some of his bolder admirers have made their way to Salinger's hilltop home in the woods outside a town in New Hampshire, where he lives with his wife and two children, only to be refused an audience. He writes slowly, worrying each word to a high gloss. Since 1941 (with time out for Army service),



Anna Moffo

he has produced, besides The Catcher in the Rye (Little, Brown, \$4.50; Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.49; Modern Library, \$1.95; Signet, 50 cents), only a collection of Nine Stories (Little, Brown, \$3.75; Modern Library, \$1.95; Signet, 50 cents), and about two dozen other stories, published in magazines. Next month, his third book, Franny and Zooey, will be published (Little, Brown, \$4.95), and booksellers are braced for the tidal wave. Many Salinger fans have read Franny and Zooey in four long stories, which appeared in the New Yorker between 1955 and 1959; copies of the magazine have long since become collector's items. Besides putting Franny and Zooey into permanent form, Salinger has written a thousand-word essay explaining what his piecemeal, rambling account of the life of a brilliant New York family is all about-"what he is striving to tell his readers through the medium of Franny and Zooey," an editor said. Lines are expected to form early. Export Model: If you happen to be in Italy later this month and feel homesick, tune in RAI, the Italian television network, for the Anna Moffo program. Even if you don't understand a word, you'll like what you see and hear. Miss Moffo, a tall, ravenhaired glamour girl of twenty-six, with more than a passing resemblance to Ava Gardner, sings opera, operetta, and jazz, dances a little, and serves as her own mistress of ceremonies. Italians call her "La Pinup della Lirica" ("The Pinup of the Opera"). As American as frozen pizza, Miss Moffo is a Metropolitan Opera star gallivanting on a summer holiday. Her soprano voice, coloratura and lyric, can be heard at home in familiar operatic arias (RCA Victor, mono, LM 2504, \$4.98; stereo, LSC 2504, \$5.98), in La Traviata (RCA Victor, mono, LM 6154, \$9.98; stereo, LSC 6154, \$11.98), and continued on page 8



IT TASTES SO GOOD BECAUSE IT'S TRULY TOMATO-RICH.

You know how some brands of tomato juice just trickle out of the tin like water? And taste watery, too? But not Libby's-ever! Libby's flows out in a velvety stream. The RICHEST-POURING* of them all! And it TASTES SO MUCH RICHER in ripe, tomato-y flavor than any other kind. Libby's is RICH IN VITAMINS, too-both vitamins A and C. Yet there are only 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass (lots less than in sweet or sweetened juices).



* Libby's is 44% richer in consistency, according to viscosity tests on 11 different brands. This figure is reported by the lab-oratories of a leading University. Libby, McNeill & Libby. Chicago 4, Ill.

Enjoy your **fibby** every day...get your vitamins C plus A







in Madama Butterfly (RCA Victor, mono, LM 6135, \$9.98; stereo, LSC 6135, \$11.98). Until she won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, she never thought of a professional singing career. She wanted to become an athlete-or a nun. In Wayne, Pennsylvania, she played on the high-school basketball, field hockey, and lacrosse teams. She won a Fulbright scholarship to study in Italy, made her debut there, and also found a husband, Mario Lanfranchi, a theatrical director. Since her Metropolitan Opera debut in November, 1959, she's been winning applause that might turn a smaller woman's head. She'll be back at the Met in October. starring in Così fan Tutte, Lucia, and Tales of Hoffmann. Just before she flew to Italy, we took a long walk with her around Manhattan. Heads swiveled as Miss Moffo, nearly six feet tall in heels, strode down Fifth Avenue. We asked her what she felt was her greatest asset, and she turned to us without losing a step. "My wind is superdeveloped," she said, dimples twinkling. "I was the pepper-upper of every team." Career Girl. For the woman who has everything, we are recommending this year: an acting career. It will sharpen her wits, quicken her gait, and replace the slightest sigh of boredom with a husky chuckle. We offer this unsolicited vocational guidance after a chat with Dina Merrill, the striking blonde actress whose current film is The Young Savages, costarring Burt Lancaster and Shelley Winters. Miss Merrill could loll on her chaise longue till noon every day, without anybody's taking offense. She is beautiful. She is an heiress, Her father is E. F. Hutton, the Wall Street financier; her mother is Mrs. Herbert May, of the Post cereal family. Sbe has been married for fifteen years to Stanley Rumbough, Jr., a handsome young tycoon. He takes ber on business trips to the Caribbean and-with their three children-skiing in Switzerland. He encourages her in her career. She takes a daily singing lesson. She serves on the board of directors of the New York City Mission Society, a venerable philanthropic organization. She enjoys breakfast and dinner with her family, except when she's off in Hollywood doing a movie or TV film. How does Dina do it? "The more you have to do, the more you can do," she told us, over a calm cup of coffee. "Organization is nine tenths of it. I make lists, cross out things as I go through the day. I'm a determined woman. Someone once asked me if I have a five-year plan to become a good actress. Far from it. I have a sixty-five-year plan." Musical Note: Choosing a piano is like choosing a wife-or a husband. We got that romantic tidbit from Fritz and John Steinway, of the piano Steinways, a family that has been in and around pianos for 108 years. Dame Myra Hess, verily, refers to her piano as "my husband," while Artur

Rubinstein calls his "my girl friend." Glenn Gould, the Canadian virtuoso, carries his own collapsible piano seat, low enough so he can cross his legs while playing. Van Cliburn isn't "fussy," the Steinways agreed. "He'll order one by phone." When Svyatoslov Richter came from Russia, the Steinways nervously offered him a choice of five for his American tour. He eliminated four with hardly more than a glance. The Steinways felt it was their quickest marriage in years. For outstanding events, see page 11



Dina Merrill

"Christmas Money" Coupon



Just imagine! The valuable coupon above is good for the giant 98-piece boxed assortment of Christmas and All Occasion greeting cards shown here (regular price \$2.75) − if sent with only 25 to help cover packing and mailing costs. In addition, it will also bring details on how you can earn \$50 to \$250 between now and Christmas in your spare time.

Why do we make this Special Introductory Offer? Because we want you to see how easy and pleasant it is to earn "Christmas money" with the wonderful Doehla "Extra Money" Plan, No experience needed.

To help you get started, with your giant box of cards we will also send you several other popular assortments on approval. Just SHOW these beau-

tiful cards to friends and neighbors. They get real bargains. And you make up to 60ϕ on every box they order — even more on certain gift and novelty items. Soon you have \$50 to \$250 to spend as you please! If friends don't snap up these bargains, send them back at our expense and pay nothing!

Mail The Above Coupon At Once

Mail valuable "Christmas Money" Coupon at top of page now — with ONLY 25¢ for your big \$2.75 Giant box of cards. It's yours to KEEP whether or not you do anything further about the Doehla "Extra Money" Plan! Address: Harry Doehla and Associates, Studio M17, Nashua, N.H., or St. Louis 1, Mo., or Palo Alto, Calif. (Address office nearest you.)

One of These Nation-Wide Associotes Will Give You Prompt Service in Your Area:

Boulevard Art Publishers Chicago 4, Ill. Iva E. Brundage & Sons

Iva E. Brundage & Sons Detroit 4, Mich. Capitol Card Company, Inc. New Orleans 12, La. Columbia Card Co., Ltd. Dallas 1, Tex.

Harry Doehla Company Nashua, N.H. & Palo Alto, Calif. Greetings Unlimited

St. Paul & Minneapolis, Mian. Hye-Quality Card Co., Inc. Kansas City 6, Mo. Imperial Greeting Card Co.
Los Angeles 12, Calif.
Midwest Card Co.
St. Louis 1, Mo.
Western States Card Ca.
Denver 11, Colo.



Imagine! . . you get 98 useful them in this big box. It's a joy to have on hand, always ready for every greeting card need. Included in this Giant Christmas and All Occasion Box Asertment are generous quantities of cards for:

Christmas Birthdays "Get Well" Sympathy

New Babies Thank You Gift Cards Anniversaries

Children's Toycards Carrespandence Nates, etc.



CUTEX* steals the sparkle of precious gems for your fingertips

Lucky you! Cutex puts a fortune in pearls, amethysts and rubies at your fingertips. But you don't have to rob a safe to own them. Cutex polish, with its diamond-bright sparkle, its clear fresh colors, is the nearest thing to a precious jewel. And its exquisite new bottle with the easy-to-hold, easy-to-use "crystal" plume is a shining adornment to your dressing table. So start your "jewel collection" by Cutex with the beautiful booty shown here: vivid "Fire Engine" in the safe, romantic "Pink from Paris" on her lips and nails.



McCALL'S RECOMMENDS: A MONTHLY LISTING OF THE OUTSTANDING EVENTS IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVELY ARTS

BOOKS

The Foxglove Saga, by Auberon Wangh (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75). Perhaps the most important first novel since The Catcher in the Rye. Mr. Waugh is the twenty-one-year-old son of the British novelist Evelyn Waugh. With much of his father's wit and a new dimension of profound bitterness, he gives an at once devastatingly funny and awesomely frightening picture of modern life. The story revolves around three young boys and their families; its themes are lack of communication between individuals and the inherent absurdity of life. It starts as high comedy, ends in despair. Shocking, moving, thought-provoking-an achievement for a writer so young. The Edge of Sadness, by Edwin O'Connor (Atlantic-Little Brown, \$5). A leisurely, beautifully written book by the author of The Last Hurrah. Again the scene is Boston, but this time the narrator-hero is a parish priest. It is in the description of the priest's daily life and thoughts that Mr. O'Connor excels. The slight plot is the effect of a cantankerous, wonderful old man on his family and the priest; but if the story is familiar, the writing and depth of characterization are not. The Making of the President: 1960, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum, \$6.95). As enthralling as a detective story and, a good deal of the time, stranger than fiction. Mr. White follows the seven potential Presidents of 1959 (five Democrats, two Republicans) from the earliest conspiratorial behind-the-scenes meetings through the 1960 primaries, conventions, and campaigns to the election. He spent eighteen months gathering his material, and he has come up with some amazing revelations. The book might anger politicians; it will fascinate anybody else with an interest in how our leaders come to power.

MOVIES

Goodbye Again: A movie graceful as a minuet, as sweetly sad as a love song. Set in Paris, it tells of the love of an aging woman for a man unfaithful to her; how she turns in despair to a boy fifteen years younger than she; how she is forced back, almost against her will, to her first love. It is a model of direction (Anatole Litvak), writing (Samuel Taylor), and ensemble acting (Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand, Tony Perkins). There is hardly a false word or extraneous scene; the picture is as artfully composed as the Brahms symphony that is its theme music. We recommend it without reservation.

The Pleasure of His Company, with Fred Astaire and Lilli Palmer, A minor comedy about a young girl (Debbie Reynolds) so entranced by her father (Astaire), whom she hasn't seen in fifteen years, that she almost gives up her marriage (to Tab Hunter) to go around the world with him. There are several funny lines, but as many embarrassing ones. What saves the picture are the suave brilliance of Mr. Astaire, as light on his feet and as debonair as always; and Miss Palmer's wit and charm. They act rings around the younger generation. Two Women, an Italian picture, is the stark story of a rather petty woman (Sophia Loren) who, with her daughter, escapes from Rome to the Italian mountains during World War II. Tragedy awaits them, however; tragedy so grave that Miss Loren almost loses her daughter's love. The picture is wearing in its constantly depressing tone; continued on page 160

McCall's, July 1961 11



effective...but gentle!

(Fresh Cream Deodorant protects you the gentle way)

A cream deodorant doesn't have to be harsh to be effective. To prove it, try Fresh Cream. Its balanced formula screens 29c, 49c, and 69c plus tax.



out harsh irritation for normal skin...gives you long lasting protection the gentle way.

for the many faces of

You are Eve...

I the eternal woman, with a hundred faces to beguile and fascinate. Which face do you wear this hour, Eve? Remember, your eyes hold the secret of your every mood! Look into your mirror... are those the deepening, gleaming eyes of your Siren face? Will a raised brow announce the haughty Queen? Or will those silky lashes turn shyly down, inviting tenderness? Your eyes speak for you, Eve... so make the most of their subtle beauty... always!... with Maybelline.

For exquisitely expressive brows, Maybelline Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil... for eyes that deepen and glow, Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow... a touch of scintillation with Maybelline Fluid Eye Liner... then lashes transformed, curled, colored and separated with the exciting Maybelline achievement, Magic Mascara with self-contained Spiral Brush.

Let Maybelline, the most prized eye cosmetics in the world, reveal all the hidden beauty of your eyes.







?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Many people have commented on Mr. Kennedy's approach to the Presidency by saying that it reminds them of President Roosevelt's concept of the office. Do you agree that there is a similarity, and if so, what would you say the common qualities are? Yes, there are many similarities. My husband faced problems that had to be met immediately. So does President Kennedy, and he is trying to solve them as quickly as circumstances will allow. President Kennedy is showing decisiveness and great courage, as I think my husband did. He runs a risk of making mistakes;

but I think he, like my husband, believes that when things need to be done, it is better to make some mistakes and try to correct them than to do nothing. President Kennedy reads on many subjects, evidently very quickly. So did my husband. I think both might be characterized as having the human touch—a genuine interest in the well-being of people in this country and everywhere.

Do you think it possible for two mature women-mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, for instance-to live under one roof in peaceful coexistence? I think it possible but not probable.

The State Department's chief of protocol, Angier Biddle Duke, has suggested that United States embassies throughout the world are spending "staggering sums" for entertaining. Yet the State Department requested a \$100,000 increase for diplomatic representatives. Do you think our ambassadors, for the most part, entertain too lavishly? There is no question that some of our ambassadors who were men of great personal means have entertained on a scale the career diplomat without personal means would find impossible to sustain. Embassies give a great deal of service to visiting Americans -not only government officials and representatives of Congress, but tourists. We expect rather more from our embassies than we should. I think we need the amount requested by the State Department, to give adequate entertainment allowances to many of our representatives. I do not think we need to be at all afraid this increase will make them as lavish as a few representatives have been in the past. What do you consider the major faults of the American press? I

would say the faults vary. I happen to live in New York, where we get very good coverage of both national and international affairs; but when I travel in other states, I find there are few papers you can count on to give the same type of news coverage. This is a real mistake, for we all need to be conscious of the world as a whole today. Occasionally, I find, news stories are colored by the wishes or interests of the owners; the reporters are not permitted to report objectively. This is bad, because, while the editorial page of a paper is permitted to reflect the individual views of the people writing it or of the owner or publisher, the news should be reported as nearly as possible without color. One other criticism I have found is perhaps the fault of the readers, as newspapers insist they try to give the readers what they want. This is the excuse for an emphasis on

crimes and sensational stories. I think it would be better to leave these in the files of the police departments, rather than spreading them on the pages of our newspapers.

Why do people in our State Department consider Red China more of a menace to our future than Russia? Shouldn't it be easier for us to make friends with the Chinese than with the Russians? The people in our State Department realize that we know nothing of the growth of power in China at the present time. And when you know little of the internal affairs of a country,

it can constitute a serious menace. We do know something now about the Soviet Union, so we are able to plan with knowledge, not just imagination. Traditionally, we have been friends with the Chinese people; but in the past few years, they have turned against us. I am told they feel very bitter toward us, and it will take a long time before we can really be friends again.

Do you think the United States ever will subsidize symphony orchestras and ballet companies as some European countries do? Yes, of course we will eventually. We have just not grown up sufficiently to realize the valuable contributions of the arts.

Can you give us your ideas on two or three specific practical measures for stopping the outbreak of juvenile delinquency that seems to affect our cities every summer? I think something along the lines of the suggested teen-age civilian conservation corps would be a great help. We can see that the police clubs (PAL) are supported and kept open all summer and that other facilities for recreation are available to keep young people busy during the day and evening. I think we could make conspicuous progress in reducing juvenile delinquency if we simply did these few things.

Do you think there is any justification, under any circumstances, for a full day's pay for workers who do not work a full day? The full day has changed very much and is probably going to change even more. At one time, people worked ten to twelve hours a day. In the future, workers may work only four hours a day! This will benefit people if they use the leisure time profitably, which they can do only if they are taught to broaden their interests and skills. In your travels abroad, have you ever felt that postal service in other countries is better than that in the United States? Yes, I have. There are, for instance, more rapid means of communication by post in both Paris and London. I do not think that, as a rule, the postal service of the United States is really very good.

(Like Mrs. Luce, who is a Republican, Mrs. Roosevelt, who is a Democrat, has in our pages the privilege of free and full expression of personal views, though the opinions and views expressed, it probably need not be stated, are not necessarily those of the editors.—H.R.M.)

Note: Please address your letters to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in care of McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

A taste of Italy

Sauce from an Italian recipe makes spaghetti great

Spaghetti's great when the *sauce* is great. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti sauce. Prepared from an authentic Italian recipe. Seasoned and simmered with the exacting skill of a great chef. Full of all the fresh good ingredients you use in your own cooking. And it's all yours in minutes for only pennies a serving. Try all four of these zesty sauces, soon.





The very next time you serve meatloaf, make it different, make it delicious with hearty Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Mushroom Sauce. Just heat and pour.





For one of those meatless meals that taste just great, try this delectable dish: Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Marinara Sauce over cooked shrimp.





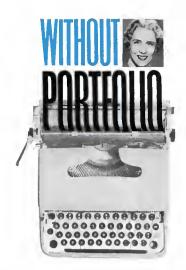
Quick, easy, tasty way to serve a nourishing meal with meat. Serve Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meatballs over spaghetti or macaroni.



Sauce in a minute with the Chef's touch in it

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE





Who do you think are the three most promising "bright young men" in the Republican Party? There is Governor Mark Hatfield (39 this July), of Oregon, whose reputation for charm, intelligence, and political competence is certainly growing. During the last Presidential-election year, Governor Rockefeller of New York said publicly that Hatfield would make a "wonderful" Vice-President, and it is also said that if Richard Nixon had won, he would have chosen Hatfield for his Secretary of the Interior. If Hatfield's national image increases, he will probably be considered Presidential timber in 1964.

Congressman John Lindsay (39), who won a hard-fought contest in New York's Seventeenth District, has many of the political qualities that make a popular leader. But he must progress up the political ladder several steps before he can attain "national visibility." Precisely, he must begin now to aim for the Senate or the governorship of New York. If he has attained either by 1964, he might well become a Presidential possibility by 1968, when he would be 46 years old.

Another "young man" is 41-year-old Chicago businessman Charles Percy, head of Bell & Howell Corporation. He was chairman of the Platform Committee at the 1960 Republican Convention and has proved himself a fine organizer and fund raiser for the Republicans. But he holds no political office and has never met the tests of campaigning and the ballot box. His political future is not predictable until he either runs lor office or carves out a position as a political thinker.

There are other vigorous characters in the Republican Party who have shown political survivability and attained national visibility. However, they can be called young only in spirit. Examples: Senator Clifford Case (57), of New Jersey, whose political doctrines are vastly appealing to the great masses of voters in the Big Six states (New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan). James Mitchell, Eisenhower's Secretary of Labor, is a very lively 60. At the testimonial dinner the AFL-CIO gave for him last August, Eisenhower called him "one of the reasons I might live in history." At this writing, he has just won a close primary race for the governorship of New Jersey. If he wins the governorship in November, he will be a man all the bright young men of the G.O.P. will watch and look up to. Massachusetts' Governor John Volpe (53) is a growing figure on the political horizon. Michigan's Paul Bagwell (47) led Nixon in Michigan

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY BY CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

voting last November. Thruston Morton (53), Senator from Kentucky, may be expected to increase his already large public stature. And, of course, there are former Vice-President Nixon (48) and Governor Nelson Rockefeller (52).

Have you a favorite dress designer? In my opinion, Balenciaga (of Paris and Madrid) is the finest dress designer in the world. His clothes are marked by the simplicity and subtlety of line that are sometimes called classic, but could quite as well be called true contemporary. Best of all, they are wearable and durable. A Balenciaga suit or coat has the happy trick of staying in style three to five years-no mean feat, these days. I have also bought clothes at Dior and Lanvin-Castillo, in Paris. Their afternoon and evening gowns are especially pretty. My favorite Italian dressmakers are Gattinoni, Eleanora Garnett, and, for sportswear. Emilio Pucci of Florence. In America, there are, of course, Mainbocher and Cassini. American copies and adaptations of foreign models are generally excellent and far less costly than the originals. And American-designed ready-to-wear sports and daytime clothes are justifiably famous with women in every country of the West.

Do you feel that the surcharge on jet-airplane flights should be refunded if the plane fails to meet its advertised schedule because of mechanical failures? No. The surcharge is based on flight performance. Once air-borne, the jet promises to outfly any other commercial plane air-borne at the same time on the same route to the same destination. If, for example, the noniet got there first, there would be every reason to demand a return of the surcharge. But when a jet flight is interrupted by bad weather, government safety regulations, or other causes outside the airline's control, neither the equipment nor the management can be held responsible. Airlines are required to charge jet fares in accordance with rates on file with the Civil Aeronautics Board, Since CAB regulations make no provision for refund of jet surcharges, a jet airline cannot legally make such a refund. However, when, because of nonflight jet conditions, a passenger arranges an alternate flight on piston-engine equipment, the difference in fare is automatically refunded to him.

Any passenger who wishes to know his rights—or conditions of contract with any air carrier—will find them in some fifteen hundred words printed on his airplane-ticket stub. If you can read them without glasses, you have excellent vision and are probably young enough to organize a group to get such conditions as you don't like changed!

As an air traveler who has flown hundreds of thousands of miles around the world, I would like to see a regulation requiring a refund of some sort when an airline loses or misplaces your baggage. To arrive without his luggage is the greatest possible inconvenience to a passenger. It is certainly one for which the airline and its personnel should be held responsible. Airline managements should be penalized for negligence, inefficiency,

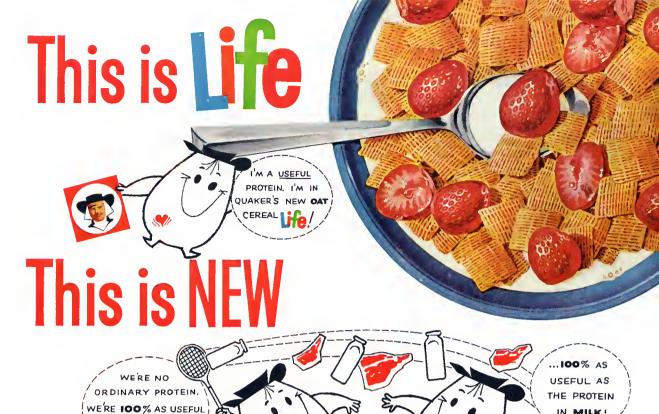
and failure in the performance of services for which they have contracted and which are entirely under their control.

Is there any book, in recent years, you have read more than once? I read most of the New Testament and some passages in the Old Testament every year. Last summer, while visiting the Stavros Niarchos' on their beautiful island in the Aegean Sea, I read Homer's Odyssey for the third time and found it especially thrilling in those surroundings. I also reread Ortega y Gasset's Revolt of the Masses, Christopher Dawson's Movement of World Revolution, and William Ernest Hocking's Strength of Men and Nations. Every few years, I reread Alice in Wonderland, Samuel Butler's The Way of All Flesh, Melville's Moby Dick, and several Shakespearean plays. And my Oxford Book of English Verse is fraved with twenty-five years of page turning. Indeed, the list of books I have read and would like to read again is far, far longer than the list of books I haven't read but am told I should. I would dearly love to have the time to read-or reread-every one of the 54 volumes of basic classics called Great Books of the Western World. I still hope to read, straight through (instead of skipping, as I have done so far), James Michener's Hawaii and Allen Drury's Advise and Consent. But first I really must read Gone With the Wind! And I have a weaknessshared by millions of Americans-for those master writers Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Ian Fleming, and Ngaio Marsh.

Who is the most fascinating woman you ever met? My two McCall's colleagues and, I hope, friends, Eleanor Roosevelt and the Duchess of Windsor, are-for quite diverse reasons!-as fascinating to me as they are to most other women in the Western World. However, the three most interesting women I have ever met-women of high intelligence and rich and complex characters-are Edna Ferber. Rebecca West, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The three most glamorous are Princess Colonna of Ronie, Greta Garbo, and Mrs. David K. Bruce (wife of our new Ambassador to London). The three most charming are Lady Diana Duff Cooper. Queen Mother Elizabeth, and Mrs. Charles (Ann) Munroe, of New York and Nassau. No doubt, if I knew Mrs. John F. Kennedy better, I would find that she fitted into several of these categories. Certainly, in her few months in the White House, she has projected the image of a young woman of much intelligence and charm. And the glamour the office always confers on the President's wife is enhanced by her own chic and great good looks.

(Like Mrs. Roosevelt, who is a Democrat, Mrs. Luce, who is a Republican, has in our pages the privilege of free and full expression of personal views, though the opinions and views expressed, it probably need not be stated, are not necessarily those of the editors.—H.R.M.)

(Questions may be sent to Mrs. Luce in care of McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.)



The Most Useful Protein

-EVER IN A READY-TO-EAT CEREAL!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN PROTEIN . . .



Some profeins ore "lazy." They just can't build up your body because they don't have the right amount of certain essential protein elements.

AS THE PROTEIN



Some proteins ore "hord working." They build, repair and maintain body tissues. But these working, useful proteins aren't stored in the body. That's why you need them every single day.

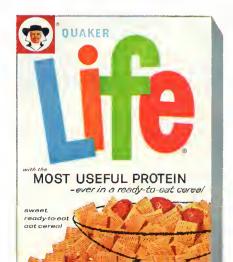
Life gives you "working" protein. The useful kind of protein. Even before you add milk, Life's protein is 100% as useful as the protein in meat and milk!

The Quaker Oals Company

Now from oats...nature's richest protein grain... Quaker brings you 🚺

Quaker starts with the good protein-rich oat grains. Spins them into tiny, bitesized pieces of shredded oats. Life gives you special protein-useful protein-the same quality of protein you get in meat and milk. And Life gives you, too, 100% of your daily need of 3 essential vitamins. Have some tomorrow!

YOU'LL LOVE LIFE 4



IN MILK

Paris, France



I may be wrong, but somehow I think the studies on population explosion are based on samplings taken from the influx of holiday seekers during any two summer weeks in the resorts of southern Europe. Now, I know that today everyone is on the move, especially to sunny places; but when thousands upon thousands converge on one area at one time, isn't there a danger that the earth will tip over and fall out of orbit?

While we're wondering, can't the weatherman take on more responsibility and deliver some sunshiuc during vacationtime? Last summer, during the three weeks we were in Biarritz, there was one—repeat, one—bright day. Would you believe it? I actually saw people who had planned and saved all through a hideous winter trying to get their mouey's worth by sitting on the soggy beach, clad in raincoats and shielding themselves with paraphines instead of parasols!

What kind of world is this, anyway, when people cannot have all the fun and joy promised in the travel folders (and reserved six months in advance)? I certainly do not have the answers; but at the end of last year's summer holiday, I did have an idea. I suggested to the Duke that we spend this summer in New York-not on Long Island, but right in the city, where it doesn't matter if it rains. Hotel rooms are delightfully airconditioned: the service is comfortably maintained: the shops do not have one set of prices for visitors and another for natives: and the golf courses for the Duke are not too far away. But it doesn't pay for me to have a brilliant idea. The Duke gave me one long, searching look-and countersuggested that I have my head examined.

Maybe I should. But when a simple bit of sight-seeing can be turned into aggravation and frustration, then I'm ready for the Big Town, where I know all the landmarks, anyway. Illustration: Our Mill is quite near Versailles, and recently, when some guests from Spain and Argentan were with us, we decided to drive over. The unen were looking forward to visiting the scenes of Marie Antoinette's playground at Le Petit Trianon: the girls were headed straight for the local antiques shops, with a plan to meet in an hour.

It was a cheap afternoon all round. We did not find any antiques we could afford, and the men never got past the entrance to Le Petit Trianon. Anyone who has ever tried to visit an old French château knows why. The barrier to the past is in the person of a guide, and a guide guides you at prescribed hours. That afternoon, they sought admittance of the uniformed custodian, only to be told that a guided tour was already in progress and that they would have to wait another half hour for the next one. The Duke pleaded that he knew the château and that he didn't want to join a guided tour; but the custodian was unbudgeable. He was also smoking, right nuder a sign that read "Défense de Fumer." Ah, here was sweet justice. Mustering his best French, the Duke ticked him off for breaking the law and made a beautiful exit, to a round of applause from the other waiting sight-seers.

Of course, in the dear, departed days of yesteryear, all was different. Once upon a time, it was possible just to pick up and go idling along lovely, shaded back roads, perhaps stopping in a wooded glen for a picnic, later discovering an uncharted inu, staffed with pleasant people oozing warm hospitality. The next morning, after a delicious breakfast, there might be a historic monument along the way that warranted a visit (no waiting), and so on to whatever the destination.

Not so today. Now, if one decides to make a trip, one goes as far as the *autobahn*, or *autostrade*, or freeway, and from there on, everyone acts like

an escaped lunatic. The little romantic, wooded glen is just over there; but by the time one maneuvers out of the race, it's ten miles back. Ala, but here's that inn we found so charming. No vacancies: in fact, it's booked months ahead.

No; leisurely, pleasant motoring anywhere is truly a once-upon-a-time fantasy. And although we now always take trains. I'm sorry to say the railroads do not provide the comfort they used to.

Last July, returning to Paris from Biarritz, we could barely see out the window, it was so grimy. Innocently, I asked the conductor if he would ask someone at the next stop to wipe off the outer pane. "Impossible. You see, there are two windows, to keep out snow in winter, and, unfortunately, the grime is between them." Fifteen minutes later, we ran into one of those sudden and torrential summer downpours. Well, the snow may know enough to stay on the outside, but nobody thought to mention this regulation to the rain. I had started out in a blue-and-white print dress: but by the time the rain had passed over, enough of it had streamed in at the window to transform the clearly defined geometric pattern into a rather fascinating abstract in varying shades of blue.

In such circumstances, one can always get satisfaction from the dressmaker, and I did. But what I would like to see established is a central bureau dedicated to soothing the frazzled nerves and frustrations of the traveler. I don't mean those letters from executives-in-charge-of-whatever. Those letters are usually so polysyllabic that the complainant winds up either completely bewildered or convinced that any shortcomings in service are his. not the company's, fault.

One way the innocent and unsuspecting can minimize some of the headache is to check, double check, and then, just for good measure, check again. Last year, on our way to Florida, I had booked a pair of connecting rooms on one of the shiny new cars, fitted in chromium and upholstered in gav colors. The reservation was duly confirmed, and we went to the station full of confidence and good spirits, both of which were soon dissipated. I won't say the railroad deliberately went out of its way to be perverse. But on that day, the company must have gone to its museum and rolled out some rolling stock that hadn't seen a rail since the Civil War. And our rooms were not connecting, either. It was my fault. I should have followed through with the triple check.

On the whole, though, I must say that traveling in America is the best. I think the motels are marvelois, even if I don't much like the idea of sleeping with the car practically under the bed. But where else would you find such sparkling, spotless cleanliness, with everything wrapped up and sealed in cellophane? That's why I wonder how Americans can put up with so many discomforts in Europe: the small hotel, with a curtain that separates the toilet from the bedroom; the porter who takes money for the stamps and forgets to mail the postcards: the prices: the tipping: the mosquitoes.

That last discomfort is probably the one travel difficulty the Duke and I don't share with most people. We were so bitten by sand flies during the five years we spent in Nassau that insects no longer have much to draw on, and so they fly away, discouraged. However, instead of having to cope with bugs, we have to cope with our pugs. All I can say is that, while I wouldn't leave them behind for anything in the world if I can help it, there are times when I think that four dogs are three dogs too many to take on a trip.

Some years ago, we took the two oldest pugs to Venice, innocent of the fact that in the hotel where we were stopping, there was a ruling that dogs were not allowed. As we continued on page 130





Lady Norelco with rotary blades... the truly feminine shaver that never pinches...pulls...or irritates!

Imagine—a shaver as gentle as a powder puff on your skin! The exclusive "rotary-action" of the twin-head Lady Norelco swiftly... softly strokes away even the finest feminine hair to leave your arms and legs beautifully bare. So very delicate, you can use a deodorant on tenderest underarms immediately. There's never an unpleasant prickling feeling—never a nick or a cut with the truly feminine Lady Norelco. A lovely gift at an attractive price.

Two-toned in misty pink and gray with gold fittings and a beautiful Paris-styled case!

Lady Norelco



Also...the Norelco Coquette...luxury at a little price. Pink...pretty...and perfumed! Shaped like a lipstick...works like magic on legs and arms. Complete with travel case.

At finest drug, department and jewelry stores. By the makers of the Norelco Speedshaver®—world's largest-selling men's shaver.

North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York



BOATING

BY STANLEY AND JANICE BERENSTAIN



The most important thing the prospective purchaser can take to the showroom with him is an attitude of uncompromising objectivity



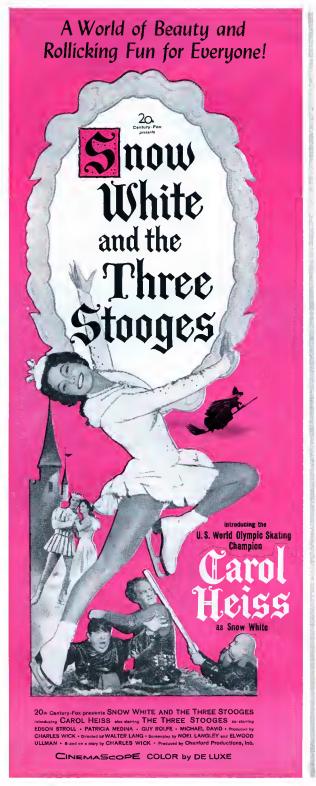
Selecting a name for the boat can have a psychological effect on the "crew"



"Catching the evening meal" is a daily high spot for "captain" and "crew"







BOATING continued



One well-planned, galley-served meal a day will add a needed touch of graciousness to your family cruise



An occasional "dress-up" in your brightest cruisewear will do wonders for morale



A well-timed shore leave dispels the feeling of confinement that sometimes develops after days affoat



Of all the satisfactions of boating, none is greater than the wonderful sense of peace that comes with being close to nature



Breck Hair Set Mist



A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray that leaves your hair soft and shining, never stiff or sticky. It is good to your hair. Breck Hair Set Mist holds curls beautifully in place. This fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out the natural beauty of your hair.

• Use after combing, to hold hair in place • Use before combing — style as you comb • Use for pincurling

Beautiful Hair

B

R



C

K

see page 94, and then come back here for the recipes

CREAMY DRESSING

- 1 tablespoon flour 3 tablespoons cider tablescoon sugar vinegar egg. slightly 11/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon dry henten 1/2 teaspoon celery mustard 2 tablespoons salad seed

1/4 cup dairy sour

n the top of a double boiler, combine lour, sugar, ralt, mustard, oil, and ½ cup water. Bring to boiling, stirring, over medium heat. Mixture will be smooth and thickened

In small bowl, gradually stir vinegar into egg; then stir in hot mixture, a little at a time. Pour back into double-boiler top; cook, stirring, over hot, not boiling, water (water should not touch bottom of top part), until thickened-about 5 minutes. Remove from heat.

Stir in 1/2 teaspoon celery seed and the sour cream. Then refrigerate, covered, until you are ready to use. Makes 1 cup.

TRADITIONAL POTATO SALAD

1/4 cup finely 2 lb unnared medium potatoes® chopped green 2 tablespoons pepper salad oil 3/4 cup diced celery 21/2 tablespoons 1 teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon cider vinegar 1 tablespoon dill seed 3/4 cup mayonnaise chopped parsley 2 tablespoons finely or Creamy Dress

chopped onion

Cook scrubbed potatoes in small amount of boiling, salted water, covered, just unt'l tende:-about 35 minutes. Drain; let cool slightly. Peel potatoes; dice.

ing above

Salad greens

In large bowl, combine all ingredients, except salad greens. Re-frigerate, covered, until well chilledseveral hours. Spoon into serving bowl; garnish with salad greens. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

*Or use 2½ cups packaged pre-cooked potatoes. Cook as label directs; drain. Proceed as in the recipe

HDT POTATO SALAD

2 lb potatoes 1/2 teaspoon salt pared and sliced* 1/2 teaspoon paprika 1/3 cup bacon 6 slices crispcooked bacon. drippings 1/4 cup cider vinegar crumbled 1 teaspoon instant minced onion

n a medium saucepan, cook the potatoes in 1 inch of boiling salted water, covered, just until they are tender. Drain.

Meanwhile, in small saucepan, heat bacon drippings, vinegar, onion, salt, and paprika.

In large bowl, combine hot potato slices, bacon, and dressing; toss lightly, being careful not to break potatoes. Serve at once. Makes 6

*Or use 21/2 cups packaged precooked potatoes. Cook as label di-rects; drain. Proceed as above.

CHEF'S SALAD

1 large head 1 tomato, cut in romaine 8 wedges 1 pkg ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz) blue 1/2 cucumber, sliced 8 onion rings

1 can (8 oz) arti-1/2 Ib boiled tongue, choke hearts. cut in julienne drained

strips 1 can (3 oz) Caper French mushroom caps, Dressing, below Salt and pepper drained

1 can (1 lb) kidney beans, drained

drained

Break the bead of romaine into bite-size pieces in a large salad bowl. Crumble blue cheese over it; toss to combine. Arrange the vegetables and tongue in groups on romaine-cheese bed.

To serve: Toss with Caper French Dressing; sprinkle with salt and pepper, if desired. Makes 4 servings.

CAPER FRENCH DRESSING

2/2 cup ofive or 1/2 teaspoon salt salad oil 1/2 teaspoon paprika 1/3 cup cider vinegar 1/4 teaspoon garlic 2 tablespoons powder bottled capers,

Combine all ingredients in jar with tight-fitting lid. Refrigerate until chilled. Shake well before using. Makes 1 cup.

TUNA-MACARDNI SALAD

1 cup uncooked 1/4 cup sliced e!bow macaroni radishes 1/4 cup bottled 1 teaspoon onion French dressing salt 1 can (7 oz) chunk-1/e teaspoon peoper 2 tablespoons lemon style tuna. drained juice 1/2 cup diced green 1/4 cup dairy sour pepper cream 1/2 cup diced Salad greens cucumber

sirst, cook macaroni as label directs. Drain well. In large bowl, toss with French dressing; refrigerate, covered, 2 to 3 hours.

Add remaining ingredients, except salad greens; toss to combine well. Refrigerate until well chilled-at least 1 hour. Serve garnished with salad greens. Makes 4 servings.

TOMATO-EGG ASPIC WITH MARINATED SHRIMP

2 envelopes un-1/2 teaspoon preflavored gelatine pared horseradish 1 beef bouillon 1/2 teaspoon Worcescube, dissolved in tershire sauce 1/2 cup boiling 1/4 teaspoon liquid water hot pepper 2 cups tomato juice seasoning

1 tablespoon finely 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped onion chopped 1 tablespoon Salad greens chopped parsley Marinated Shrimp, 3/4 teaspoon salt below

In large bowl, sprinkle gelatine over 1/2 cup cold water; let stand 5 min-utes, to soften. Add hot bouillon, stirring till gelatine is dissolved. Stir in tomato juice, pnion, parsley, salt, horseradish, Worcestershire, and hotpepper seasoning; refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg white.

Carefully fold in eggs. Turn into 1-quart mold; refrigerate until firm -2 to 3 hours. To unmold: Run a small spatula around edge of mold. Invert over platter; shake gently to release. If necessary, place a hot, wet disbeloth over inverted mold, and shake again to release.

Surround with greens and Marinated Shrimp. Makes 4 servings.

MARINATED SHRIMP

1 pkg (12 oz) 1 tablespoon frozen ready-tochopped parsley cook shrimp 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup olive oil 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons lemon crushed iuice

ook the shrimp according to package directions. Plunge in-to cold water. If necessary, devein with a sharp, pointed knife. Rinse in cold water; then drain.

In medium bowl, combine with remaining ingredients. Cover; refrigerate 6 to 8 hours; stir occasionally.

EASY TOMATO-EGG ASPIC

2 envelopes un-2 hard-cooked flavored gelatine eggs, chopped 2 cans (15½-oz size) Salad graens marinara sauce Marinated Shrimp.

In small saucepan, sprinkle gelatine over 1/2 cup cold water; let stand 5 minutes, to so ten. Place over hot water; stir until dissolved. Stir into marinara sauce in large bowl. Refrigerate until consistency of unbeat-

en egg white.

Carcfull fold in eggs. Turn into a 5-cup mold. Refrigerate until firm

-2 to 3 hours. Unmold aspic, and surround with salad greens and Marinated Shrimp.

MOLDED CRANBERRY RING WITH CHICKEN SALAD

1 cup boiling water 1/4 cup thinly sliced green 1 pkg (6 oz) lemonflavored gelatin onion 1 pt bottled cran-1 pared carrot. berry juice thinly sliced 2 tablespoons cider 1 small cucumber, vinegar diced 2 tablespoons 1/2 teaspoon salt sugar

Makes 4 servings.

Dash pepper 11/2 cups finely Chicken Salad, shredded below cabbage Watercress or parsley sprigs

Pour boiling water over gelatin in large bowl, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in 1 cup cold water, cranberry juice, vinegar, and sugar; refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg white. Add rest of ingredients, except Chicken Salad and watercress; mix well. Turn into 5-cup ring mold; refrigerate until firmabout 11/2 hours.

To unmold: Run a small spatula around edge of mold. Invert over platter; shake gently to release. If necessary, place a hot, wet dishcloth over inverted mold, and shake again to release. Fill center with Chicken Salad. Garnish with watercress. Makes 6 servings.

CHICKEN SALAD

3 cups diced cooked 1 cup mayonnaise chicken or cooked salad dressing 11/2 cups celery. in 1/2-inch slices 2 tablespoons

lemon juice

2 tablespoons chopped parsley 1 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup toasted almonds, coarsely 1/2 teaspoon pepper chopped 1/2 cup heavy cream.

In large bowl, toss chicken with celery, parsley, salt, and pepper to mix well. Gently fold in whipped cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice, and almonds until well combined; refrigerate until well chilled-about 1 hour.

MDLDED GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1 can (13½ oz) frozen grapefruit sections, thawed 1 can (6 oz) frozen grapefruit juice 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine 2 tablespoons sugar

3 tablespoons lime juice 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper 1/2 cup diced avocado Salad greens

rain the grapefruit sections, reserving liquid. Then put frozen grapefruit juice into a 1quart measure; add enough water to measure 21/4 cups. Add the reserved grapefruit liquid.

Measure I cup grapefruit juice into top of double boiler. Sprinkle gelatine over surface. Place over boiling water; stir until gelatine is d'ssolved -about 3 to 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in sugar until dissolved. Add remaining grapefruit juice and the lime juice.

Refrigerate until mixture is consistency of un eaten egg white—about 1 hour. Fold in drained grapefruit sections, green pepper, and avocado. Tim into 514-cup ling mold. Refrigerate until firm-at least 11/2 hours. Unmold on salad greens.

If desired, fill center with Shrimp Salad, below. Makes 8 servings.

SHR!MP SALAD

2 pkg (12-oz size) 1 tablespoon frozen ready-tochopped parsley cook shrimp 1 tablespoon 1 cun bottled grated onton Italian-style 1 teaspoon salt salad dressing 1/8 teaspoon pepper cup mayonnaise 2 cups thinly sliced 2 teaspoons celery

prepared mustard Lettuce 1 teaspoon lemon Paprika

Start by cooking shrimp according to package directions. Plunge into cold with into cold water. If necessary, devein with sharp, pointed knife. Rinse in cold water; drain. In medium bowl, pour Italian dressing over shrimp. Cover; refrigerate at least 1 hour, stirring several times.

In small bowl, combine mayonnaise, mustard, lemon juice, parsley, onion, salt, and pepper. shrimp. Add celery. Tos Drain Toss with mavonnaise mixture.

Serve on lettuce cups or in center of Molded Grapefruit Salad. Dust with paprika. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



Sweet as sunlight, just tart enough to please, that's the flavor of Del Monte plantation pineapple, quick-picked, quick-packed for you. Try this sliced crushed chunks tidbits and refreshing juice

PATS and PANS

MOSCOW MAIL

*Re: "A Letter from Mrs. Khrushchev." Any child would realize that Mrs. Khrushchev is not going to sit down and write you a sincere girl-to-girl letter. Communists are the self-declared enemies-to-the-death of all free people. Their announced intention is to bury us. In the face of this well-known fact, I think you owe it to your readers to explain exactly why you went out of your way to donate two full pages to Communist propaganda.

—Barbara Burr, New York, N.Y.

*After reading your last edition featuring Mrs. Khrushchev's letter as "something special," a group of women here have agreed never to buy or read another McCall's magazine. —Mrs. Byron Smith, Erie, Pa.

*Why would you want to print a letter from the kind of woman who would live with a man of Khrushchev's principles?

-Mrs. Robert Munday, Lima, Mont.

*My question is: While many have received Mrs. Khrushchev's letter, will any American housewife be allowed to answer her through Soviet publications in Russia? – Mrs. H. A. Boone, Jr., South Pasadena, Calif.

*Congratulations on your courage in publishing Mrs. Khrushchev's letter. I'm sure you'll get storms of protests from head-in-the-sanders; but honestly, what could be more revealing than her refusal to answer straightforwardly any single one of your questions?

-Frances Dean, Omaha, Nebr.

*Mrs. Khrushchev's letter has everybody in town talking. Three different people called me within an hour after the mailman arrived to ask me what I thought of it. So now I'll tell you what I think. Admitted she doesn't say much, at least she says something—for the first time. And I happen to be one of the ones who feel that any communication between nations is better than none.

-Mrs. Jane Sinclair, Seattle, Wash.

*Cood anti-Communist propaganda! - M. F. Loren, Boston, Mass.

(Editor's note: Readers who have protested Mrs. Khrushchev's letter might consider this: When we make a promise, we keep it; and we did promise to print Mrs. Khrushchev's reply if she sent one. Also, on page 4 of our May issue, in which the reply appeared, we published the following editorial statement: "It is reasonable to say, we think, that all American women reciprocate the thoughts about peace expressed by Mrs. Khrushchev in her letter. It would be equally fair to say that American women would feel a great deal better if the words and actions of Mrs. Khrushchev's husband were consistent and consistently in the direction of peace. We are pleased to publish Mrs. Khrushchev's letter; but it would be idle at this moment to think that the present Soviet leaders have in mind anything but their ultimate control of us and our way of life.")

HOW OLD IS A FIRST-GRADER?

*We are a service family, moving often, and our biggest gripe is school ages. Why can't each state set the same starting age? I don't object to my children's being six before entering school; but when they have attended a full year in California, it's a letdown to the child to be told he can't attend in another state because he is 28 days too young per their deadline,

—Mrs. K. Dewey, Newport News, Va.

FRANKLY GRAY

*I have recently joined the ranks of the "frankly gray" after years of being an "unlrankly brunette." The change was not easy, but I have been surprised at the compliments I have received—particularly from the menfolk. But there are our special problems. Take last summer—my first summer as a silver blonde (sounds better than "gray-haired"). I suddenly found that I looked horrible in Bermuda shorts—not because my figure had changed, but because they somehow looked incongruous with my hair. What shall I wear to look attractive? Those straw hats that looked so good on a brunette look ghastly now. Your magazine ought to be right in there pitching, with advice especially for women like me, but are you? No, durn it! We might as well not even exist.

—Mrs. R. T. Carmody, Rutland, Vt.

—Mrs. R. T. Carmody, Rutland, Vt.

LUXURY IN LUXEMBOURG

*It has just been within the last year that I have been able to get McCall.'s here in Luxembourg. Even now, there are only a few copies available each month, and I must hurry to the newsstand when I

know it is due or 1 am apt to be disappointed. f enjoy it enough to pay 60 cents for it here.

-Mrs. Eugene W. Williams, Luxembourg

THOSE MEN AGAIN

*Just finished reading my May McCall's, and may I say I'm sick to death of all these articles about the God-Man and how to hold him! If a woman hasn't any confidence in herself, she shouldn't marry in the first place.

—Mrs. P. Hoover, Gladstone, Ore.

THE MORE THE MERRIER

*To answer Mrs. William II. Seaman's question (Pats and Pans, May issue) "What woman would want several husbands?" Me! I can think of nothing more utterly delightful than having scads of males to wait on me, or whatever. The United States is much, much too civilized. One husband is fine, but five would be divine! Now, about the ticket to Tibet.... —Mrs. Donald B. Sedgley, Idaho Falls, Idaho

SENSIBLE!

*I do not make a habit of writing to magazines, but I simply have to say "Bravo" to Dr. David R. Mace on his article "Let's Be Sensible about Marital Sex." I have waited years to read just such an article.

—Mrs. Albert Travaglio, West Sunbury, Pa.

SENSATIONAL!

*The David Mace article in the May issue is, I believe, quite unworthy of McCall's. Why don't you assume that your readers are "sensible about sex" and don't need this kind of cheap sensational harping on it?

—Mrs. Michael Barnard, Green Bay, Wis.

SUMMER OF AN EDITOR'S PARTIAL CONTENT

*A cheer for the first installment of the John Steinbeck novel. If it continues in the same vein, I will have gotten more than my money's worth, just for this story alone. —Mrs. Guy McDavin, Gallup, N.M.

*Finest reading [Steinbeck] I have come across in ages. And your short story by John MacDonald was in its way a gem. For a woman who always looked down her nose at magazine fiction, I now find you are doing the best job in America. —Cora Fleischman, Forest Hills, N.Y.

*Does it help Mr. Steinbeck's novel any to have the grocery-store owner called a "wop"?

—Millicent Groves, Spencer, W. Va.

*May I thank you for the dignity with which Marguerite Higgins approached the story of Mrs. Rose Kennedy: It gave us all the facts we wanted to know, without being spoiled by cheap gossip.

-Kathryn Steinhoff, Middletown, N. J.

*Naturally I would have supposed a story about the President's mother would be in good taste. The same need not have been the case with your Harpo Marx feature. But it, too, was warm, decent, generous, nice in every respect. May I therefore be one of many to compliment the editors for the kind of magazine I am more than glad to welcome to my home.

—Mrs. Frank Gaynor, Toledo, Ohio

*I have just finished reading "Harpo Speaks!" in the May issue of McCall's. I don't know when I've read anything that moved me as his story did.

—Mrs. Douglas E. Knight, Rockville, Md.

*Usually people ask: "Won't you come and babysit for us? We have a television." Last weekend, however, a neighbor said, "No TV, but we do have McCALL's!" I had such an enjoyable evening with McCALL's that I must thank you for a beautiful and thought-provoking magazine. Now, even where there is television, I take McCALL's instead.

-Lynn Hutchings, Winchester, Mass.

*Just received my McCALL's yesterday, and as usual I can't possibly give it any "pans." Sat up last night to read "Precious Moment." Don't know when I have ever laughed so hard all by myself.

-Mrs. Glen Pflug, Divide, Colo.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

*f just want to get on the band wagon. I love you, too!

-Mrs. A. J. Peterson, Akron, Ohio

Readers are invited to express opinions about anything in or out of the magazine. Pats and Pans, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.





Hamburger show-offs: Cook on one side, turn over, and top with tomato slice and new Kraft Mayonnaise (now with pure lemon juice in it!). Use new Kraft's as is or blended with cheese. See Idea above.



food as it's served in **J**apan

see page 92, and then come back here for the recipes

TEMPURA (Pictured, page 93)

1/2 ib large fresh shrimp, shelled and deveined 1 pkg (10 oz)

frozen rocklobster tails 2 pkg (10-oz size) frozen scallops

6 large parsley sprigs 1/2 small eggplant, cut in 2-by-1/4inch strips

3/4 Ib sweet potatoes, pared and sliced 1/a inch thick

1 large green pepper, sliced lengthwise in 1/4inch strips Salad oil Batter, below Sauce, below

rop shrimp into boiling, salted

water to cover; bring back to boiling. Reduce heat; simmer, covered, for 5 minutes. Then drain, and let cool.

Cook lobster tails as package label directs. Drain; cool. With scissors, cut shell away from meat; halve meat crosswise.

Drop unthawed scallops into boiling, salted water to cover; bring the water back to boiling. Reduce heat, and simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Then drain, and let cool.

On platter, arrange shrimp, lobster, and scallops in attractive pattern with parsley, eggplant, sweet pota-toes, and green pepper. Refrigerate, covered, until you are ready to cook Тетрига.

Tempura is best served immediately, cooked at table. In electric skillet or deep-fryer, heat oil (at least 3 inches deep) to 350F on deep-frying thermometer. With tongs, dip shrimp, lobster, scallops, and vegetables into batter, to coat lightly. Deep-fry, a few pieces at a time, until lightly browned-about 3 minutes.

Serve a combination of seafood and vegetables to each guest, along with a small bowl of sauce for dipping. Makes 6 servings.

BATTER FOR TEMPURA

3 eggs 21/2 teaspoons shoyu or soy

12/4 cups sifted allpurpose flour 2 tablespoons sugar 1 teaspoon salt

Make batter just before using: Beat eggs, in medium bowl, with rotary beater. Add shoyu and 1½ cups water. Gradually add flour, sugar, and salt, beating until smooth. Makes 21/3 cups.

SAUCE FOR TEMPURA

1/2 cup sherry Radishes, freshly 1/2 cup beef grated bouillon Horseradish, 1 cup shoyu or freshly grated Ginger root sov sauce 1 teaspoon monofreshly grated sodium glutamate

n small saucepan, combine sherry. bouillon, shoyu, and monosodium glutamate; bring to boiling. Divide into 6 individual serving bowls; place on tray, along with 3 small bowls filled with grated radishes, horseradish, and ginger root.

Each guest adds radish, horseradish, or ginger root to dipping sauce to suit his own taste, Makes enough for 6 servings.

CLEAR SOUP

4 cups boiling water 1 chicken-bouillon

shovu or sov

sauce

1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate 11/4 teaspoons sait 11/2 teaspoons

thinly sliced 6 very thin strips lemon peel (2 inches long, 1/8 inch wide) 6 celery leaves.

1 hard-cooked egg,

wilted in hot water

In medium saucepan, combine water, bouillon cube, and monosodium glutamate; boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat; cover, and let stand 3 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth. Reheat the mixture, along with salt and shovu.

Serve in individual bowls; garnish each with egg slices, very thin strips of lemon peel, and celery leaf. Makes 6 servings.

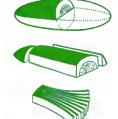
SUNOMONO (Vinegar Things)

1 long, thin unpared 1/3 cup vinegar cucumber 1/2 cup sugar 1 can (5 oz) small 4 teaspoons shoyu shrimp, drained

and develned

Wash cucumber. With a sharp knife, cut in half lengthwise; then cut each section in half crosswise. Square off each at the ends and sides. Thinly slice each quarter to within 1/4 inch of one end, so slices remain joined.

or soy sauce



Gently pull tops of slices apart, into fan shape. Arrange on 4 individual salad plates. Insert a shrimp between every 2 or 3 slices.

In small bowl, combine remaining

ingredients until well mixed. Spoon over cucumber fans. Garnish with the remaining shrimp. Refrigerate Sunomono at least 1 bour. Makes 4 servings.

TEA

5 cups boiling

1/4 cup green Japanese tea

Rinse teapot with 1 cup boiling water. Place tea in pot; add 2 cups boiling water. Let stand 1 minute. Then strain the tea immediately into

4 cups. Add 2 cups boiling water to the same leaves. (Leaves may be used several times.)

Makes eight 4-oz cups. Note: Do not let tea steep, or it will become strong and bitter.

SUKIYAKI (To be cooked at table)

2 lb boneless sirloin 1 can (83/4 oz) steak, sliced 1/a inch thick* 2 onions

(optional)

2 bunches scallions 12 large fresh mushrooms

1 can (5 oz) bamboo shoots drained

1/2 lb fresh spinach 1/2 small head cabbage

shirataki, drained 3/4 cup shoyu or soy sauce

2 tablespoons sugar 2 beef-bouillon cubes, dissolved in 11/2 cups boiling water 1 teaspoon mono-

sodium glutamate 1/4 lb beef suet or

ut beef into 2-inch strips. Peel onions, and slice very thin. Diagonally slice scallions and tops into 1-inch pieces. Slice mushrooms and bamboo shoots 1/4 inch thick. Cut spinach in 1-incb strips. Shred cabbage. Arrange all these in-gredients and the shirataki attractively on a large serving platter.

In small saucepan, combine shoyu, sugar, bouillon, and monosodium glutamate. Heat, stirring, until sugar

is dissolved.

Preheat electric skillet to 350F, Fry suet in skillet just to lubricate pan; remove. Add onion and scal-lion slices; sauté, stirring occasionally, until golden. Add remaining vegetables and shirataki. Cover with beef strips, overlapping if necessary. Pour on sauce mixture; simmer, un-covered, 10 minutes. Turn meat; simmer just until vegetables are tender—about 5 minutes. Serve at once with rice. Makes 6 servings.

*Have meatman slice on meat

RICE

Place 2 cups raw, long-grain white rice in heavy 2-quart saucepan. Add about 1 cup cold water; wash rice well, using fingers. Pour off water, and wash rice again. Repeat until water is clear. Add fresh, cold water to cover rice 1/2 inch-takes about 11/2 cups. Let rice soak 1 hour.

Cover saucepan tightly; place over bigh heat. When steam appears around edge of cover, reduce heat; simmer 15 minutes. Makes 6 to 8 servings. Serve hot.

SNOW PHOOING

1 envelope unflavored gelatine 3/4 cup sugar

2 tablespoons grated lemon peel 1/4 cup lemon juice 1 cup boiling water 2 egg whites

Sprinkle gelatine over 1/4 cup cold water in large bowl; let stand 5 minutes, to soften. Add sugar and boiling water; stir to dissolve. Stir in lemon peel and juice; refrigerate un-til consistency of unbeaten egg white -about 1 hour.

Add unbeaten egg whites to gela-tine mixture. With portable electric mixer at high speed, beat until mixture forms soft peaks-takes about 5 minutes. The mixture will triple in volume.

Pour into 8-by-8-by-2-inch dish. Refrigerate until firm-about 1 hour. Then cut into 6 squares. Makes 6

OTSUKEMONO (Pickled Things)

11/2 Ib small white 2 tablespoons shoyu turnips (8) or soy sauce 2 teaspoons dry 4 tablespoons salt

2 cups cider vinegar mustard

1/4 cup sugar

Pare the turnips; cut off the stems, to form a base. With a sharp knife, cut turnips

vertically in both directions, to make 1/8-inch cubes. Cut only to within 1/2 inch of base; do not cut completely through.



Sprinkle each turnip with 11/2 teaspoons salt. Let stand overnight, to soften.

Next day, drain. Press turnips ppen into chrysanthemum shape. Place in shallow dish. In small saucepan, combine remaining ingredients; bring to boiling. When the mixture is cool, pour it over the turnips. Refrigerate for at least 4 hours. Makes 8.

Note: Small amounts of Otsukemono are eaten after each course of a Japanese meal to cleanse the

UMANI (Vegetables with Chicken)

Chicken Balls Vegetables

1 whole chicken 4 small carrots. breast scraped and cut

1 tablespoon in 1/2-Inch slices cornstarch (1 cup)

2/₃ cup shoyu 1/4 cup shoyu or or soy sauce soy sauce 11/2 teaspoons sugar 1 tablespoon sugar

1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate 1 pkg (9 oz) frozen French-style green beans

ake chicken balls: With sharp knife, cut thin strips of raw chicken from bones Measure 1 cup; put through food grinder. Blend cornstarch and 1 tablespoon water in small bowl. Add chicken; mix well. Shape the mixture into ten 1-inch balls.

In a medium saucepan, combine 2/3 cup sboyu, 1/3 cup water, and 11/2 teaspoons sugar; bring to boiling. Add the chicken balls; then simmer, covered, until they are browned and tender-this will take about 5 min-

Meanwhile, prepare vegetables: In ½ inch water in small saucepan, parboil carrots 10 minutes; drain. Add shovu, sugar, and monosodium glutamate. Cover; cook over low heat until carrots absorb sauce and are well glazed. Cook beans as package label directs.

Serve the chicken balls and the vegetables together. Makes enough for 4 servings.

Marriage Is a Private Affair by Dr. David R. Mace

An Open Letter to Any Wife Whose Husband Has Been Unfaithful

DEAR EVE:

Something very shocking has happened to you. The blow has left you angry, bewildered, and badly hurt. You have asked me, a marriage counselor, to write you and give you some guidance. What causes husbands to be unfaithful? you ask. And how ought wives to react?

I don't know you personally. But I have counseled many wives who stood where you now stand. Out of my experience in trying to help them and their husbands, let me try to pass on some of the things I have learned.

Why are husbands unfaithful? Some embittered women would say the explanation is very simple—because husbands are men, and men are by nature licentious and untrustworthy. I don't believe this. I don't even believe that women are inherently more virtuous than men. However, it is a fact that husbands are more likely to be unfaithful than wives are. The reasons are these: The temptations are greater, the consequences less serious, and the judgments less severe. If it is any comfort to you, your experience is not unusual. A great many wives have been through it.

As I look back over the many unfaithful husbands I have had to deal with, I can clearly distinguish five types. There may be more, but these five cover most of the situations likely to arise. I'm going to describe them to you; and it is my guess that in one, or perhaps more than one, of these categories, you will recognize your husband.

First, in culpability at least, is the libertine, the incorrigible philanderer. Such men have a predatory attitude toward women, regarding them solely as potential conquests and not really as people at all. Admittedly, libertines spend considerable time and thought studying feminine psychology, but with just one purpose—exploitation—in mind. Fortunately, such men usually make an effort to avoid marriage; but occasionally they do marry for some reason of self-interest. Marriage, however, does not curtail their pursuit of women. From what little you have told me of your own marriage, I feel confident that this is not the type of man your husband is. You say that you have been married a number of years and that this is the first time your husband has strayed. No libertine could have waited even months, let alone years, before seeking and finding other women. For this, you should be very grateful, since there is little hope of reforming such a man, because he feels no obligation to any woman.

The next type of unfaithful husband is the bored. Usually, this man has nothing against his wife, and he may be genuinely perplexed or ashamed when he realizes what he has done. The true explanation is that this man, after a long period of dull routine in his marriage, has become highly vulnerable to new and exciting experiences. He may seek such experiences deliberately; but more often, an unplanned opportunity—an absence from home or a sudden temptation—proves too much for him. Before he has really considered what he is getting into, he is involved.

Most marriages pass through periods of boredom. Sometimes the wife is to blame; sometimes the husband. Sometimes the environment fails to provide opportunity for new and stimulating experiences. All of us need to be exposed to the stimulus of change. In a vitally alive and growing relationship, there are infinite possibilities for variety. But when a relationship gets into the doldrums, the craving for variety may seek expression in an adventure with a new partner. However, it doesn't at all follow that this kind of unfaithfulness means the end of the marriage. The novelty of the new experience may quickly wear off. I have dealt

with many cases where the infidelity itself provided the jolt that made husband and wife face seriously the fact that they had allowed their marriage to degenerate into a dull, meaningless routine.

If your situation answers this description, don't despair. An honest facing of the reasons for unfaithfulness can even lead to a better relationship than you two have had before.

Not far removed from the bored husband is the *curious*. There is, however, an important difference between these two. The bored husband is, negatively, trying to get *away* from something. The man driven by curiosity is, positively, impelled *toward* something.

Curiosity is a powerful motivation. It is part of the drive of life itself. According to the Bible story, the desire to taste the fruit of the forbidden tree was the cause of all our human misery. The child ignores our warnings and gets his fingers burned. The youth breaks the rules and falls into the river. And sometimes the staid and proper husband, to his own and everyone else's surprise, rebels and plays the roué.

This kind of unfaithfulness may occur in middle-aged men who have previously lived exemplary lives. We talk about the "dangerous years"—the time when a man becomes aware that he has passed the peak of his masculine vigor. The very fact that he has been a model husband may sharpen his curiosity, make him long to know the experience of rebellion while he is still acceptable to another woman. The gate is closing, and on an impulse, he makes a dash into the forbidden territory.

Men who have been unfaithful in this way sometimes assure their wives that they love them just the same. A wife is usually highly skeptical about such a statement; yet her husband may be speaking the truth. A man impelled by curiosity may embark on an extramarital adventure without any real feeling for the woman concerned and without ceasing to love his wife. This can happen much more easily to a man than to a woman, for whom a sexual experience nearly always means a deep involvement.

If your husband seems to belong to this group, it might be wise to treat the incident quite lightly. After an experience of this kind, a man usually feels foolish and wants to forget the whole episode. A wife who dwells on it may create more serious trouble than the infidelity itself.

The fourth kind of unfaithful husband is the disturbed. This man is deeply troubled by feelings of insecurity and inadequacy, which set up a persistent, gnawing anxiety.

Some men associate their feelings of personal prestige closely with their sexual powers. It is significant that we use the word "virility" equally to describe the sexual and the nonsexual drive and vigor of the male—as though they necessarily went together. So a man who is struggling with feelings of inner inadequacy or inferiority may try to soothe his frayed emotions by attracting and satisfying a desirable woman. He doesn't reason this out consciously. But often, when he examines, with a counselor, his real reasons for infidelity, he realizes that he was seeking the experience of being once again, in somebody's eyes, a strong, masculine person.

Again, the middle aged man is particularly susceptible to such a sense of inadequacy. He has reached the time of life when he has to come to terms with reality. This often means accepting the fact that he has not achieved, and will not now achieve, his major ambitions. Henceforth he must live with himself as he is—an ordinary man, just one of tens of thousands of others who make up the common herd. continued on page 159

SOME STATEMENTS ABOUT UNFAITHFULNESS

"Inconstancy and infidelity in some degree threaten every marriage and will occur in most and, if fantasies and dreams are included, then we might as well say in all."

—M. Royden Astley (psychiatrist)

"Nothing hurts a woman more. Nothing hurts a man less. The situation is unfair, unreasonable, and often untenable. How fortunate the world that women understand and take the erring husbands back. How fortunate the world that women were made with compassion and understanding."

—Rosita van Dellen

Research has shown that unfaithfulness is least frequent among those who are well adjusted sexually and those who are religious. In the early years of marriage, college graduates are less likely to be unfaithful than are those of limited education; but this generalization reverses itself in the later years of marriage.

"Anyone who doesn't realize that anything can happen to anybody at any time doesn't know what kind of a world we are living in."

-Dr. Louis L. Mann

Religions have consistently condemned women's infidelity much more strongly than men's. Some religions give the husband almost complete sexual freedom, but threaten the wayward wife with dire penaltics.

"Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden, but it is forbidden because it is hurtful."

—Benjamin Franklin

"The commandment against adultery is not so much an injunction against meddling with your neighbor's wife as a warning not to unsettle the foundations of human society."

—Hebrew commentary

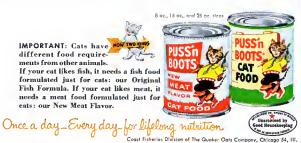


"Melody in White". For a 64" z 12" full-color print of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25 th coin to Cat Pictures, Dept.MC-302.Box 6588, Chicago 77, Illinois, Offer good only in U.S.A.



from their daily feeding of

Good nourishment from a balanced diet means healthy, happy cats like these. And a daily feeding of Puss'n Boots gives quick results-in a glossier coat, more energy and a happier disposition. Start feeding Puss in Boots today, and see the difference.



WHAT PAREN ASK

about traveling with children

There is no longer children to deny trip. Traveling is ships present few this country and comfortable and

any need for the parents of small themselves the pleasures of a vacation relatively easy today. Trains, planes, and problems. However, most traveling in in Europe is by automobile. To make it pleasant, take an absolute minimum of

baggage. Boxes, valises, and numerous small articles are sometimes more trouble than they are worth, because the nuisance subtracts from your enjoyment, and they clutter your car. Of course, certain essentials must be provided for infants and young children: special diets, formulas, and medications; familiar eating utensils; toys; disposable nursing bottles and diapers; toilet seat; clothing for day, night, and whatever weather you may encounter. Pure water is an absolute necessity, so it's wise to provide yourself with canned or bottled water, especially if you are visiting places with questionable water and aren't sure you can buy bottled water. Your child should be properly immunized against polio, whooping cough, smallpox, and other communicable diseases. Antitetanus shots are also important. Be sure the locks on your car doors work. Seat belts for older children, as well as for adults, are recommended.

We are planning to take our two-year-old son on a cross-country trip by car. Since we don't like him to eat in restaurants, what foods do you think we should take? Unless your child requires certain special foods not readily obtainable except in large cities, there is no reason to stock your car with food. Even small towns in this country-in Europe, too-carry a good supply of canned products and baby foods. Evaporated milk is sterile, digestible, and quite uniform, even though the brands vary in different parts of the country, and it can be picked up en route. If you have no facilities for boiling fresh water, pick up canned or bottled water to dilute the evaporated milk. Prepare only as much as your child requires for a single feeding, so it will not need refrigeration. To satisfy his hunger when you cannot stop to prepare a meal, take an assortment of crackers and simple cookies-but of course these shouldn't replace regular, nourishing meals.

My daughter became quite constipated the last time we took her traveling with us. Is there anything we can do this time to prevent it? The interruption of routine that children and adults experience in traveling, infrequent comfort stations, and going for hours without exercise often produce constipation. To control or prevent it, take along jars of prune juice or prune mash. Also, ask your physician for further recommendations about what your child may require.

Is there a way to keep a five-year-old boy from getting restless on a long trip? If you are traveling by car, stop Irequently, so your son can get out and walk around. If your trip is by plane or train, let him walk the aisle now and then. No matter how you travel, take some of his favorite toys and small, wrapped surprises, which he can open along the way. Children enjoy simple games, like identifying things they see from the window: counting the number of white horses, or red tractors, or other infrequent objects. No doubt, you are planning to take several books and rhymes for reading aloud. Let your little boy make a collection of items acquired on the trip, such as ticket stubs, menus, travel folders, and picture postcards. continued on page 35,

DR. MILTON J. E. SENN, outstanding authority on the problems of child health and behavior, has been working with children and parents at Cornell and Yale Universities for over twenty-five years

Exclusive Frigidaire FROST FORBIDDER stops frost before it can form!



End defrosting drudgery

forever! Again in 1961 Frigidaire leads in making your life easier and happier!

Hidden away in every Frigidaire Frost-Proof Refrigerator-Freezer is the exclusive Frost Forbidder unit. Gets rid of freezer frost before it can form!

No more defrosting-either with gadgets or by hand. No more scraping. No more melting slush. You never see frost on freezer walls or food packages! Labels stay clear and bright; packages won't stick together.

Only Frigidaire offers you a Refrigerator with the Frost Forbidder! You can own a Frigidaire Frost-Proof Refrigerator for as little as \$4.80 a week.* See the 1961 Models, many in five beautiful colors, at your dealer's. *After small down payment.

Model FPD-13T-61 (not shown). Ask your dealer for terms



Prevents frost even in fully-loaded freezer space under most severe climate conditions.



Now! "Best Buys" with "That Frigidaire Touch: Ice-Ejector pops out cubes at a touch. No pulling. no sticking. Ice Server holds 80 cubes-enough for twenty tall, cool drinks.

More room! The Frigidaire Frost Forbidder prevents ice build-up that robs you of valuable storage space! Room for up to 21 more packages of frozen foods than in a conventional model.

Stretches space another way! All shelves and Hydrators are full-width and full-depth-no rounded corners. All together, you get enough extra space in this Refrigerator for a full bag of groceries more tban in a conventional model with rounded shelves and Hydrators. See your Frigidaire Dealer today!

- A touch you see in styling
- A touch you love in features
- A touch you feel in craftsmanship A touch you trust in engineering

... a Touch you'll find only in products bearing this symbol:





EXTRA SPI



YOU'LL FIND FRIGIDAIRE FACTORY-TRAINED SERVICEMEN EVERYWHERE







swimming...or strolling...

YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WITH TAMPAX

Gliding, riding through the cool, blue waves—or merely pausing by a shadowed, reflective brook, the Tampax feeling is the same: you're never aware you're wearing it. No wonder millions have found freedom, joy, poise, confidence through Tampax. Worn internally, it's the modern way.

TAMPAX...so much a part of your active life

WHAT PARENTS ASK continued

On a long auto trip two years ago, before our baby was born, my husband and I traveled through the night, to avoid heavy traffic. Should we follow this schedule with our nine-month-old baby? Though this may be entirely feasible for your child, most parents prefer to travel with a baby in short hauls during the most comfortable time of the day, starting fairly early in the morning and stopping before four P.M. Break the trip with frequent stops for eating, resting, stretching, and toileting.

We are taking our eight-month-old baby to the West Coast by plane and returning by train. What should we pack for him besides clothing, formula, and special medicines? Not very much, if anything. You will find that planes are well stocked with baby foods, toilet necessities, toys, bassinets, and nursing bottles. If you prefer to carry your own bottles of formula food, the airline hostess will refrigerate and heat them for you. Your train porter or hostess will also refrigerate bottles or medicines, heat the bottles at feeding time (even at night), and supply a crib. One of them will also baby-sit while you are in the dining car. Ask for a bassinet or crib when you make your reservation.

My daughter gets carsick if she travels any length of time. How can we prevent this? She is four years old. Your physician undoubtedly knows about the various drugs for car sickness, and if he thinks your child should have them, he will prescribe them. Taken half an hour before a trip, they are often effective for two or three hours. Except for sleepiness, there usually are no other important side effects from these drugs.

My husband thinks we should take a first-aid kit with us on our trip, in case the children have accidents or become sick. What should it contain? A first-aid kit is an excellent idea. It should hold aspirin, a small bottle of rubbing alcohol, a sedative that has helped your children before, sterile bandages and adhesive tape, small scissors, a burn remedy. If there is a need for certain special medicines and antiallergy drugs you have tried before, such as antihistamines to treat poison ivy and insect bites, they should be included in the kit, too.

How can we keep our baby comfortable in our car during hot summer weather? Drive during the cool of the morning or evening. Place him in a car bed or car seat, instead of holding him on your lap. Wipe his face, neck, arms, and other parts of his body with a dampened, clean hand towel. To prevent thirst and the irritability that comes with it, give him Irequent sips of water. Instead of large regular meals, feed him several small ones. Of course, he should be dressed in a minimum of clothing, and all of it cool and light in weight.

Our family, including our three-year-old twins, will be visiting my husband's parents in England. We may also go to a few other countries. In case we can't get such medication abroad, should we take with us the antibiotics that were effective in curing the bad cold the twins had recently? No. You should have no difficulty in obtaining antibiotics, should you need them, unless you are planning to visit some exceedingly out-of-the-way place. The trouble with taking antibiotics with you is that you cannot tell which ones your children may need. Furthermore, the customs services of the various countries may not permit you to bring in certain drugs. Your in-laws undoubtedly can direct you to a reputable doctor, who will prescribe antibiotics if he considers them necessary. In no case should you prescribe for your child. This is a matter that only an expert should handle.

I understand that in certain European countries the water is not so pure as it is in this country. What precautions can we take for our four-year-old son? The best thing to do is buy bottled water or Vichy, which can be obtained as easily abroad as in the United States. I would give the same advice to anyone contemplating travel in the West Indies, Mexico, and remote parts of this country. Nobody, child or adult, should drink water from untested sources, no matter how clear and sparkling it looks. Boil it, to destroy harmful bacteria.





The eternal glamour of black loses nothing in the translation into half sizes, here in two marvelously becoming afternoon- or evening-in-town dresses. Left, a very svelte, slim-skirted black silk shantung with front-buttoning effect. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About \$45. Radiant Dress. Right, an outrageously becoming, softly draped dress of Crepe Chic, with hipline shirring that gives a fashionable low-waisted look. Sizes 12½ to 24½; 18 to 44. About \$40. Norman Rosen Frocks. Both of these fashions may be seen at The Tailored Woman, New York: R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans; and the stores listed on page 146.

McCALL'S FASHION DEPARTMENT



can't tell this to The practice of medicine is a personal thing. It is based on one of the most anyone else" intimate relationships a human ever experiences

...that between physician and patient. We tell our physician things about ourselves that we would tell no other person, save possibly a pastor or a most intimate relative. We seek from him—and accept—advice concerning the most basic parts of our lives: health practices, living habits, personal relationships.

Is it any wonder, then, that medical care is considered by all of us as such a special service? It is a close, personal relationship between physician and patient which is based on skill, respect and trust. And it is a tribute to our system of free enterprise that patients can freely choose their own doctor—the man who will make some of the most important decisions of their lives.

One of a series of messages about your physician, presented as a public service by Mead Johnson Laboratories, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products



Symbol of service in medicine

killetry! Cooking for chefs of the Great Outdoors

see page 96, and then come back here for the recipes

Skillet-Fried Trout* (picture and recipe, page 96) Outdoor Pilaf* Raw-Vegetable Relishes Campfire Apricot Shortcake* Coffee

OUTOOOR PILAF

1 can (81/2 oz) tiny 1 tablespoon butter peas, undrained or margarine 1 chicken-bouillon 1/2 teaspoon salt cube Dash peoper 1/2 cup packaged precooked rice

In a small saucepan, combine peas and chicken-bouillon cube; bring to boiling. Stir in rice; remove from heat; cover. Let the mixture stand for 5 minutes.

Add remaining ingredients; toss gently until butter is melted. Makes 2 generous servings.

CAMPEIRE APPLICAT SHORTCAKE

3 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon or margarine cinnamon sugar cup prepared mixture biscuit mix 1 can (8 oz) 1/3 cup evaporated apricot halves milk, undiluted

ut 2 tablespoons butter in tiny pieces over biscuit mix in me dium bowl. Toss lightly with fork until butter is coated. Make a well in center. Pour in milk and cinnamon-sugar, stirring with fork

just until mixture is moistened. Turn dough into a lightly greased and floured 8-inch shiny, heavy skillet. With floured bands, pat down evenly into the skillet. Then cook, covered, over very low heat 12 to 15 minutes, or until a cake tester or wooden pick inserted in the center comes out clean.

Meanwhile, turn apricots and liquid into saucepan. Add rest of butter; heat, stirring, until apricots are heated through.

Cut shortcake into quarters. Set aside 2 quarters for Cinnamon Cof-feecake, below. Split others crosswise. Fill and top with apricots and liquid. Makes 2 servings.

Cinnamon Coffeecake: Spread reserved shortcake with 1 tablespoon soft butter or margarine. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon cinnamon-sugar mixture. Then heat very slowly in skillet until coffeecake is heated. Makes 2 servings.

BREAKFAST

Variety of Fruit Juices Spicy Ham and Eggs* Maple Drop Biscuits* Coffee*

SPICY HAM AND EGGS

6 eggs Dash pepper 1 can (41/2 oz) 2 tablespoons butter deviled ham or margarine 2 teaspoons instant minced onion

Beat eggs with a fork until well mixed. Then stir in the deviled ham,

*Recipes given for starred dishes.

onion, pepper, and 2 tablespoons water, mixing well.

Slowly heat butter in 9- or 10-inch skillet. Pour in egg mixture; cook, covered and over low heat, until eggs are firm-15 to 20 minutes. With a spatula, loosen edge of eggs; cut into quarters. Makes 4 servings.

MAPLE OROP BISCUITS

2 teaspoons shorten- 1/3 cup liquefied ing or salad oil nonfat dry milk 1 cup packaged 1 to 11/2 table. biscuit mix spoons mapleflavored syrup

eat shortening in medium skillet (about 8-inch). Mean-while, in small bowl, combine the biscuit mix and milk, stirring with a fork just until the mix is dampened.

Drop, by tablespoonfuls, into hot skillet, making 8 biscuits. Cook, covered and over low heat, about 5 minutes, or until golden-brown. Turn; then brush the tops with mapleflavored syrup. Cook, covered, 5 minutes longer, or until golden-brown. Makes 8 biscuits.

COFFEE

1 cup coffee 1 egg, slightly (coarse grind)

Bring 2 quarts cold water to a full, rolling boil. Meanwhile, combine coffee and egg, mixing well; turn into double thickness of cheesecloth that has been dampened with water. (Cheesecloth should be large enough so coffee will only half fill it.) Tie cheesecloth with strong cord, to form a sack (cord should be long enough to fasten to handle of pan).

Submerge sack of coffee in boiling water, tying securely to handle of pan. Let boil gently 10 minutes, pushing sack up and down in water several times. Lift sack; let drain over pan; then discard.

Serve coffee hot. Makes 8 cups.

Top-Stove Chili Beans with Franks* on Cornmeal Pancakes® Small Whole Tomatoes Cucumber and Carrot Sticks Hot, Buttered Peaches*

> Assorted Cookies Coffee

TOP-STOVE CHILI BEANS WITH FRANKS

4 bacon slices. halved crosswise mustard 4 cans (1-lb size) 1 tablesnoon light. beans with brown sugar frankfurters 11/2 to 2 teaspoons 2 tablespoons chili powder 1/2 lb process instant minced onion American cheese, cubed

In large skillet, sauté bacon until crisp, Remove from skillet. (If desired, drain fat into container, to store for later use.)

In same skillet, combine beans and rest of ingredients, except bacon; mix well. Cook, stirring, until heated through and cheese is melted. Top with bacon strips. Serve over Cornmeal Pancakes. Makes 6 servings.

CORNMEAL PANCAKES

1 pkg (14 oz) corn-2/3 cup evaporated milk, undiluted muffin mix 1 egg Salad oil

In medium bowl, combine corn-muffin mix, egg, milk, and 1 cup water, stirring with fork just until mix is moistened. Mixture will be lumpy.

Meanwhile, heat skillet or griddle. To test temperature, drop a little cold water onto hot skillet; water should roll off in drops. Oil skillet very

Use 1/4 cup batter for each pancake; cook until bubbles form on surface and edge becomes dry. Turn; cook until golden-brown. (If necessary, oil skillet lightly between each batch.)

Place a pancake on each of 6 serving plates. Spoon on beans and franks; top with another pancake and more beans and franks. Makes 6 servings.

HOT BUTTEREO PEACHES

2 cans (1-lb-14-oz 1/4 cup light-brown size) peach halves sugar, firmly 2 tablespoons butter packed 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg or margarine

emove labels and tops from Peach cans. Into each can, stir 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, and 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg. Heat slowly until peaches are warmed through. Makes 6 servings.

Cheese Rabbit* on Toasted English Muffins Herb-Flavored Peas and Corn* Canned Tomato Aspic with Prepared Salad Dressing Fresh Cantaloupe Halves filled with Canned Mixed Fruits for Salad

Coffee or Tea CHEESE RABBIT

3 tablespoons flour 11/2 teaspoons 3/4 teaspoon salt Worcestershire 3/4 teaspoon dry sauce mustard 1/2 Ib mild Cheddar 1/3 cup instant cheese, cut into powdered cream

In medium saucepan or skillet, combine flour, salt, mustard, cream, 1 cup water, and Worcestershire; mix well. Then bring to boiling, stirring, The mixture will be thickened and

Add cheese; heat over low heat, stirring, just until cheese is melted. Serve over split, toasted English muffins. Makes 4 servings.

HERB-FLAVOREO PEAS AND CORN

1 can (1 lb, 1 oz) 1/2 teaspoon dried peas thyme or oregano 1 can (1 lb, 1 oz) leaves whole-kernel corn 1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Drain all the liquid from peas and whole-kernel corn into a saucepan. Then simmer, uncovered, for 15 to 20 minutes, or until most of the liquid is evaporated.

Add peas, corn, thyme; simmer gently until vegetables are heated. Add butter. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Fresh-Fish Gumbo* Assorted Crackers Dill Pickles, Olives, Cheese Wedges Hot Skillet Gingerbread* with

Cranberry or Raspberry Applesauce Instant Coffee or Tea

FRESH-FISH GUMBO

2½ cups packaged 1 can (1 lb, 1 oz) instant sliced cream-style corn potatoes 1 to 11/2 lb fresh 11/2 tablespoons fish, cleaned, instant minced boned and cut up 1 can (6 oz) onion 1 teaspoon salt evaporated milk 1/4 teaspoon pepper packet (21/4 oz) 1/4 teaspoon dried dry tomato-soup thyme leaves

Cook potatoes as package label directs. Drain, reserving 2 cups cooking liquid. In same saucepan, combine potatoes, reserved liquid, and rest of ingredients. Cook, covered, stirring occasionally, over low heat, 15 minutes, or till fish flakes easily with fork. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

HOT SKILLET GINGERBREAO

1 pkg (14 oz) gingerbread mix

Lightly oil, then flour, a 10-inch shiny, heavy skillet. Make gingerbread as package label directs; pour into skillet. Cook, covered and over low heat, 40 to 45 minutes, or until top springs back when gently pressed with fingertip. Serve hot. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Creamed Dried Beef* on Mashed Potatoes **Buttered Carrots** Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers with Bottled French Dressing Sautéed Bananas and Pineapple* **Assorted Cookies**

CREAMEO ORIEO BEEF

1/4 cup unsifted all-Dash pepper purpose flour 1 jar (5 oz) dried 1/3 cup instant beef powdered cream

In saucepan, combine flour, cream, and the pepper. Gradually add 13/4 cups water, stirring until smooth. Over medium heat, bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Mixture will be thickened and smooth. Add dried beef; cook slowly until heated through. Serve over mashed potatoes. Makes 4 servings.

SAUTÉEO BANANAS ANO PINEAPPLE

4 large medium-1/4 cup light-brown ripe bananas sugar, firmly 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted Cinnamon 1 can (1 lb, 41/2 oz) pineapple chunks. drained

eel bananas; slice crosswise into 1-inch chunks. Place in butter in large skillet. Add pineapple.

Sprinkle brown sugar over top; then sprinkle very lightly with cinnamon. Cook over low heat until fruit is hot. Makes 4 servings.

I never saw ice cream in full bloom...



until Baker's Coconut

Wonders never cease when coconut and ice cream get together. The tropical taste of coconut gives ice cream an exotic new flavor. Try this posy-pretty pie and see!

No-bake Coconut-Crust Pie. Combine 3 tbs. butter with 1 tbs. milk and heat just to melt butter. Stir in ½ cup confectioners' sugar and 3 or 4 drops food coloring, if you wish. Mix in 1½ cups Baker's Fine-Grated Coconut. Spread in greased 8 or 9 inch pie pan; chill well. Let stand at room temperature 10 minutes before serving; fill with any or all kinds of ice cream or sherbet. Top with Angel Flake or Fine-Grated coconut.



ORANGE-COCONUT FLAN

1/2 lemon, peeled

sugar

whipped

1/4 cup granulated

flavored gelatine

sections, drained

- ½ cup butter or margarine 3 tablespoons milk
- 1 envelope un-11/2 cups sifted confectioners' 1 cup heavy cream. sugar 2 cans (31/2-oz size) 8 large orange
- flaked coconut 2 large oranges, neeled
- n a small saucepan over low heat, melt butter in milk. Remove from heat. Stir in the confectioners' sugar and coconut until well mixed. Spread on the bottom and side (not on rim) of a lightly buttered 8-incb

pie plate. Cut peeled oranges and lemon into chunks. Put through coarse blade of food chopper (or blend in electric blender), to make a purée. Stir in granulated sugar.

Sprinkle the gelatine over 1/2 cup cold water in top of double boiler; let stand 5 minutes to soften. Dissolve over hot water; remove, and cool. Add orange-and-lemon purée, combining well; refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg white. Fold in whipped cream; turn into the prepared shell. Refrigerate until firm-about 1½ hours.

Before serving, garnish center with orange sections, arranged spoke fashion. Makes 6 servings.

PINEAPPLE-APRICOT FLAN		
Flaky Pastry	1/2 cup plus 1	
2 pkg (10-oz size)	tablespoon sugar	
piecrust mix	1 teaspoon grated	
2/3 cup soft butter	lemon peel	
or margarine	1 tablespoon lemon juice	
Filling	1 can (8 oz) apricot	
4 cups cut-up fresh or canned pineapple, drained	halves, drained and coarsely chopped	
1/4 cup butter or	1 tablespoon brandy	

margarine

irst, prepare pastry: Make each package of piecrust mix as package label directs; form into 2 balls. Wrap each in waxed paper; refrigerate 1 bour. Then, on lightly floured surface, roll each ball of pastry into a 12-by-16-inch rectangle.

Spread surface of each with ½ cup butter, leaving ½-inch margin all around. Fold pastry, from long side, into thirds; pinch ends together, to seal. Then, from opposite direction, fold pastry into thirds. Wrap in waxed paper; refrigerate 2 hours, or until butter is firm

Meanwhile, make filling: In a medium saucepan, combine 3 cups pineapple (reserve rest for garnish) with apple (reserve rest for garnish) with butter, ½ cup sugar, lemon peel, and lemon juice. Cook, over low heat and stirring occasionally, 25 minutes, Drain, reserving ½ cup liquid. Add apricot halves and brandy. Let cool. Preheat oven to 425F. Roll out

each portion of pastry into a 9-inch circle. Place 1 circle on a cookie sheet. Cover with cooled filling, leaving 1-inch margin all around. Moisten edge of pastry slightly with water. Adjust second circle over top; pinch edges together, to make a firm seal. Make several gashes in center of top crust, for steam vents.

Brush surface lightly with 1/4 cup reserved pineapple liquid; bake 15 minutes. Garnish top with reserved pineapple; brush with remaining reserved liquid; sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sugar. Bake 10 minutes longer. Let cool on wire rack. Serve slightly warm or cold—with whipped cream, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY-MOUSSE FLAN

1½ cups fresh strawberries,	1 envelope un- flavored gelatine
washed	1/2 cup heavy crean
1 tablespoon lemon	1 egg white, beaten
juice	stiff
1/2 cup sugar	1 8-inch baked
	pie shell

Tet aside 6 large strawberries for Sgarnish. Hull rest of berries; crush, with potato masher, in medium bowl. Add lemon juice. Cover with sugar; let stand 30 min-

Sprinkle gelatine over 1/2 cup cold water in top of double boiler; let stand 5 minutes, to soften. Dissolve over hot water; remove, and let cool. Pour over the crushed strawberries, stirring until sugar is dissolved; refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg white. Beat ¼ cup cream until stiff. Gen-

tly fold into gelatine mixture, along with egg white, just until combined. Turn into cooled pie shell. Refrigerate until firm-about 11/2 hours.

To serve, gently remove the whole flan from pie plate to serving plate. Beat remaining cream until it is stiff. Use to garnish top, along with re-served whole strawberries. Makes 6 servings.

SPICEO BUILDREPPY TART

SPICEO BEOEBERRI IARI		
Pastry	Blueberry Filling	
1/2 pkg (10-oz size)	3 pkg (12-oz size)	
piecrust mix	frozen blue-	
1 tablespoon sugar	berries, thawed	
1/2 teaspoon	and drained*	
cinnamon	1½ cups sugar	
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg	3 tablespoons	
	lemon juice	

1/4 cup heavy cream, whipped

Preheat oven to 400F. Prepare pastry for an 8-inch pie shell as package label directs, adding sugar, cin-namon, and nutmeg to dry ingredients. On lightly floured surface, roll out pastry into a 10-inch circle. Use to line an 8-inch pie plate. Flute the edge. Roll out leftover pastry; cut it into strips for lattice top.

Make filling: In a medium saucepan, combine blueberries with sugar and lemon juice. Cook, stirring and over low heat, until mixture is thick
-about 20 to 25 minutes.

Turn into prepared shell. Adjust lattice top over tart; bake 20 to 25 minutes, or until pastry is nicely browned. Serve warm or cold, garnished with whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.

*Or use 11/2 pints fresh blueberries instead of frozen blueberries.

RASPBERRY-AND-BANANA TART

½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated
lemon peel
11/2 tablespoons
lemon juice
1 envelope un-
flavored gelatine
1/4 cup heavy cream

bananas

Preheat oven to 375F. Slice part of cookie dough crosswise into 24 slices, each 1/16 inch thick. Use to line bottom and side of a 9-inch pie plate, in a single layer, to form tart shell. Bake 10 minutes, or until a light-golden color. (Cookie dough will puff up, but it will shrink on cooling.) Let cool completely.

Drain raspberries. Press raspberries and 1 banana through coarse sieve (or purée in electric blender). Add sugar, lemon peel, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice to purée, mixing

Sprinkle gelatine over 1/2 cup cold water in top of double boiler; let stand 5 minutes, to soften. Dissolve over hot water; remove, and let cool. Add gelatine to raspberry-banana purée; refrigerate until slightly thickened. Pour into cooled shell. Refrigerate until firm-this will take about 1 hour.

Just before serving, slice the remaining banana crosswise. Brush with rest of lemon juice. Arrange slices, overlapping, in a circle around edge of tart. Whip cream just until stiff; mound in center of tart. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

NORMANOY APRICOT TART

Pastry	Filling	
1 pkg (10 oz) piecrust mix 1/2 cup sugar 1/4 cup finely	1 can (1 lb, 4 oz) apricot halves, drained	
chopped walnuts ½ teaspoon cinnamon 1 egg yolk	1 egg white, slightly beaten 2 tablespoons sugar ½ cup heavy cream, whipped	

ake pastry: To piecrust mix in large bowl, add sugar, walnuts, and cinnamon, mixing well with fork. Proceed as piecrustpackage label directs, adding egg yolk along with the amount of water called

for.
On lightly floured surface, roll out two thirds of the pastry, to form a

Two thirds of the pastry, to form a 10-inch circle. Use to line bottom and side of an 8-inch pie plate. Preheat oven to 425F. Reserve 6 apricot halves for garnish; use rest to fill the tart shell.

Roll out remaining pastry, so it is just large enough to fit top of tart. Cut out 3-inch circle from center of pastry; discard. Arrange ring of pastry over apricots. Press outside edges together, and flute. With sharp knife, make light crisscross cuts in surface of pastry ring. (This will make latticework when tart is baked.) Brush lightly with egg white; then sprinkle with sugar. Bake 30 to 35 minutes, or until golden-brown.

Let cool slightly on a wire rack.

Gently remove whole tart from pie plate to serving plate.

Serve warm, with center filled with whipped cream and garnished with reserved apricot halves. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

FRUIT-COCKTAIL TART

1 pkg (1 lb, 2 oz) 1 envelope unrefrigerator sugar flavored gelatine cookies 1 teaspoon grated 1 can (1 lb, 4 oz) lemon peel 1 tablespoon

mixed-fruit cocktail 1 pkg (3 % oz) vanilla-pudding miv 1/2 cup milk

lemon juice 2 tablespoons Grand Marnier or other liqueur

1 cup heavy cream whipped

Preheat oven to 375F. Slice part of cookie dough crosswise into 24 slices, each 1/16 inch thick. Use to line bottom and side of a 9inch pie plate, in a single layer, to form a shell. Bake 10 minutes, or until a light-golden color. (Cookie dough will puff up, but it will shrink

on cooling.) Let cool completely.

Drain fruit cocktail, reserving ½
cup liquid. In small saucepan, combine vanilla-pudding mix, milk, and reserved liquid from fruit cocktail. Over medium heat, bring to boiling, stirring; let boil 1 minute. Remove from heat; let cool.

Meanwhile, sprinkle gelatine over 1/2 cup cold water in top of double boiler; let stand 5 minutes, to soften. Dissolve over hot water; remove, and let cool.

Into cooled vanilla-pudding mixture, stir fruit cocktail, reserving ½ cup for garnish. Add lemon peel and juice, Grand Marnier, and gelatine, combining well. Refrigerate, covered, until almost set—about 1 to 1½ hours. Turn into cooled shell. Refrigerate at least 30 minutes.

Just before serving, spread top with

whipped cream; garnish with the reserved 1/2 cup fruit cocktail. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

GLAZEO CHERRY TART

1 unbaked 9-inch	1/4 cup unsifted all-
tart shell	purpose flour
1/2 cup finely	1 tablespoon
chopped blanched	lemon juice
almonds	2 tablespoons
4 cups fresh pitted	butter or
red cherries; or 2	margarine
cans (1-lb-4-oz	3/4 cup red-currant
size) tart red	jelly
cherries, drained	1/2 teaspoon

1 cup sugar

1/8 teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 375F. Make tart shell, using your favorite pastry recipe or half a package of pastry mix. Sprinkle almonds over bottom.

cloves

1/8 teaspoon

cinnamon

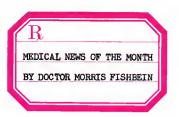
In large bowl, combine cherries, sugar, salt, flour, and lemon juice; pour into shell. Dot with butter; bake 40 minutes. Cool tart on wire

Melt jelly in small saucepan. Stir in cloves and cinnamon. Spoon over cherries. Cool. If desired, serve topped with whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.

Take a fresh look at cream-style corn

For there's new freshness to be found in cream-style corn when it's frozen. Quite unlike any you have ever tasted, this Birds Eye Cream-style corn has a noticeably summertime sweetness. It seems to capture more whole golden kernels, more smooth succulency, more just-ripe flavor than you have been accustomed to. And there are so many fresh ways of serving it. Here, we've added crisp bacon curls, pimento flecks, a hint of onion. Or you may prefer to serve it proudly plain to savor that special Birds Eye freshness. With all Birds Eye products, of course, the idea is extra quality. That's why—Better Buy Birds Eye.





EDITED FOR McCALL'S BY DOCTOR MORRIS FISHBEIN, FORMER EDITOR OF "JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION"

NEW RESEARCH ON INFERTILITY At the Cornell University Medical College, in New York, Dr. John MacLeod has been experimenting with a new drug that, when taken by men, prevents the formation of sperm. (The sperm fertilizes the female ovum and creates a child.) The drug has been tested for about a year on prisoner volunteers and is now being tested on patients in New York and Los Angeles clinics. Still in an early experimental stage, the work is not likely to yield a useful product for perhaps a few years. However, the tests already show that while the drug is being taken, sperm formation ceases, and the process begins again when the drug is discontinued. Apparently, there are no serious side effects or permanent damage to the organs. Besides the possible usefulness for the purpose mentioned, the studies will perhaps supply much information about the causes of infertility.

PARALYSIS CAUSED BY PRESSURE Long-continued pressure on a nerve may cause paralysis, usually temporary, of the muscles supplied by the nerve. For years, the term "honeymoon paralysis" has meant that a man has lost the use of one arm because his sleeping wife's head rested on it for hours. Hod carriers, plasterers, bricklayers, who carry heavy weights on the shoulder, may have tiredness and muscle spasms in the shoulder-girdle muscles. A telephone receiver, held for long periods between shoulder and face, presses against the facial nerve and may involve the muscles around the eye. Crutch users may suffer from partial wrist drop and weakness of forearms and hands, because of pressure under the arms. Carrying a heavy bundle for a long time may cause weakness of the biceps and numbness in forearm and thumb. Inveterate television viewers who rest their elbows on chair arms, people who sit in deck chairs or hang their legs over the side of a bed for a long time may have slight paralysis. Driving with shoes off may damage nerves of the feet.

ALLERGY TO WASP AND BEE STINGS This has been investigated by Dr. Edward E. P. Seidmon, in the Allergy Unit of the Hunterdon Medical Center, in Flemington, New Jersey. Yellow jackets, wasps, hornets, bumblebees, and honeybees are attracted by perfume, sweat, bright metal objects, jewelry, and black, brown, and red worsted and flannel clothing. Swatting at the bees and walking increase the chances of being stung. When a honeybee stings you, a barb containing stinger and venom sac is deposited in the skin. You should immediately scrape off the stinger with a sharp object. Don't grab stinger or sac with your fingernails, because this would force the remaining venom into the sting. People can be desensitized to the venom, and those who are made seriously ill can be treated with antihistaminic drugs. When severe allergy, with asthma and fainting, develops, immediate use of oxygen is recommended. WHY PEOPLE LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS There are various reasons, one of the most common being a blow on the head. Frequent causes are other injuries and acute illness. Some people lose consciousness after shots or inoculations, after drinking, at the sight of blood. In one study, fifteen persons lost consciousness for psychic reasons; six while attending church; one while acting as altar boy; another when he stood up to sing. In a few cases, diminished oxygen in the air seemed to be responsible for the blacking out.

HEART MURMURS IN A CHILD Many a mother has been shocked when a doctor has told her that her child has a heart murmur. Actually, "murmur" simply means that some sound has been produced by the blood circulating through the valves and chambers of the heart. The American Heart Association says officially that innocent heart murmurs are so common in childhood that more than 50 of any 100 children are likely to have them between the ages of three and seven. Such murmurs usually disappear during adolescence. Children who have innocent heart murmurs need no special care, and their activities need not be restricted. If the murmur is due to some actual change in the heart valves, however, the child should be under a physician's supervision.

SITTING WITH KNEES CROSSED People with nervous, bloodvessel, or arthritic disorders of the legs should be warned against doing this, a Florida doctor reports. In 75 per cent of cases studied, the habit impeded the blood flow and tended to intensify the condition. It aggravates arthritic joints of knees and hips. Pressure on a nerve in the leg may cause numbness or sciatica in slender, long-legged people or elderly people who have lost weight. They sometimes fear that they have had a paralytic stroke or have suffered some damage to the central nervous system.

NEW SURGICAL TAPE Continuous improvement in adhesive tapes has led to the development of a new kind, for covering minor scratches and wounds and for various surgical procedures. The tape, of thin, lightweight material, has microscopic pores, through which fluid or serum can escape. Apparently, it will not become detached during a bath or shower; it doesn't contain any chemicals that might irritate or macerate the skin; it can be sterilized by the usual methods. It has been tested in Presbyterian Medical Center, Francis Delafield, St. Vincent's, and Doctors Hospitals, in New York City, and in the Veterans Hospital in East Orange, New Jersey.

NEW WAY TO CONTROL BED-WETTING At the Harvard Medical School and the Beth Israel Hospital, in Boston, an extensive study of bed-wetting developed some important facts about bladder control in childhood. More than 2,000,000 children in the United States have the bed-wetting habit. A child is not considered a confirmed bed-wetter unless he has the habit after he is five years old, but children likely to continue the habit usually have strong manifestations by the time they are three. Parents cannot train a child to learn control of the bladder. A baby empties his bladder automatically, in response to its stretching; this cannot be controlled by the mind. In infancy, a child has no signs of sensation from the bladder and no desire to empty it. He cannot start or stop the stream until he can control the voluntary mechanism.

Four steps are recognized in the evolution of the infantile bladder. First: At one or two years of age, a child may have the feeling that the bladder is full. Second: He learns to bold the urine when the bladder is nearly full or full. This he should certainly learn by the time he's three. Third: He acquires the ability to start the stream, which involves other muscles. This would quite certainly be learned by the age of four and a half. Four: This is the most difficult step—starting the stream at any degree of the bladder's filling. Some children do not attain this skill until they are six or six and a half. The child must learn to arch his back, balloon his belly, and utilize the large muscles that regulate pressure within the abdomen.

By the time the child is four and a half, the bladder's capacity is twice what it was when he was two. Capacity must increase to ten or twelve ounces if it is to be large enough to hold the entire night urine and avoid bed-wetting. (Some bed-wetters have small bladders, which are emptied frequently during the day.) Almost ninety per cent of four-and-a-half-year-olds have day and night control, and the percentage is further increased by the age of seven.

The investigators say that past efforts, designed to benefit the bed rather than the child, sbould be discontinued. These include forbidding water or any fluid after four in the afternoon, picking up the child to make him void, waking him with an alarm clock so he can urinate, using electric gadgets to shock him out of sleep when leakage occurs. Such methods actually tend to delay the necessary enlargement of the bladder. Equally futile are rewards and punishments for something the child cannot help.

In controlling bed-wetting, a study is made of the child's pattern. A chart is kept of the time of emptying the bladder and the amount voided each day for at least a week. (The child empties the bladder into a glass measuring cup that can hold at least eleven ounces.) Then fluids are forced on him, and he is urged to hold the urine as long as possible, which helps increase the bladder's capacity. The physicians who made the study of bed-wetting found that from three to six months—depending on the bladder's size and the child's cooperation—are needed before a satisfactory capacity is reached.

AN AUTHORITATIVE REPORT FROM THE CLINICS, HOSPITALS, AND LABORATORIES DF THE WORLD. IF YDU WISH FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT ANY SPECIFIC ITEM, CONSULT YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN. Dector Fishbain may be heard on Don Merleill's "Breakfast Club" over the ABC radio network.



For women: A warning about sinus trouble

Many common ailments can lead to sinus infection—one of the most widespread ills of our time.

And one of the most painful, too, as anyone who has ever suffered from a sinus headache can tell you.

Colds, flu, hay fever, dust allergy—all can lower your defenses against a sinus infection. So take care of yourself when you're sick, even if it means letting the housework slide for a few days. Get the rest you need to recover fully.

These are the tell-tale symptoms of sinus trouble: a feeling of congestion and sensitivity to pressure below your eyes and in the forehead; and a dull, nagging headache that won't go away. If you detect these signs, see your physician before the sinus trouble becomes chronic.

He may well recommend Bufferin® for the quick relief of that throbbing headache. Clinical studies have proven that Bufferin works twice as fast as aspirin for millions. And Bufferin helps relax the ragged nerves that persistent sinus headache often brings.

These headaches can return day after day. That's why it is so important to sinus sufferers that they can take Bufferin as often as the doctor tells them to—four, five, even six times a day—without fear of stomach discomfort.

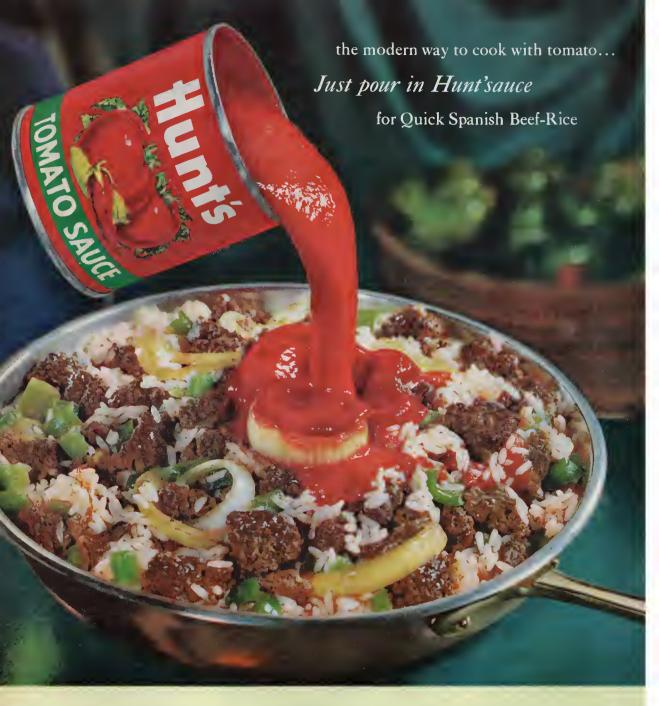
Plain aspirin, and other remedies, may cause stomach distress when taken repeatedly. Not Bufferin. Bufferin alone adds an exclusive combination of anti-acids (known as Di-Alminate*) to its aspirin—so it won't disturb your stomach.

You may never experience the pain of a sinus headache. But remember, for the pain of a host of common ills—including ordinary tension headache, sore muscles, toothache, minor arthritic pain—Bufferin

brings fast, safe and gentle relief. No wonder physicians recommend it by name more often than any other leading pain reliever.

*Bristol-Myers registered trademark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.





Pour in Hunt'sauce and you pour in a pound of whole, ripe toniatoes simmered to a thick, smooth sauce —spiced just right. It's the modern way to cook with tomato! QUICK SPANISH BEEF—RICE
1/4 cup Wesson, pure vegetable oil
1 medium onion, thinly sliced
1/2 medium green pepper, chopped
1/2 lb. ground beef
1 cup regular rice, uncooked
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1/3/4 cups hot water 1 teasp. salt Dash pepper
1 teasp, prepared mustard (optional)

Heat Wesson in skillet. Add onion, green pepper, beef and rice. Stir over high heat until lightly browned. Add Hunt's Tomato Sauce and remaining ingredients. Mix well. Bring quickly to a boil. Cover tightly, and simmer 25 minutes. Makes 4 servings. Meat may be omitted, ½ cup grated cheese may be added just before serving.

For packaged, pre-cooked rice; use only 1½ cups water for 1½ cups rice, and simmer, uncovered, only 5 minutes.

Huni Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California



high-school senior in Imperial Valley. His father

earned about \$4,500 a year, icing cars for the Southern Pacific, and had left school in the seventh grade. His mother had grown up in Mexico, spoke little English, and had almost no schooling. His home had no books, no pictures, no recordings of good music. Neither of his parents thought Edward should go to college, although he stood first in his class, was president of the student body, and was a debater. Because he was ambitious, Edward would probably have gone on to junior college. But his College Entrance Examination Board scores were so low that he stood little chance of getting into any college that used them in selecting its students. His "verbal" score of 415 and his score on mathematical ability, 452, were below the minimum of 500 often used as the cutoff point in judging whether a boy or girl has much chance of making good in college. While Edward Luera was finishing school in California, Roosevelt Smith was wondering how he could afford to go to college -or, for that matter, how he could get into one-when he was graduated from his segregated high school in Mississippi. Like 97.4 per cent of the Negro high schools in the state, his was not accredited. Even its best students could look forward only to a Negro college in the South. Roosevelt's father, a laborer, earned \$4,000 a year. Neither he nor the boy's mother had finished high school or cared one way or the other about Roosevelt's going to college. This, even though he stood near the top of his class, despite working every night as a janitor in an office building. Like Luera, he was president of the student body. But his CEEB scores were low, too. John Burns stood second in his class of 130 in a South continued on page 134

BE POOR; LIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS; GO TO A THIRD-RATE HIGH SCHOOL --ALL YOU NEED IS AN UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR LEARNING • BY ROBERT P.CROSSLEY A magical tale for all who believe, truly believe, that love can just happen · by Eileen Herbert Jordan

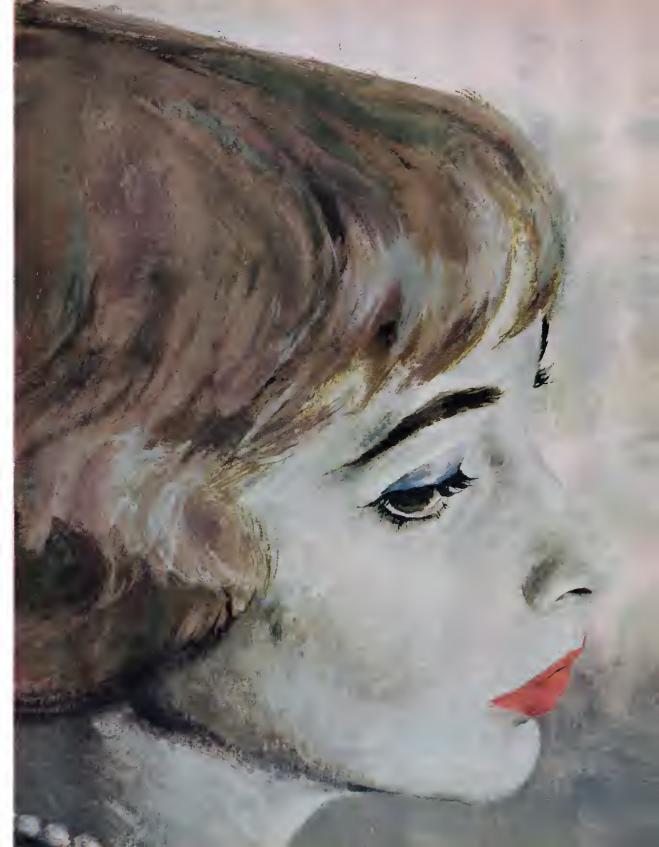
Her name was Meredith Blaine, and she was a dreamer. She is one no longer, and her rehabilitation is as worthy of note as are all the confessions of those who seek adjustment and later publish memoirs of their search. Rehabilitation of the sort was a rarity in her family, anyway; she came from a long line of dreamers, strong and true, faithful forever to the premise that the charms of the improbable are far more powerful than those of the sure. Meredith hardly could have escaped.

There was, for example, her aunt Cecilia. Aunt Cecilia had once played a walkon role in a silent motion picture, made at the old Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn; she lived thereafter bemused by the wonder of spangles. There were other blood relatives with elaborate dreams (the uncle who ran away to Alaska to prospect for gold, the cousin who maintained a correspondence with the Prince of Wales, the great-aunt who cherished an evening spent with Richard Harding Davis); but Aunt Cecilia's contribution to Mcredith's defection was perhaps the most significant. It was she who had looked at her, christened Mary Meredith, and said, "She won't want to go through life as Mary. Meredith alone is much better." From that time on, she was called Meredith alone.

Aunt Cecilia occupied a dormer room in the family house, a sanctum that was awash with movie magazines, dating back for years - piled on the tables, stacked on the window seat, crammed into the bookcase. In the long winter afternoons and the rainy days of spring, Meredith, when she was growing up, sat on a footstool in their midst, the whole jeweled world of them spread before her - marabou and ermine, satin and lace; Norma Shearer and Jean Harlow and Lana Turner; tufted boudoirs and bubble baths and shining silver hair. In fancy, she was one of them. With a swansdown puff and an empty powder box, with a swatch of black fox from somebody's old winter coat, in a discarded red velvet peignoir that trailed along the rug, she was anyone at all. Each time the picture at the local cinema house changed, Aunt Cccilia attended; if she was able to elude the censoring eyes of Meredith's parents, she took the child. There was no better world than this; no finer dream.

It was Aunt Cecilia, too, who was, in a way, responsible for the other dream, the dream that came continued on page 120





A VERY SHORT STORY - BY WILLIAM MANER

I was putting up a new mailbox at my gate when Rafe McCutcheon came down the mountain road, walking from the high hills behind my house and making his way toward the main road about a mile down the mountain. My house is a small one, in the Allegheny Mountains above the Cowpasture River. It is within easy driving distance of the Virginia Hot Springs when the weather is good; but it is surprisingly remote, even in this era of good roads. Rafe stopped when he came to me and looked at the hole I had dug in the rocky soil to plant the mailbox post.

"You're going to a lot of trouble for getting a letter, ain't you?" he said.

I agreed, and said I had to get it up before the weather turned too hot.

"You expecting to get a letter in that box?" he asked.

"The mailman said I wouldn't get any unless I did have one," I said. "While I'm at it, I might as well put up a good one."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELBERT BUDIN

I went on with my digging, and Rafe McCutcheon found a seat on a pile of smooth boulders I had brought up from the stream across the road. He often drops by when I am in the mountains and always seems to know when I'm there. Rafe McCutcheon lives about three miles from my place, in a little house by himself, upstream from me near the top of the ridge. He must be more than seventy, but he is still straight and tall. He carries a heavy cane to belp him over rough spots and with which to point while he talks.

He sat and watched me while I finished digging and began to mix cement and rocks to pour into the hole, to make a firm foundation for my mailbox post. After a while, he shifted his weight and his cane and cleared his throat. "Somebody wants mail powerful hard," he said. "Your missus?"

I shook my head.

"Plaguing don't get them nowhere, but they plagues anyway," he said, as if that



were the conclusion to draw from our conversation. He paused, and then he went on. "There was a fellow once, lived over on tother side of Rotten Ridge, had a missus who wanted a letter powerful hard." Rotten Ridge is across the valley from us, about twenty miles away. "Must of been forty years ago. Mailman rode horses in them days."

He waited while I went across the road to the stream and dipped up a hucket of water to mix with the cement.

"It's easier for the mailman now the roads are hetter, and there's the automobile for him to use," I said.

Rafe McCutcheon didn't answer until I had finished mixing the water with the cement and rocks. "This fellow lived where there wa'n't no roads at all. Hard to get a horse up that mountainside — there wa'n't nothing hat a footpath. Mailman wouldn't come up the footpath. Of course, that didn't make much matter to this fellow, 'cause he

didn't expect any letters anyway, hnt that's the way it was."

"Wish I didn't expect all the bills I get," I said, hecause it was obviously my turn to say something.

McCutcheon didn't care what I said, but he had a sense of the pattern of conversation. He watched me pour concrete into the hole around the post. "Ought to set solid in that," he said. "This fellow finally put up a mailhox hinsself. Waste of time, was the way he had it, but his missus wouldn't see it that way. She plagued him to it." I nodded. "They'll plague a man to death, once they gets a notion in their heads," I nodded again, and Rafe seemed satisfied that I had taken his advice. "This one got a notion in her head that she was going to get a letter. Don't know why. She never got one hefore in her life, couldn't even read very well. But there it was, Had a hig hole come in her stocking one morning, all of a sudden - and she took that as a sign there was a letter coming to her."
"Is that a sign of mail?" I asked.

"That, and seeing spiders in the middle of the road."

"Means you're going to get a letter?"

"That's the way it's held." Rafe nodded his head. "This fellow told his missus he didn't hold with such signs, but his missus walked all the way down the mountain on the footpath to see if it was so."

"Was it?"

"Mailman said he reckoned there could he a letter for her hack in the post office; he didn't know. Weren't no place to deliver mail to her, so he hadn't been giving her much mind. Walking hack up the mountain, there was another hole come in her stocking, and that just told her for sure. She asked this fellow to fix her up a hox down on the road. He told her that hole didn't come from nothing but climhing that mountain, and she closed up and didn't say nothing more." continued on page 157





a

....ons of people around the world recently hung on the news bulletins while actress Elizabeth Taylor fought for her life against pneumonia in a London hospital. At one point, she was so low she breathed through a pipe inserted in her neck and was fed through a tube placed in a vein in her left leg. Of those who followed this struggle, few probably realized that the same germ responsible for Miss Taylor's illness had nearly killed one John F. Kennedy, now President of the United States, in 1954, when he developed an infection after a spine operation. It may seem startling that one germ can cause both a near-fatal pneumonic collapse and a postsurgical infection. But the organism that produces these unlike results has still other grim powers in its repertoire. It causes abscesses in babies. (And, too often, in their mothers.) It is responsible for osteomyelitis, the longlingering bone infection. It can bring about blood poisoning and catastrophic heart complications. And it is surely the cause of the boil on grandfather's neck.

The germ is, of course, the staphylococcus aureus, which looks, under the microscope, just like a harmless bunch of grapes and which is

spreading to all corners of the modern world in a kind of creeping infection, undramatic but determined. It is almost automatic, in our day, to suggest: "What about the miracle drugs?" The mention of miracle drugs in connection with this particular killer is a kind of sour joke. These drugs, or antibiotics—penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin, and the many, many others—have saved, it is said, 2,000,000 lives since they were introduced in 1943. But the staph germ, which is responsible for the many dangerous and disagreeable manifestations noted above, has taken the antibiotics in its stride. Worse, it has, if anything, been provoked into greater violence by them. Strains of staphylococcus have appeared that are resistant to the action of the antibiotics and, in fact, thrive in their presence.

Resistant strains of staph show up mostly in hospitals, great users of antibiotics. Although there is, in some areas of medicine, an almost hush-hush attitude about staph that shows itself in inadequate record keeping, there is hardly a hospital in the world that hasn't been caught off base by the plague of staph. (Except, significantly, mental hospitals, which have no

It comes from a germ; it starts in our hospitals; it is all over the country

great use for antibiotics.) A flow of news stories bedclothes, to keep him from moving and thus during the past three or four years has told how resistant staph has been lurking in hosspreading the infection.

pital nurseries and surgical wards, touching off occasional epidemics. Recently, the news has taken on a darker color: The resistant strains of staph seem to be going out from hospitals and creeping into homes. "There are already clear indications," says Dr. Stuart Mudd, one of America's most prominent microbiologists, professor at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and chief microbiologist at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Philadelphia, "that the staphylococcus infections of hospitals are becoming problems of the community at large."

A typical case, which occurred in Ohio but could be matched in almost any other state: A family brought a new baby boy home from a hospital in 1954. When hospital clothing was removed from the infant, a rash was noted around his stomach and legs. It spread and was diagnosed as a staph infection. Within a short time, the baby was covered with pustules; he could not open his eyes or take a bottle; he lay for six weeks with his garments pinned to the

The baby's grandmoth-

er, who came to help out, in two weeks developed a staph infection on her chin. Then the infant's brother picked it up and, ultimately, both parents. Antibiotics proved useless. "We ping-ponged it from one member of the family to another, and we've been doing it for seven years," says the boy's father. A girl born to the family two years later also developed the infection. In 1956, the father acquired a finger infection, also staph, which spread until he had to be hospitalized; for a time, amputation of his arm was considered. The baby's aunt developed staphylococcal infection of the lymph glands, and his uncle suffered from staph abscesses on his legs. "The abscesses swell up as big as eggs," says the young father. "The pain is impossible to describe. The appearance of the lesions is frightening. When it hits the eye, it is like a sty, except that it oozes dark red." Seven years later, infection is still bouncing around this home. Medical costs to date come to thousands of dollars. continued on page 125

today; and the miracle drugs can't do anything about it \Box By Samuel Grafton



Country Airs There is farm-fresh charm in the way today's provincial rooms combine sturdy furniture and simple accessories McCall s Decorating Department / Mary Davis Gillies, editor / Mary Shepherd, Marion Holbrook, associates / Loretta Enghert, assistant DECORATOR, WILLIAM CECIL OF ORCHARD HOUSE. PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO FENN



Provincial without provincialism, this new Country Look starts with the sturdy furniture originally made by country cabinetmakers and carpenters. It may be Early American, Colonial, Shaker, Pennsylvania German, or Provincial furniture of any country. Maple, cherry, pine, so traditional in country homes, are the woods; they have a low-keyed rather than a highly polished finish. The reproductions are often distressed or antiqued, to give them the feeling of age and use. If you like folk art, if you warm to the touch of history in your home, we know you will love The Look.



This living—dining room is a handsome example of what we mean by the new Country Look: The old pine beams, the old mantel are from New England; the sailing ship in the painting once belonged to the family; the cupboard in the dining area is a French Provincial antique; the crystal chandelier, "egg basket" filled with apples, cane side chairs are French, too. The dining chairs with rush seats and backs are modern Mexican; the red-and-white rugs, which tie both ends of the room together, and the blue-and-white toile de Jouy on the sofa are new. Still, all these elements are fused in a mellow, sturdy charm.







-hewn look dominates the living room above. The simple, honest craftsmanship of antique carved Canadian cupboard, ladder-back Shaker rocker, birch-and-elm captain's chairs, old brass horn goes easily with a modern sofa and its leafy fabric.

Restful, rich, and dignified, the red room below was inspired by an American painting attributed to Copley. The old: plant-filled Pennsylvania pine cradle, decoy snipe, Chinese canister lamp base. The new: rug, red-fringed to match walls; quilted-chintz sofa.





Relaxed but spirited, this dining room, seen through living-room arch, combines old furniture, an old oil hanging lamp with a modern approach in fabrics, color scheme, window treatment. Here's a blending of old and new, naïve and knowing.

old accessories, below: A Franklin stove, bed warmer beside it, decoy ducks before it; small antiques on spice shelves; rag rug; brick hearth; wood-paneled walls give this room a cottage look. Fabrics, floor covering, and sofa are new as new.







That New Country Look

What we like about American Provincial is its unpretentious charm. It is warm, welcoming, very friendly furniture that is comfortable and comforting to live with, and it gets along well with the Provincial things of many countries besides our own -French, Spanish, Mexican, both new and old, as you have seen on our pages. This new Country Look likes clear, bright, lively color in chintzes, calicoes, and prints. It makes fascinating, unorthodox use of old accessories -utilitarian objects like weather vanes, jugs, boxes, decoy birds, and others we show on page 58. You'll see some of them in our photographs: a wood weathercock used as a table centerpiece, a patchwork quilt cut up for chair seats. Diverse elements agree marvelously in the living room at left: Old butcher's-block table, old rattan beach chair, reproduction apothecary chest, chair with hassock are perfect for one another, as if they had been together forever, at least!

DECORATOR, DAVID BARRETT, N.S.I.D. DRAPERY AND CHAIR FABRIC: BRUN-SCHWIG & FILS, ALL PHOTOGRAPHS EXCEPT PAGE 54 BY HANG VAN NEG



aren't boys awful! BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY Annabelle Lucy Is my very best friend. She lives at the end Of the street. We meet on the way To school cach day, And after it's over, we meet. Then we ask our mothers For an afternoon snack, I walk her home And she walks me back, Or we ride our bicycles round the block. But most of the time we talk. Please turn the page PHOTOGRAPH BY ART KANE



Said I, "Don't you get along with girls? Just what do you think is wrong with girls?" He looked askance, then he looked askancer; He loves to ask, but he hates to answer. He kicked a pebble into the gutter, And after a while, he began to mutter. I knew, for I read his mind precisely, He was trying to change the subject nicely. He perched on a railing and swung his legs. And he asked, "Have you ever eaten deggs?" "Deggs?" I said, "Deggs?" I said, "What in the world are deggs?" I said.

billy," said I, "your jokes are pearls, But I asked you, what's the matter with girls? Answer that, my boy, I dare you, Or else admit that girls just scare you." He shied away, and then drew closer; "Who, sir? Me, sir? Oh sir, no sir." He curled his tongue and scuffed his feet, One foot on the curb and one in the street. "Girls," he said, "they giggle and point, And they throw with their elbows out of joint. Girls," he said,

"Scramble deggs," said Billy.

"Girls," he said, "Who's afraid of girls?" he said. "Girls are silly," said Billy.

"Zirls," he said, "like 'Let's pretend," And they've always got a new best friend. Some are stuck-up and some are saucy, And they're either wheedling or acting bossy. In games they will never take a chance, And in dancing class they like to dance." He banged a mailbox lid, and then I knew he would change the subject again. He looked at me backward through his legs, And he asked, "Have you ever eaten teggs?" "Teggs?" I said, "Teggs?" I said,

"What in the world are teggs?" I said. "Poach teggs, of course," said Billy.

"billy," I said, "for goodness' sakes. You sound as if girls were rattlesnakes. You sound like a mouse describing a cat. Surely they're not as awful as that?' He carefully stepped in some soft cement, And this is the way that his grumble went: "They boast about their secrets so,



and what do we talk about? Everything. Annabelle Lucy's real-gold ring, Secrets we have That nobody guesses, People and parents and party dresses, Annabelle's cousin's poodle pup, The things we'll do When we're both grown up, What games we'll play When the weather turns hot.

and Annabelle talks about boys a lot.

"my!" says Annabelle, "Aren't boys awful! I'd hate to be a boy. I would rather be a waffle, I'd rather be a toadstool, I'd sooner be a squirr'l (If I had to be anything except a girl), Or an ant from a whole big hill full of ants, Than an awful old boy In corduroy pants!

b oys!" says Annabelle, Giving a giggle. "They can't stand still. They can only wriggle. When they meet the friend they are fondest of, They push him off the pavement With an elbow shove; They wrestle on the ground till they almost smother. For that's how they know They like each other. They pull people's arms half out of their sockets. And they think dead mice are to carry in pockets.

b oys are different as they can be," Says Annabelle Lucy, "From you and me. Their ears are enormouser. Their shoes smell fishier, The mud they fall in is always squishier. When they see sad movies, sitting in a crowd, They never cry, They laugh out loud. If you're playing 'Princess' In gold-paper crowns, They won't be courtiers, They want to be clowns. They want to be Commandos with secret whistles Or painted Indians Or Guided Missiles. They treat every day like an April Fool, And they step on your feet At Dancing School."

annabelle isn't afraid of boys. If one of them ever shows up, Or happens to pass Us after class, Annabelle turns her nosc up And walks right past them, tossing her curls, Whispering, "Aren't you glad we're girls?"

or "Girls," says Annabelle, "Are smarter than boys. When girls are noisy, it's a nicer noise. They comb their hair, And they tie their laces. But boys only wash the middle of their faces. In fact, what they hate the most is soap. They don't like dolls, And they won't jump rope. They'd never change clothes If they had their choices. And they run downstairs At the top of their voices.

o you know a boy named Tommy Tripp? He sits behind me in Penmanship, And he's so awful, it's hard to believe. Like just for instance, He'll joggle my sleeve When I'm making O's With those funny squiggles. Then he'll laugh and laugh

And they all know something you don't know. They tease you until your manners crack, And if they slap you, you can't slap back. Girls," he said, "Girls," he said, "Girls are all unfair," he said. "Tm mad at girls," said Billy.

ne was all lit up like a lightning bug,
And be leapfrogged over a fireplug,
He rubbed his finger in fresh red paint,
And then continued with his complaint.
"They're foolish enough with their sissy toys,
But tbey're even worse when they act like boys.
They are always showing off," said he;
"In the pool they all swim better than me."
He stood on his head and waved his legs,
And asked, "Which is better, yeggs or seggs?"
"Turkey yeggs?" I said,
"Duck seggs?" I said,
"Duck seggs?" I said,
"Some girl told you," said Billy.

"girls!" said Billy, and he seemed perplexed.
"You never can tell what they'll think of next.
They put pink stuff on their fingernails,

And they don't mind practicing piano scales. If they feel like kissing, they're not ashamed, And they whisper in school and you get blamed. Why is it," said Billy as we walked along, "That they're always rigbt and I'm always wrong? And I know they can be wrong," said Billy, "Cause I've heard them say that boys are silly. Girls," be said, "Girls," he said, "They can all go climb a tree," he said. "I'm through with girls," said Billy.

"Sirls," said Billy, "I know their stunts. They want two opposite things at once. They rave about sledding, but when it snows, They stay indoors and try on clothes. They hate to have mice around the house, But if you kill one, they say, 'Poor mouse!' If you want to know about girls," said Billy, "Girls are silly, they're just plain silly." Said I to Billy, "What about your mother? Wasn't she a girl, like any otber?" "Mother?" he said, "Mother?" he said, "Mother was never a girl,' he said, "She was always Mother." said Billy.

COPYRIGHT ® 1961 BY OGDEN NASH, FROM THE BOOK OF THE SAME NAME, TO BE PUBLISHED BY FRANKLIN WATTS, INC.

Till my whole desk jiggles, Or else be'll jerk on my ponytail. Once he handed me—ugh! A snail, All crawly and slimy. I didn't speak To that horrible boy one time that week.

"Some of the girls in the other class say That Tommy's handsome In a sort of way. He can walk on his hands. He doesn't scare. They like that carroty-colored hair, And he's very good at Arithmetic. But oooh, that Tommy! He makes me sick. For honestly, near as I can tell, He's bad as the rest," Says Annahelle.

In ow, Annabelle Lucy
Is my very best friend.
But I cannot pretend
To know
If she always means
What I think she means
Or the other way round is so.
But I hope I can figure the answer soon.
For listen what bappened
This afternoon:

It was over at our house.
We'd eaten our snacks,
And Annabelle and I were playing Jacks
(I was doing my Eights with a knuckle-knock)
When a Boy
Came wandering up our walk.
His ears were enormous.
His sneakers smelt fishy.
He'd stepped in the mud where the mud was squishy.
His hair was red, the carroty kind.
But Annabelle
Didn't seem to mind

When, exactly as though in front of a grandstand, He turned a somersault, He did a handstand, Then chewed on a grass stem, green and juicy.

h i, there, Tommy," said Annabelle Lucy.

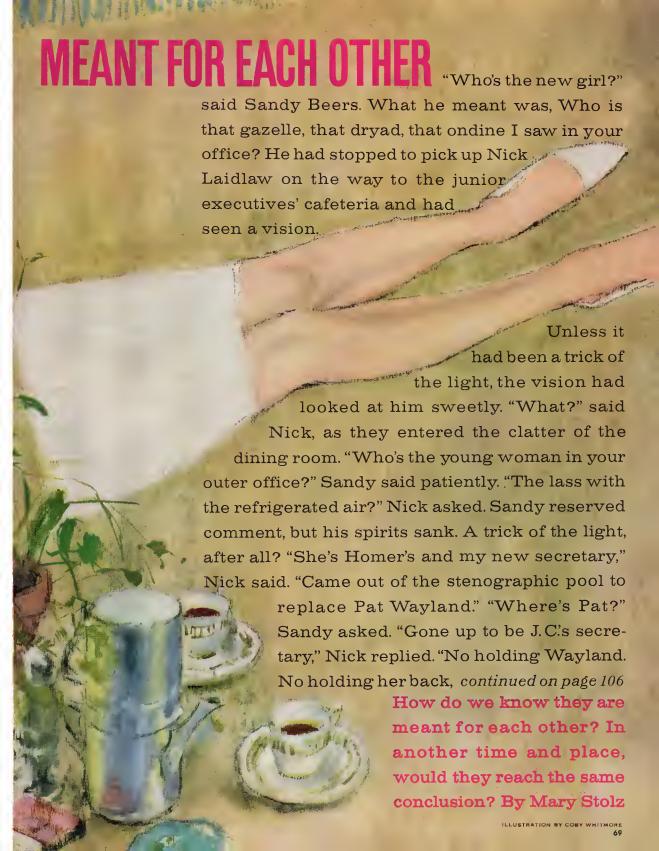
"A i!" said the Boy,
As bold as brass.
"How you making out in Division class?
Since I baven't got anything else to do,
Maybe I could belp
With a problem or two."
(He was swinging his arms like a metronome.)
"If you're going my way.
I'll walk you home."

and can you imagine?
What do you think?
Annabelle didn't sbudder or shrink
Or turn up her nose
Or glare or frown,
But put ber ball and her jackstones down,
And giving a sort of a bappy skip,
Away sbe sauntered
With Tommy Tripp!

When I told my mother just now about it, She smiled and said that she didn't doubt it. Sbe says there are times When it's perfectly lawful For girls to consider that boys are awful, Until, quite suddenly, You look twice And notice that "awful" Seems rather nice. "And any minute," she told me, "well, You'll notice it, too, Like Annabelle."

now odd! I wouldn't believe it, Quite, Except that my mother Is generally right.







unlike any before or since. They married much older than their Victorian mothers or grandmothers, usually after twenty and frequently after twenty-five, and they tended to have smaller families. The Victorians bear, I feel unjustly, a name for prissiness, for there were among them a great many flaming female spirits, revolutionary and dauntless, who led lives of staggering unorthodoxy; and even the more conforming sisters bred early and without respite, a practice that takes something of valor or, at the very least, a grasp of facts. The concerns of their lives, for all their aseptic language and delicate morals, remained breeding and rearing, comforting and sustaining, and these cannot be reckoned vaporish services. Dickens' women, the Victorians we are perhaps most familiar with, may seem like paper dolls; but they are probably more a reflection of Dickens than the actual females of his time. Poor Mrs. Dickens — unfortunate, despised creature that she was, the object of her husband's mounting scorn gave birth to ten children, until he finally left her, with public denunciations about her unsuitability and inadequacy.

If the Edwardian daughters of this active generation inherited none of the bedroom vitality of their mothers, they did seem to retain the parlor graces. These were eighteenth century in spirit and were based on inaccessibility except for a price. That price was high: family protection or marriage. Paid jobs for women and the combustible engine altered the balance of this system; for once women became independent, they could afford to be accessible, and graces and allures modified accordingly. Certain traits of feminine character have since become more sharply evident: daring and inventiveness, for instance. Certain others have been suppressed: passivity, trust, patience. It is hard to believe that in fifty years human beings could show such marked differences. No comparable (change seems ever to have been accomplished before with such rapidity; and not only is it a change in externals; it is a change in depth. But the externals, as always, are symptomatic.

In our grandmothers' day, the mark of a true lady was, before all other things, her voice. This was gently pitched and

frequently lovely in tone. Few contemporary American women have the clear voices of their grandmothers. Throats are rasped by cigarette smoke and by shouting over traffic and radio. The mechanical wonders that lighten woman's work or enliven her leisure are noisy, from the blender and vacuum cleaner to air conditioning and TV. As a result, voices have grown in volume and deteriorated in quality. Even actresses, whose voices used to be their boast, permit themselves harsh and clouded tones. The deeper, more masculine and husky timbre has become acceptable; the bell-like soprano, almost obsolete. When I was very young and one could hear through a closed window the sound of walking feet on pavement, a woman's voice was a charming thing, and the calling of a child was a kind of household musical signature. Each mother and aunt had her own little cadence, which could be heard punctuating from time to time, like bird notes, the comfortable kitchen and nursery sounds.

One still finds the clear soprano in Europe, where the vocal cords can sometimes function in quiet. One finds it throughout Japan. But even a store or restaurant in America was, at the turn of the century, a quiet place. The clients and waitresses murmured. If there was music, it was alive, sweet, behind palms, and rather more expensive than silence; it was never, under any conditions, obtrusive. A tea party was then an exchange of courtesies and not the hog-calling contest our cocktail hours provide. A lady in my grandmother's time never raised her voice. Never. Rage was

Hers was the last generation of flavor and a wonder unlike any





silent; weeping was done quietly, between white, buffered fingers, into tiny, hand-hemmed, hand-initialed handkerchiefs of pure linen. A lady spoke with thoughtful choice of language and never under any conditions resorted to blasphemy or obscenity. If she invoked God's name, it was on her knees, with head bent.

My mother's favorite household motto was "Control yourself." My uncle, Cecil de Mille, always claimed that no lady could become an actress, because the restraints she had submitted to prevented her from any visible emotional release. The one factor overlooked in this pronouncement is talent; but this statement is revealing of its period and the prevailing point of view. A lady used first names only for friends and for the people she cared about. She felt no lack of friendliness in preserving formalities, and terms of address had for her importance. She exacted respect. No shopgirl ever called her "darling"; no servant, "dearie"; no man, "doll"—saving only her legal master.

No less than her voice, her expression constituted her passport. Her expression was exposed naked to the world and unedited by brush or pencil. Her age and her way of spending her years spread across her face like a map, for all to see. Beauty didn't matter as much as sensitivity, but of course it helped. If she had fine hair, she literally gardened it. Oh — the hair, the hair of yesteryear! It streamed, it waved, it flowed. The girls lay in it, rolled in it, and whenever they could, they sat on it. Their husbands stroked it, kissed it, rumpled it, wound it around their faces and hands.

dependent women; her life had a before or since V by Agnes de Mille One did all this oneself or with one's maid, for there were no beauty parlors. Curly hair was the ideal, of course, and if one's hair was naturally curly, one stood over the steaming spout of the kettle before any important encounter. If not, there were the hot irons and rags and old bits of kid and paper.

Pinning up one's hair was the equivalent of today's first using lipstick, and permitting a young man to remove hairpins or combs was the first step toward intimacy, and, unless properly sanctified, it heralded ruin. No woman cut her hair short unless she had had typhoid. Great beauties maintained their own coiffeurs, and rich ladies took their maids to parties, just to pat and adjust on arrival. The maids then waited in a clump in the dressing room until the festivities were over. Or they waited up at home, to unbutton and unlace. Their mistresses could not undress alone. They literally could not. They were helpless. Because of bindings and bonings, they could not reach beyond a certain point backward or down. They did not like to ask their husbands; it would spoil the mystery.

Figures didn't matter much, especially after the first children. One was supposed to be womanly, and that covered almost everything except extreme thinness. But fine skin was essential, and the preservation of a skin, with no patent products, developed into an enormous and time-consuming labor. One rubbed ice on face and throat. One drank hot water and lemon juice and watched one's diet for this reason, if not for added poundage. One never exposed any part of throat or arm to the sun. Sunburn was considered, what in fact it is, a burn, and freckles a lamentable blemish. The wild-rose cheek, the snowy throat, the blue pulse beating at temple and wrist, the transparent marblings in the dead-white breast were the factors, then, of beauty. Beautiful teeth were prized but rare; teeth straightening, together with learning the facts of life, had not at that time developed into one of the concomitants of adolescence. Legs were unknown continued on page 112



THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT A NEW NOVEL BY JOHN STEINBECK

PART III New Baytown is a lovely place. Its harbor, once ▲ a great one, is sheltered from the northeast screamers by an offshore island. The village is strewn about a complex of inland waters, fed by the tides. It is not a crowded or an urban town. Except for the great houses of the long-gone whalers, the dwellings are small and neat, distributed among fine old trees. Communities, like people, have periods of health and times of sickness—even youth and age, hope and despondency. There was a time when New Baytown, together with Nantucket and New Bedford, furnished the whale oil that lighted the Western World. And then petroleum, rock oil, gushed out in Pennsylvania, and cheap kerosene, called coal oil, took the place of whale oil and retired most of the sea hunters. Sickness or despair fell on New Baytown perhaps an attitude from which it did not recover. Other towns not too far away grew and prospered on other products and energies; but New Baytown, whose whole living force had been in squarerigged ships and whales, sank into torpor. The snake of population crawling out from New York passed New Baytown by, leaving it to its memories. And, as usually happens, New Baytown people persuaded themselves that they liked it that way. But everyone knew that, sooner or later, the snake of population would engulf New Baytown. The local people longed for that time, yet hated the idea of it. The Hamptons were rich, spilled over with loot from tourists puffed with spoils. New Baytown talked of the old days and of flounder and when the weakfish would start running.

Spring is late and summer late at New Baytown; but when it comes, it has a soft, wild, and special sound and smell and feeling. In early June, the world of leaf and blade and *continued on page 149*









NFORGETTABLE ASHIONS FOR THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME

Certain fashions, like certain summers, have a special quality of memorability. Something in the richness of their color and pattern, the artistry of their execution makes them unique. Such fashions are not commonplace; but like a never-to-be-forgotten vacation, a never-to-be-forgotten fashion is worth the seeking and finding. On these twelve pages we bring you a collection of such clothes: thirteen magic costumes, each with an elegant individuality suggesting that never before and never again will there be another just like it. As a fitting background, we chose Nassau and the resort islands of the Bahamas. Our point of debarkation, left, the Prince George wharf in Nassau; the fashion, a very new skimmer silhouette, here in linenlike white silk, a brass-buttoned, lightly fitted top above a marvelous flared skirt. Teal Traina; designer, Geoffrey Beene.

McCALL'S FASHION DEPARTMENT VIRGINIA STEELE editor / HELEN FREEMAN associate / MARCELLE BURNHAM assistant

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE PAGES BY DERUJINSKY HAT BY DACHÉ, JEWELRY BY MONET, SUNGLASSES BY BEN-HUR

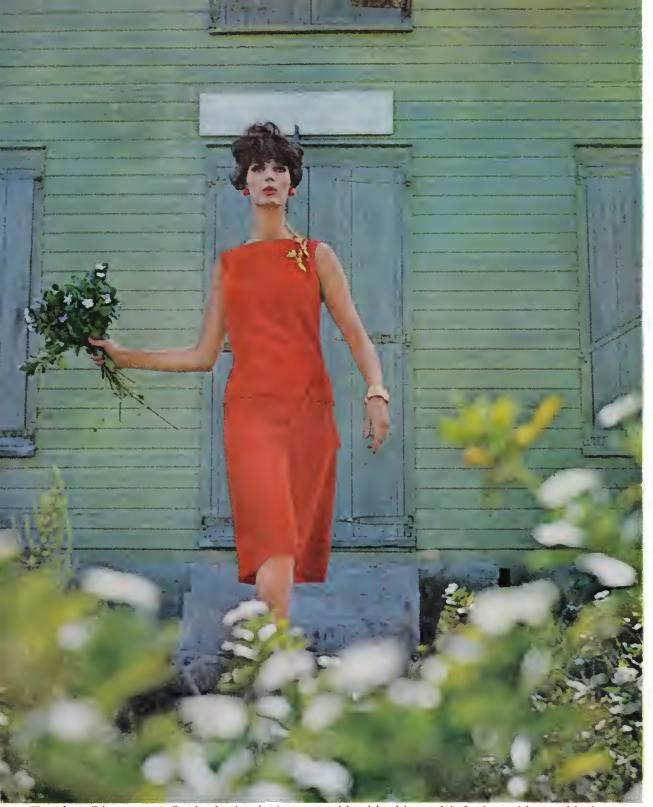
CHIFFON AT SUNDOWN



For cocktails and romantic dinners, Rembrandt's muted silk-chiffon print with soft cowl neckline, yards of floating, bias-cut skirt, in coffee and cream colors. For dancing at teatime, a beige chiffon dress, right, with brown satin trim, designed by John Moore for Talmack. The locale: Nassau's Love Beach. The music man: George Symonette, the "Goombay King."



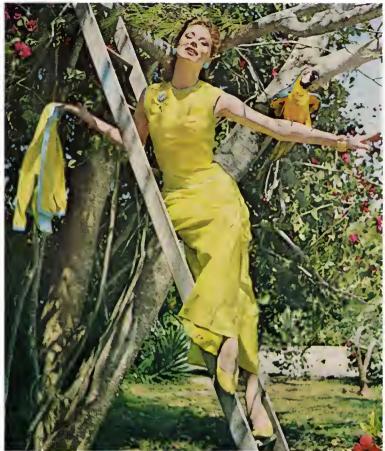




Traveler's Discovery: A flawlessly simple, incomparably chic skirt and belted overblouse; blazing orangey-red crepe, lined in silk. By Sloat. The pretty pastoral site: Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera.



Island Delicacies: The citrus colors. Left, lemon silk princess dress, white-piped. To order at Henri Bendel. Right, Tina Leser's elegant rayon-tweed dress, with a lime-green, hand-knit wool sweater.

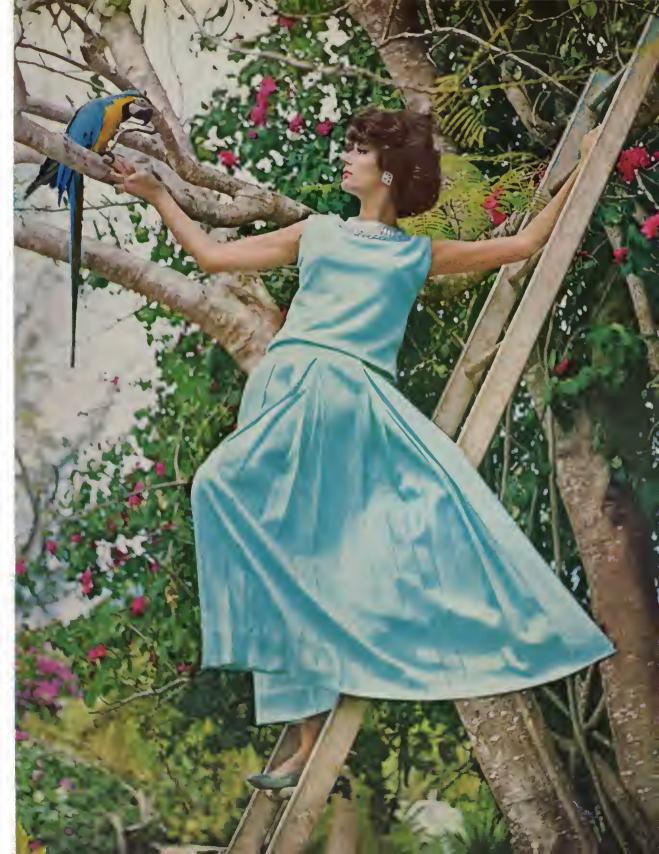


SHOES, ABOVE, BY RHYTHM STEP



Unexpected Luxury: The rich softness of cashmere for the most formal of summer occasions. It's unexpectedly adapted, too, to island or seashore evenings that begin in sunlight and may last, if the romantic climate is right, until sunup. Spanning hours of warmth and hours of delicious cool, two memory-making costumes. Above: A simple, chartreuse silk dress, bound at the high throat in aqua, with a long, flared skirt. Over the dress, a matching cashmere sweater, aqua accented. Right: A full, floor-length, pleated silk skirt, artlessly coupled with a bead-trimmed, sleeveless sweater in matching cashmere. Both fashions to order at Henri Bendel. Both photographed at French Leave, Eleuthera.









Nothing endures in fashion memory like a truly beautiful print. To wit: An Orient-inspired silk dress, left, in rich Far Eastern colors, embroidered all over with paillettes. An exotic, art nouveau print on silk, below, rich in golds and purples, seductively simple in cut. Especially unforgettable worn with massive gold jewelry. Both by Roxanne for Samuel Winston; photographed at historic Adderley House in Nassau.



ATCHLESS DRINTS



Spectacular white crepe dinner dress with a blouson top, left. Teal Traina, designed by Geoffrey Beene. Sari print top, bare-shoulder dress, right, has long, molded sharp-pink skirt. Oleg Cassini.



Adele Simpson's enchanting butterfly dress is of flaming-pink chiffon, with billowing short skirt, asymmetric neckline, floating shoulder panel. Pictured at the lush Royal Victoria Garden, Nassau.

THE NEXT KING



His name tapes say merely "No. 89." He's supposed to be normal and act normal. But everybody knows who he is, and for what he is destined. Although he is still a child, all those around him speculate on who his wife may be. Could anybody in his position ever really grow up normally? S By James Brough For the past four years, Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales and heir to the throne of England, has been attending Cheam preparatory school, about fifty miles from London. His life, in accordance with his mother's wishes, has been that of an average, upper-class English schoolboy. This September, he will enter Eton. Some soul searching went into the choice. Prince Philip voted for his old school, Gordonstoun, in the wilds of Scotland, which has been attacked by British newspapers for its "Prussianism." Harrow, with its reputation for turning out flamboyant types like Sir Winston Churchill, was considered. So was Winchester, which is intellectual and reserved. Charles fancied Charterhouse, because his best friend, David Daukes, is going there. But Queen Elizabeth overruled her familv. Because it stands next door to Wiudsor Castle, she decided on Eton -even though the Duke of Kent, when he went there, complained bitterly about the cold and dampness.

Inevitably, as the one person who can really tell Charles what it means to be a sovereign, the Queen looks ahead to the terrifying, triumphant day when he will be King. She remembers what it did to her father. whom she adored; it robbed him of years of happiness and perhaps of life. She once said, "Mucb was asked of my father in personal sacrifice and endeavor, often in the face of illness. His courage in overcoming it endeared him to everybody. He shirked no task, however difficult, and to the end, he never faltered in his duty to his people." How can she instill her father's qualities in her son? How give him a comparatively normal upbringing through the testing time of adolescence? How help him through the years of contradiction and confusion that befall every teen-ager, when supersize conflicts await him? In public and private, she answers that she wants Charles, like ten-vearold Princess Anne and Prince Andrew, born in February, 1960, to "grow up as normally as possible." She is determined to keep him out of the public eye until he is through the danger period. He bas been barred from joining in the traditional Christmas Day broadcast from Sandringham. "Public life," she has said flatly, "is not a fair burden to place on children." Yet she has found no easy answer to the question posed by some of the court's four hundred and forty-three officials: "How normal can a future King be?"

Certainly, at Cheam, he behaved like a normal, average boy and was treated, on his mother's instructions, like "ordinary people." Even his twelfth birthday, last November 14, was a schoolday like any other. He had no gifts worthy of the name, not even any new jigsaw puzzles. The three-tiered cake the Queen had sent from Buckingham Palace—as welcome to Charles' sweet tooth as the

raw sugar cane his Auntic Meg. Princess Margaret, brought him from her Caribbean honeymoon-had disappeared the day before. School rules say a birtbday party can be held only at teatime, Sundays or Wednesdays, so Charles had invited eight boys to Sunday tea in the dining room, with its mounted stags 'heads on the walls. With the politeness that has been drilled into him since nursery days, he waited until his guests were served before eating his slice of cake. It was a shade smaller than that of thirteenyear-old, chestnut-haired David Dankes, who shares Charles' devotion to cake, mechanical toys, and the hard candy called bull's-eyes. Their friendsbip was cemented when influenza made them neighbors in the school sanitarium.

The BBC played the wrong tune to celebrate the day: "God Save the Queen" instead of Charles' special anthem, "God Save the Prince of Wales." And the garrison at Dover Castle had loaded the cannon to fire a twenty-one-gun salute before some-body remembered that only Charles' parents and his grandmother, Queen Mother Elizabeth, are entitled to so thunderous a "Happy birthday."

The birthday itself, Monday, began, as usual, at 7:15 sharp. The bed was hard-a flock mattress on wooden slats-and the dormitory cold. The young Prince, identified merely as No. 89 on the tapes sewn in his clothing, made his bed, washed, dressed in the prescribed cordurov shorts, long socks, shirt, school tie, aud blazer, which lay, as stipulated, at the foot of the century-old bedstead. The chunky, red-cheeked future King of England was distinguishable from his ninety schoolmates only by his mop of brown hair. In the course of the day, he got inkier and more crumpled. He grouned through Latin, as inscrutable as ever for him. He fared better at mathematics, which formerly defeated him, just as it had floored his grandfather, George VI, and plagued that almost legendary

member of his grandfather's generation, the Duke of Windsor. But at geography, his best subject, the boy shone. After supper of soup and rolls, he climbed into hed, as usual, at 8:15 P.M. and slept the uubroken sleep of a just-twelve-vear-old.

If any sleep was lost that night, it was by his mother and the many people who advise her on bringing up her heir. He was at a crucial point, halfway to manhood, and the advent of adolescence poses problems. Charles has had few privileges, so he doesn't miss them. He seldom complains-the royal family teaches its children to have the stiffest upper lips in the land—and usually is happy. The Queen does not want to spoil that happiness, but realizes that he is growing up fast and that his training, strict and sometimes eruel by any mother's standards, must be intensified. (Some older members of the court and some British women thiuk the Queen is too advauced in her thinking and the boy needs more old-fashioned mothering.)

In Cheam's rigidly controlled environment, Charles was reassuringly average, and his mother was delighted. The boys refused to fuss over a fellow they addressed as "Charles," by request, and sometimes "Fatty." He is certainly a big eater, but has more muscle than fat. The nickname fails to amuse the Queen, who is a stickler for using the children's full names-not Charlie, or Annie, or Andy, Charles' sehool clothes were standard uniform, bought from Harrods department store in London for less than \$300. Most Cheam boys wear only raincoats, uo matter how cold the day. Charles usually carries his over his arm, and on holidays he runs around without coat or gloves even when it's snowing.

The nine masters, who teach a basie curriculum of English, history, elementary French, mathematics. geography, and Latin, graded the Prince as average. He had to work hard for passing marks, but he has the self-discipline to study without being driven. The Queen had beeu dissatisfied with his progress in French, which she speaks fluently, with au English accent, so Charles has had French tutors during vacations. One who arrived from Montreal last summer was a dashing, twenty-seveuyear-old bachelor, Lieutenant Jean Lajeunesse, of the Royal Canadian Twenty-Second Regiment. The Queeu and the Duke of Edinburgh met him on their visit to Canada. He continued the "French days," when Charles and Anne speak that language from getting up to bedtime.

Charles' low-pitched voice earned him a place in the choir, to sing carols at Christmas; but as an actor, he was a good usher. At least one of his parents made a point of seeing school plays. When Philip, who attended Cheam, went with the Queen, they sat with someone who was at school with him and whose son also wears the school tie. To spare the wife the potentially embarrassing duty of making conversation with Elizabeth, the Queen sat on the outside, next to Philip, then the other man and wife.

Charles is rated above average at games. He has the build to score as a boxer and has had boxing lessons since he was six, partly from his father, who once called a halt because his son, he said, was "too ferocious." The boy could swim by the time he was five, after Philip's instruction in the palace's indoor pool. Charles was a useful member of Cheam's second soccer eleven, known as the Colts. He would have been hetter, his teammates said, if his infernal politeness hadu't made him stop to help to his feet any boy he knocked down.

The Queen's insistence on normality extended to holidays - her son had the customary two weekends off each term, and no more-aud to her visits to the school. Mother, father, and son walked around, looking like any well-to-do family, joking as Charles pointed out the scenes of his latest adventure. The one noticeable difference was that other parents cold-shouldered them, obeying the sehool's order to ignore the royal trio.

On oue prize day, Charles' tutoring won him a prize for French. He tied for a first in swimming. He had an exhibit in the carpentry display -au exceedingly well-polished bookshelf. Ou the debit side, he'd heen in two fights and had four demerits.

Charles is primarily the Prince of Wales, the first since the Duke of Windsor. The Queen plans to delay iuvesting him formally until he's eighteen. It custom is followed, he will be dressed in white satin breeches and a purple velvet surcoat. His mother will solemnly place on his head the symbolic Cap of Principality and slip onto his finger the Golden Ring of Responsibility. This prospect chills Charles to the marrow. The thought of being dressed in any of the garb associated with Britain's royalty horrifies him. When Princess Margaret was married, some of the boy's relatives suggested he serve as a page. In one of his rare outbursts of temperament, he stormed that he was much too hig to be so "frilly," adding: "I'd never live it down at Cheam!" turn to page 158



SCALLIS

Most sophisticated young color for fall: Curry. Left: in a piquant corduroy jumper with a contrasting cotton print blouse. McCall's pattern 5969

PATTERNS AND FABRICS AT J. C. PENNEY STORES. SLIDE FASTENERS BY TALON

BUY MCCALL S PATTERNS AT YOUR LOCAL STORE OR ORDER THEM BY MAIL, PREPAID.

PATTIERS.

Right: Pleated cotton skirt and print overblouse. McCall's pattern 5700. One-piece corduroy dress with eight-gore skirt. McCall's pattern 5956

BACK VIEWS, PAGE 144



BALD SPOTS

If the hair on a particular area of your head has grown detectably thin, the solution is probably one of today's wide variety of little real-hair pieces. These come in all shapes, sizes, and hair colors. You can get bangs to mask a receding or thinning hairline, extra curl clusters for the sides or crown, pageboy ends, chignons, or topknots. These small pieces can be ordered through hairdressers or by mail from the manufacturers or you can even buy some of them at department stores. The prices start at about \$15.

If you need or wish a whole wig, it's more expensive (\$185 or more). Today, wigs are so well made and so attractively styled that they honestly defy detection. If you're worried about their slipping or falling off, don't be. The anchorage is pretty foolproof.

The causes of alopecia (loss of hair) in women are, frankly, not known. Some physical causes may be fungus or other skin infections, thyroid problems or other glandular imbalances, or diet deficiencies. Most dermatologists say there's no reason to fear the effeets of modern dyes, permaneut waves, sprays, or setting lotious. If your hair is beginning to thin, it's geuerally recommended that you take the following precautions: Don't sleep with hair on rollers or in tight pin curls. Don't pull hair tightly into a ponytail. Use a medium-textured (not a stiff) brush with round bristle tips.



BROKEN "VEINS"

The little purple-red capillaries that appear ou legs and sometimes around the nose can be camouflaged cosmetically or, in severe cases, removed medically. For the most effective cosmetic coverage, use special waterproof cream, available in a number of skin tones. Or if the marks are not too obvious, cake make-up, tinted covering lotion, or tinted suu-tan lotion will often disguise them. Or a good, natural sun tan, especially on your legs, will often be all the disguise you need.

Medical removal may be cauterization, or a fluid injection, or "planing" with carbon-dioxide snow (the same process used for acue scars). These are all relatively extreme measures, and unless the defacement is very apparent, doctors usually recommend using cosmetics for concealment, instead.

Incidentally, these little capillaries have no connection at all with varicose veins, a much more serious condition, where veins in the legs dilate noticeably and for which some medical treatment is, in many cases, recommended.



CREPY NECK

Lines, wrinkles, and flabby texture of the neck may be the result of dry skin, poor posture, or just plain aging. But whatever the cause, here's what you can do to help correct the condition.

First, you can pay attention to the way you hold your head and shoulders. Standing or sitting, keep head up, shoulders back. Make a special effort not to slump while you're reading or to hunch over a desk while working.

You can exercise your neck passively, through special salon treatments or with various machines you can buy and use at home. Or exercise actively, with the following little routine: Sitting down, stretch chin and neck forward as far as possible; lower chin, and pull in and back hard; drop head back, with chin held high in the air. Execute these three movements in succession for three or four minutes,

Cosmetically, you can use an emollient throat cream each night. Apply cream generously at the base of the neck, and stroke up and out to the jawline. Repeat the stroking several times, and leave cream on overnight. In the morning, apply a light-textured moisturizing cream for all-day protection. Once a week, use a firming mask. Choose a product made especially for the throat or one for dry skin.



KNOBBY KNUCKLES

Enlarged knuckles or knuckles with wrinkles of flesh around them can be nnsightly, particularly when redness or roughness calls attention to them.

Rule one for rectifying this condition is scrupulous and frequent cleaning. Wash several times a day in warm water with lots of mild-soap lather. Rinse thoroughly, and always follow with a rich hand cream or lotion, massaging each finger several times from tip to base. Make this hand treatment a regular part of your preparations for going to bed every single night.

Wear rubber or plastic gloves for all heavy bousework and laundering.

Whenever your hands come out of water, make a ritual of applying soothing lotion or cream immediately.

Illusion trick for special occasions: Smooth a cool-beige tinted liquid or cream make-up base on bands and knuckles. For a look of delicacy, select a sbade a little lighter than your skin.

For maximum contrast, choose bold, large (rather than small) rings and bracelets, deep or dark (rather than light-pastel) nail-polisb colors.



UNWANTED HAIR

Fuzz on the upper lip, little chin whiskers, dark or not-so-fine down on arms and cheeks can all be embarrassing.

Eyebrow tweezers can be used to remove bair on the cbin. Clean skin with an antiseptic; pluck quickly; follow with an antiseptic cream or baby oil.

Depilatories remove hair by dissolving it below the skin level. You can use cream or lotion depilatories on your arms; but use special facial types on cbceks and upper lip. Do make a patch test first, as the manufacturer recommends. Don't get the depilatory close to your eyes. Wax epilators actually pull out the hair, and regrowth is usually not evident for two to three weeks. We recommend that you let a beanticiau do the job. Electrolysis, which should always be performed by a qualified electrologist recommended by your doctor, is the one permanent form of superfluous-hair removal.

If bair on face or arms is merely too dark, bleaching may be the solution. Commercial hair bleaches may be used on the arms. For the face, we recommend this: Mix 1 ounce of 20-volume peroxide (or 10-volume, if skin is sensitive) with 15 drops of 28-degree ammonia, bought from a pharmacist. Dip cotton in solution; hold against skin five minntes. Avoid getting near eyes. Rinse with tepid water; blot dry, and apply cold cream or baby oil. Repeat the following day, if necessary.



PUCKERED LIPS

Little vertical lines and crevices on the upper lip may be caused by frequent facial distortions, such as pursing the lips perhaps while smoking, or they may be the result of an ortbodoutic problem. Since dry skin contributes to this condition, it's a wise precaution to use extra cream around the moutb.

Exercises like the following can be helpful: Open mouth very wide, squeezing eyes shut. Relax mouth and eyelids; blow lips out with a burbling sound. Repeat the exercise ten times.

With mouth closed, puff the cheeks; then suck in hard until the cheeks are hollow. Repeat the routine ten times.

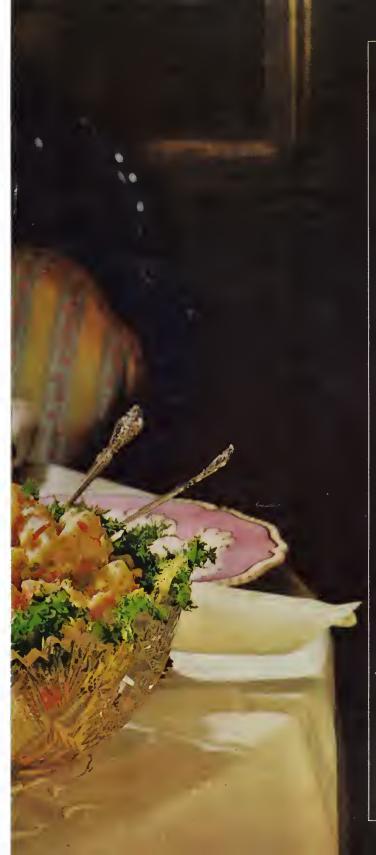
Salou or bome treatments based on electrical impulses are often effective (more so, though, if you start them when you're still relatively young).

If your lips are puckered, applying lipstick may be difficult. Try spreading your make-up base over your lips, then outlining lips with a lip brush before filling in. Don't try to enlarge the shape of your mouth, but follow the natural lipline. Also, don't use any powder at all on your upper lip, as it tends to settle in the little crevices and make them much more conspicuous.









PERFECT PERFECT PULLA SALA SALAA SALAA

Tangy, but not sour; creamy, but not gooey—just you try this one! And on page 24, see other summery salads.

2¼ lb unpared medium potatoes
½ cup bottled Italian-style dressing
¾ cup thinly sliced celery
½ cup thinly sliced radishes
¼ cup finely chopped cucumber
¼ cup linely chopped onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped pimiento
2 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
1¼ cups Creamy Dressing, page 24
1 scallion with green top, thinly sliced
Salad greens





1. Cook scrubbed potatoes in a small amount of boiling, salted water, covered, just until they are tender—takes about 35 minutes. Drain, and let cool slightly.

2. Peel potatoes; then cut them into ½-inch cubes. In a large bowl, using a lork, lightly toss the warm potato cubes with the Italian-style dressing. Relrigerate, covered, 1½ to 2 hours.





3. Add rest of the salad ingredients, except scallion and greens. Toss gently to mix well; refrigerate, covered, until well chilled—at least 2 hours. 4. Turn into a serving bowl; sprinkle the scallion slices over top. Garnish edge of bowl with salad greens. Makes 6 servings.





PLAN ON FLAN Light, spectacular flan is a sort of tart with a creamy filling that is partic-

ularly pleasant in company with fresh fruits—and all our recipes, here and on page 40, are for fruit flans. Doesn't a pineappleapricot flan sound marvelous as a hot-weather dessert? Or raspberry-banana, strawberry-mousse, orange-coconut, to mention just a few of those we offer? The flan before you is

a specialty of Manhattan's luxury restaurant—famous, fabulous Four

Seasons, where it is a favorite of movie stars, composers, visiting celebrities, and others who have tasted, or heard of, its goodness. It is a charmed circle of many different fruits and berries, arranged in rows, under a glaze of gold-colored apricot. Delicately flavored with kirsch, the crust scented with almond paste, it is a delight. Some special evening soon,

1 recipe Pastry Cream 8-inch Flan Shell 4 baker's ladyfingers, split 2 teaspoons kirsch 13 banana slices, cut diagonally 1/8 inch thick 1/3 cup fresh raspberries 1/3 cup Thompson seedless grapes 8 strawberries, halved 1/4 cup fresh blueberries THE FOUR SEASONS FLAN Spread half the Pastry Cream over bottom of the Flan Shell. Arrange ladyfingers over surface. Sprinkle with kirsch. Cover with remaining Pastry Cream. Arrange fruits over Pastry Cream, brushing well with some of Apricot Glaze: Overlap banana slices

down center. Divide raspberries, to make row on each side; then grapes, strawberry halves, and blueberries. Brush fruit with Apricot Glaze to coat well. Refrigerate 1 hour. Makes 8 servings.

try it on your most-knowing gourmet friends!

flan shell Grease and lightly flour an 8-by-1½-inch round cake pan. In small bowl of electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter, sugar, almond paste, and lemon peel. Add egg white;

Bake shell 50 minutes, or until

beat at high speed until smooth. Add flour gradually, beating until smooth. Turn dough into pan. With fingers, pat evenly on bottom and side of pan. Refrigerate 1 hour. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 300F.

2 tablespoons

a light golden-brown. Then cool

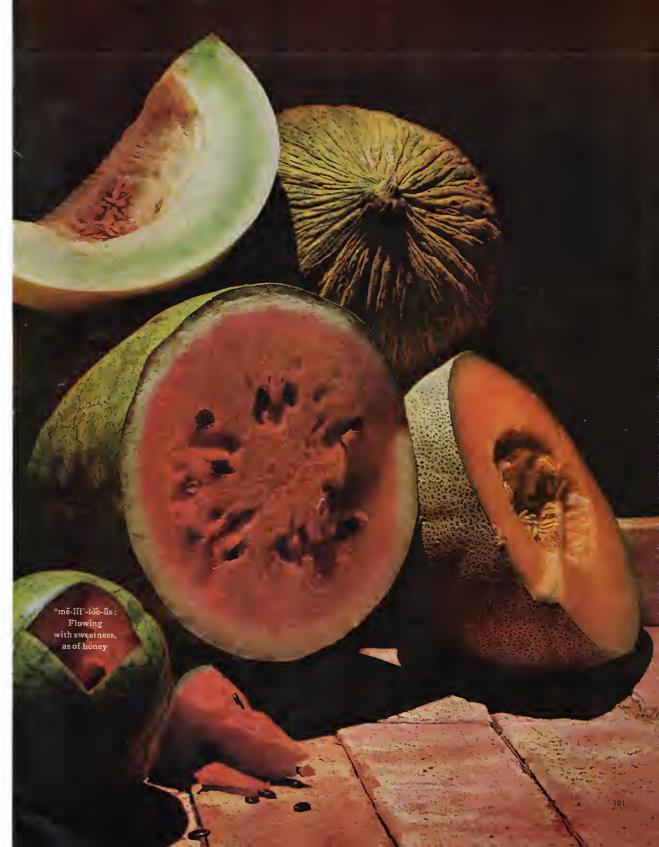
15 minutes; turn out on a wire rack; cool completely. *Note:* Or use \(^1\)4 cup ground almonds mixed with ½ teaspoon almond extract instead of almond paste. DASTRY CREAM Combine sugar and cornstarch in top of double boiler. Stir in milk; over direct heat, bring to a boil, stirring. Boil 1 minute. Beat yolks slightly;

add little of hot milk mixture. Pour

back, stirring, into milk mixture. 1/2 cup sugar Cook, stirring, over hot, not boiling, water 2 tablespoons 1 teaspoon vanilla

until thickened—5 to 8 minutes. Add vanilla. Place 2 cups milk waxed paper right on surface; refrigerate until very well chilled. Apricot glaze In small saucepan, heat ½ cup apricot preserves with 2 tablespoons water, stirring constantly, until preserves melt. Strain. Keep warm, over hot water, until ready to use. Then brush surface of fruit, to give it a shiny, glazed effect. an all-seasons flan Use one 8-oz can each of apricot halves. peach slices, pineapple rings cut in sixths, blueberries, and 4-oz jar maraschino cherries (all drained) instead of fresh fruit.







mellifluous

elon continued from page 100

MELDN ANGEL CAKE

- 1.10-inch angel-2 tablespoons sugar food cake 2 cups heavy cream,
 - 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract 1 teaspoon grated whipped
- 11/2 cups finely chopped cantaloupe, drained
- lemon peel 1/4 cup flaked coconut

With sharp knife, cut cake crosswise into 3 layers. In medium bowl, combine cream, cantaloupe, sugar, vanilla, and lemon peel. Spread between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle top with coconut. Refrig-erate several hours before serving. Makes 8 servings.

CANTALDUPE CDCKTAIL

1 can (6 oz) frozen 4 cups cantaloupe lemon-and-lime halls concentrate. 8 mint sprigs thawed

ombine concentrate with 1 can cold water; mix well. Refrigerate until well chilled-about 1 hour. Divide melon balls into 8 cocktail or sherbet glasses. Pour on lemon-and-lime. Garnish with mint. Makes 8 servings.

HDNEYDEW-FRUIT-SALAD PLATE

- 1 medium honeydew 12 fresh strawmelon berries 3 large bananas 1/2 cup blueberries
- 2 tablespoons 1 cup dairy sour lemon juice cream 2 drops liquid hot-3 large peaches,
- peeled, pitted, pepper seasoning and quartered 1/2 teaspoon salt 9 sweet red plums. 2 teaspoons poppy

6 mint sprigs

halved and pitted seed 1 pint cottage 1 tablespoon concheese fectioners' sugar

With sharp knife, cut melon crosswise into eight 1/2-inch slices; discard end slices. Remove rind and seeds. Cut bananas into 1-inch chunks; sprinkle with lemon juice.

Place honeydew rings on 6 salad plates. In center of each, place 1 banana chunk, 2 peach quarters, and 1 plum half. Top each with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cottage cheese; garnish with 3 banana chunks, 2 plum halves, 2 strawberries, and 1 heaping tablespoon blueberries. Cover with saran or foil; refrigerate until thoroughly chilled.

In small bowl, combine sour cream and remaining ingredients, except mint sprigs. Refrigerate, covered. To serve: Garnish salad plates with

mint sprigs; pass sour-cream dressing. Makes 6 servings.

CANTALDUPE BDATS

1/2 Ib green seed-1/4 cup sugar less grapes 1 large cantaloupe 1 egg white, 6 lime wedges slightly beaten 6 mint sprigs

reak or cut washed grapes into 6 clusters. Dip into egg white, then into sugar, coating well. Place on waxed paper to dry.

Cut cantaloupe into 6 wedges; scoop out seeds. Top each with a cluster of frosted grapes; garnish with lime wedge and mint. Makes 6 servings.

CDNSOMMÉ GEMS IN HONEYDEW RINGS

- 1 envelope unfia-1/4 teaspoon onion vored gelatine iuice
- 2 cans (10½-oz 4 drops red food size) consommé, color
- undiluted 1 medium honeydew 1 teaspoon Worces melon 6 lemon wedges tershire sauce

prinkle gelatine over 1 can con-Sommé in medium bowl; let stand 5 minutes, to soften. In small saucepan, bring rest of consommé to boiling. Pour into softened gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Stir in Worcestershire, onion juice, and food color. Pour into 11-by-7-by-11/2-inch pan; refrigerate, covered, until firm-about 2 hours.

With sharp knife, cut jellied consommé into ½-inch cubes. Cut hon-eydew in half crosswise; remove rind and seeds. Cut each half into 3 rings. Place on chilled serving plates. Spoon about 1/3 cup consommé cubes into center of each ring. Garnish with lemon wedges. Makes 6 servings.

GDLD-AND-WHITE SUMMER SALAD

1 large ripe 1/2 teaspoon seasoned salt cantaloupe 2 pkg (8-oz size) Crisp salad greens cottage cheese French dressing 1/4 teaspoon grated

lemon peel

Cut cantaloupe in half crosswise; remove rind and seeds. Cut each half into 4 crescents, each about 1/2 inch thick.

Combine cottage cheese, lemon peel, and seasoned salt, mixing well. Sprinkle greens with 1/4 cup dressing. Arrange melon on greens; top with mounds of cottage cheese. Serve with more dressing. Makes 4 main-dish servings or 8 small servings.

CANTALDUPE-CEREAL BDWL

3 small rine 2 cups frosted cantaloupes ready-to-eat cereal Light cream

Cut cantaloupes in half. Scoop out seeds. Fill cavities with cereal. Serve with cream, if desired. Makes

CHEESE-AND-MELDN-BALL SALAD

Salad 1/3 cup finely 3 cups cantaloupe chopped walnuts or honeydewmelon halls Dressing

1 cup diced unpared 1/4 cup mayonnaise red apple or cooked salad

cup thinly sliced dressing 1/4 cup lemon juice celery 1 pkg (3 oz) soft 1/4 cup sugar

cream cheese Lettuce leaves

Combine melon balls, apple, and celery in medium bowl. Refrigerate until well chilled-about 1 hour.

Meanwhile, shape cream cheese into 1/2-inch balls. Roll in the nuts; add to fruit mixture. In small bowl, combine dressing ingredients.

Lightly toss dressing and salad, mixing well. Turn into salad bowl; edge with lettuce leaves. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

HDNEYDEW-FRUIT SALAD

11/2 cups honeydew- 1 cup diced avocado melon or canta-1 cup sliced peaches loupe balls 1/2 cup Poppy-Seed 1½ cups fresh Dressing, below pitted sweet Salad greens

cherries In medium bowl, combine fruit and dressing; toss gently. Refrigerate 1 hour, or until well chilled. Toss again. Serve on greens. Makes 6

POPPY-SEED DRESSING

servings.

3/4 cup sugar 1 tablespoon onion 1 teaspoon dry iuice mustard 1 cup salad oil 1½ tablespoons 1 teaspoon salt 1/3 cup cider poppy seed vinegar

In medium bowl, combine sugar, mustard, salt, vinegar, and onion juice. Using portable electric mixer or rotary beater, gradually beat in oil until mixture is thick and smooth. Stir in poppy seed. Store in refriger-

This dressing is good with any fruit salad. Makes 12/3 cups.

FRUIT-FILLED WATERMELDN BDAT

1 small, long water- Fresh-Mint Sauce. melon below

3 quarts prepared Mint sprigs fresh fruit*

third of the watermelon, lengthwise; set aside. Trim a thin slice from underside of melon. so it will stand level.

With melon-ball cutter, remove red center of watermelon. Place melon balls in large bowl; set aside. Scoop out and discard remaining melon, to make 1-inch-thick hoat.

Using a 2-inch biscuit cutter, mark scallops around top edge of boat. Cut out scallops with a thin, sharp knife. Cover boat with saran; refrigerate.

Meanwhile, prepare fruit. Add to watermelon balls. Pour Mint Sauce over fruit: toss to mix well. Refrigerate, covered, until well chilled-this will take several hours-tossing occasionally.

To serve: Spoon chilled fruit into boat; garnish with mint. Serve right from boat. Makes 16 servings.

*Use such fruit as peach slices. different berries, seedless grapes. apricot halves, pineapple wedges, and balls of other kinds of melon.

FRESH-MINT SAUCE

1 bunch mint 1 jar (10 oz) 1/4 cup sugar mint jelly

Wash mint: reserve 6 to 8 nice sprigs for garnish. Remove stems from rest, and discard. With scissors. snip mint very fine—snipped mint should measure about ½ cup.

In small bowl, combine mint and sugar; let stand I hour. Melt jelly in top of double boiler, over boiling water. Stir in mint-sugar mixture and 1/4 cup water; refrigerate, covered, until chilled-about 1 hour. Makes 1 cup.

WATERMELDN RING MDLD 2 teaspoons grated

2 pkg (3-oz size) watermelonflavored gelatin 11/2 cups boiling

orange peel 11/2 cups watermelon balls 1/2 cup chopped

water 2 cups ginger ale chilled

pecans 1/2 cup sliced celery Salad greens

2 pkg (3-oz size) soft cream cheese

issolve gelatin in boiling water in a large bowl. Add ginger ale: cpol. In medium bowl. cream the cheese. With rotary beater. gradually blend in 1½ cups gelatin mixture; refrigerate until slightly jelled—about 30 minutes.
Add orange peel to the remaining gelatin. Place in freezer, stirring

occasionally, until consistency of unbeaten egg white-about 25 minutes. Stir in the watermelon balls. Then pour into a 11/2-quart ring mold. Refrigerate.

Fold pecans and celery into cheese mixture. Spoon over gelatin in mold; refrigerate until firm-this will take about 6 hours.

To unmold: Run a small spatula around edge of mold. Invert over platter; shake gently to release. If necessary, place a hot, wet dishcloth over inverted mold; shake again to release. Garnish edge with greens. Makes 8 servings.

WATERMELDN-AND-CHICKEN SALAD

3 cups cut-up cooked chicken 1/2 cup sliced celery

11/2 cups watermelon balls 1 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon pepper

1 tablespoon finely 1/2 cup mayonnaise chopped onion or cooked salad 1/2 cup slivered dressing toasted almonds Salad greens

Combine all ingredients, except greens, in large bowl. Refrigerate 1

hour. Serve on salad greens. Makes 4 servings.

CANTALOUPE À LA MODE

1 qt soft vanilla ice cream 11/2 cups flaked coconut

3 small ripe cantalounes 6 maraschino cherries with

n medium bowl, streak ice cream with 1 cup coconut. Pack into refrigerator trays; freeze until firm. Cut cantaloupes in half; scoop out seeds. Fill cavities with ice cream.

Top with remaining coconut; then garnish with maraschino cherries. Makes 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY-MELDN CUP

4 cups cantaloupe 2 tablespoons sugar or Persian-melon 1/4 cup sherry balls 6 mint sprigs

2 cups sliced fresh strawberries

Combine all ingredients, except mint, in medium bowl. Refrigerate, covered, until thoroughly chilled, stirring once.

Spoon the mixture into 6 dessert dishes. Garnish with mint sprigs. Makes 6 servings.



souper sandwiches...family-size

quick 'n easy with Campbell's Soup

Chili Franks Prepare 1 package "brown and serve" French bread* as directed on package; split and toast. Meanwhile, combine 1 can Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup, ½ cupwater, ¼ cup ketchup, ½ tsp. chili powder, 8 thinly sliced

1/4 tsp. chili powder, 8 thinly sliced frankfurters. Spread mixture evenly over toasted bread surfaces; cover edges completely. Broil about 4 in. from heat, 7 min. or till hot. Garnish with pickle relish or pickles. 6 to 8 delicious servings to please your lucky family.

t, le BEAN NITE PACEL

*Or split and toost I large loaf French broad or 6 frankfurter rolls,

Tuna Treat Prepare I package "brown and serve" French bread"; split and toast. Meanwhile, combine I can Campbell's Cream of Celery or Mushroom Soup, 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked), 2 hard-

cooked eggs, chopped 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento. Spread mixture evenly over toasted bread surfaces; cover edges completely. Broil about 4 in. from heat, 7 min. or till hot and bubbly Garnish with 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs and 2 tbsp. chopped parsley 6 to 8 servings.

French bread*; split and toast. Mix 1½ lb. ground beef, 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ½ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire, 1 tsp. prepared holyseradish, 1 tsp. salt. Spread mixture evenly

Beef Eater Prepare I package "brown and serve"

radish, I tsp. salt. Spread mixture evenly over toasted bread surfaces; cover edges completely. Broil about 4 in, from heat. 12 to 14 min. Top meat with 2 sliced tomatoes and 6 to 8 slices cheeks. Broil till cheese melts 6 to 8 servings.



Good things begin to happen when you cook with Campbell's Soup

Meant for each other

Continued from page 69

that is." Nick studied the big menu board above the steam tables. "Oxtail. Phooey. I wish they were serving yesterday's soupe du jour today and today's soupe du jour tomorrow, when nobody will be here. Yesterday it was cream of watercress.

"Seems a pity," said Sandy, pushing his tray along and making a large, absent-minded selection. When his evenings were free-when he had, in other words, to cook for himself-he ate a substantial lunch, which tended to make him lazy in the afternoon but saved cooking at night. "Pretty dismal," he went on, "for a man of your youth and talents to get this exercised about soup."

"I can get exercised about anything that keeps me from thinking about what I'm basically exercised about." Trouble at home again, thought Sandy.

Nick and his wife were a tempestuous pair, whose married life seemed to Sandy like a building constantly undergoing fire drills, and it sometimes struck him as an odd reversal of roles that he, the city bachelor, lived in predictable peace, while Nick, the family man from suburbia,

seemed forever perched on the lip

of a lively volcano.

Nick and Marion had known each other just two months when they married; now, two children and five stormy years later, they still insisted they'd been meant for each other; but in Sandy's opinion, it had all been a matter of timing. They met at a moment of mutual, passionate need and called it Fate. Sandy, from his position of detachment, called it Chance. He was highly suspicious of chance and felt it had no place in a marriage.

Yet even his deep human need to find his own condition if not perfect, then highly desirable, could not blind Sandy to the fact that he envied Nick. Complain as he might, Nick Laidlaw went from the office to a world where things were happening. He had someone to go to, to give to, to be with

And I? thought Sandy, wondering why he'd taken pudding. I go to my orderly, peaceful, empty apartment and wonder if that creature, the much-in-demand, single, eligible man, is a myth. He seemed to fit the requirements. Single-yes. Eligible-well yes, if that means agreeablelooking, solvent, and not dishonor-ably inclined. But in his case, it did not add up to a dashing bachelor.

He was, of course, invited out from time to time with that special pur-pose in his hostess' mind; but it seemed to him that the women he met at these "little dinners" were so preoccupied with matters or men unknown to him that he wanted to apologize for the interruption whenever he addressed them; or they concentrated on him with such a singlemindedness that he felt he might as well be wearing a placard reading: "Single male; good references; no

reasonable offer refused." The recollection of that vision in Nick's office stayed with him all afternoon. Finally, toward five o'clock, he found a file that provided a legitimate excuse for consultation with Nick. The file tucked under his arm, he took the elevator to Nick's floor in a state of unfamiliar expect-

There she sat, at the desk where Pat Wayland had held court for so long. A smooth-haired, slender creature, typing from her notebook with gestures that were incredibly graceful.

Sandy stopped short, watching her, and as he watched, she lifted her eyes, and they met his. There were many feet of floor space and several people between them; but Sandy read her message as if he were a man who had never known a shy moment in his life.

'Come hither,'' said her eyes.

He started for her, and then, with ego-destroying bewilderment, met those eyes across the mere width of a desk and found them cool as a tarn. What had happened? Hadn't she, not once but twice today, lured him with a glance? Or had it been, after all and above all, only a trick of the light?

Instantly diffident, he said stiffly,

"Is Mr. Laidlaw in?"

It did not help that her voice was what he had imagined it would be. Brooklike. Firmly, he brought his mind to business and went into Nick's office without looking at her again.

When they'd gone over the file, Nick leaned back in his chair and said, "I called Marion awhile ago and took the blame for everything. Not that any of it was my fault. So now we're even again, and Marion wants you to come for the weekend."

Filled with longing to accept, Sandy managed to shake his bead. The last time he was at the Laid-laws', he tried to kiss Marion while Nick was out. He was slightly flown with Martinis, filled with loneliness and a real affection for Marion. She laughed, somehow held him off without wounding him, and told him, when he murmured some unintelligible, loving words, that she did not propose to take what was due some woman neither of them knew yet.

"What does that mean?" he said, subsiding to a chair, wondering how it was that no matter what he said or how he acted, Marion never made him feel a fool.

"I mean that you are very human, very loving, very much a man, and you have a great deal to give some woman. I'm not the woman. But I do hope, Sandy dear, that you meet her soon."

"The right woman," he said dryly. "The married woman's refrain."

"What I can't understand is wby you haven't met her already," Marion said. Her voice was more kind than curious.

Sandy found himself saying, "One time, I thought I had. But that was

long ago."
"What happened?" Marion asked gently.

"Oh-in those days, I was not only trying to support myself; I had my parents to look out for. They lived with me. Or I lived with them. And the girl-well, she couldn't see that.

Can't blame her, really."

"Then she wasn't the right person, that's all," Marion said. She added, "Surely, you aren't still—"

"No, no," Sandy said. "I got over her. All over her. But it left me wary, you know."

Nick's voice interrupted his reverie. "Hey, Sandy. Snap out of it. Are coming tonight or not?"

Turning the invitation over in his mind, Sandy thought of his apartment, with its empty rooms, its television set, its view of a biscuit factory. Part of him desperately wanted to say, "Sure, Nick, I'd love it." And part of him— Ah, the devil with it, he thought, If I have to warm my hands at another man's fire, I deserve to be cold. "No, thanks," he "I'm booked solid for the weekend. Say-" he gestured nonchalantly toward the outer office-"you didn't tell me her name-or anything."
"Not much to tell. You'd think she

knew only basic business English, except that of course you know that's not so. Her name is Clara Johnstone. She's a widow. She lives in Brooklyn. She's bright. I prefer her to "Wayland, and Homer doesn't."
"Why not?"
"Oh, I think Wayland's compulsive

coquetry brightened Homer's day. "And there's none with-ah-Mrs.

Johnstone?"
"None. Every single guy in the home office-and some of the not single ones-has tried to get somewhere with Clara. They got as far as the front of her desk, period." "Yeah," said Sandy. "I know."

"You, too?"

"Not really. I just get the picture,

that's all."

"I think she has some heavy outside interest. I mean, it stands to

Coming in August McCall's

Bv

Dr. David R. Mace A Radical Proposal about Teen-Age Dating

reason a girl like that isn't going to go through life single-file forever. Her husband's been dead five years."
"I see," said Sandy, losing interest.

He imagined a dashing, eligible man in Clara Johnstone's life, convicted himself as unequal to the challenge, and wondered if there was anything good on TV that night.

Leaving Nick's office, he went past Mrs. Johnstone without a glance, and then, at the elevators, in spite of himself, turned his head in her direction. It was there again. Either he was losing his mind or there really was an expression of wistfulness and appeal in her eyes. The elevator operator had to say, "Going up, Mr. Beers?" twice before Sandy started and said, "Oh-oh yes. Yes, I am.

A discreet, familiar scent reached him, and he met Pat Wayland's amused glance. Every time he was near Pat, he had a sensation of invisible silken fibers being woven about him. There had been a time when he'd happily allowed himself to be enmeshed. She had penetrated his reserve to a point where he'd determined to propose to her, trusting that love would follow infatuation. But at the very moment he opened his lips to say, "Marry me," he saw in her eyes a look of such satisfied cal-culation that his vision had become unfocused, and he'd fled. He'd heard that Wayland now had Bob Eckman wound up tighter than a cocoon and at any moment the office bridal show-ers would begin. Meanwhile, probably to keep her hand in, Wayland continued to throw out these delicate strands.

She got off with him and said, "I see you've noticed our glamorous

"Glamorous?" Sandy said, honestly surprised. You might as well call a doe or a dryad glamorous.

"Oh, you don't think so?" Pat preened a little. "Most of the fel-lows—" She dropped that and said, "What've you been doing with yourself, lately, Sandy dear?

More alarmed than pleased that she apparently carried no grudge, Sandy gave a hollow laugh. "What have you been doing with Bob Eckman lately?"

He could feel that silken cobweb brush against his face, and he decided that if a spider could be beautiful, that's what Pat Wayland wasa beautiful spider, throwing out indiscriminate webs to catch what came along. His eyes traveled over her body in its too clinging dress, and he thought, I'm not safe yet.
"Look, Pat," he said, "I've got a

dozen things to do and only an hour to do them in. Excuse me." He strode down the corridor to his office, where he sank into his chair, closed his eyes, and wondered how nervous breakdowns announced themselves.

 $R^{iding\ home}$ on the subway, clutching a strap, half-stifled by the rush-hour throng, Clara Johnstone, for the first time in so long she could not remember the last time, was thinking of something besides the urgency of getting home to Rick. Sandy Beers kept coming into her mind. Not, actually, the man himself, but a look he had, an expression of proud appeal. It was an expression she had not seen for a long time; but she'd known it across that room, and her response had been impetuous and glad. When he became just another man in front of her desk, she could sense, as her expression stiffened into remoteness, his shocked surprise. She was ashamed of herself; but there was nothing she could do about it. It was neither his fault nor hers that at a certain distance, in a certain light, he brought back memories of a far-off, very happy time.

Nobody's fault, she insisted to herself, trying to dismiss the memory of his face. No man, at present, was or could be anything to her. Her task, and joy, was to make Rick happy

Clara sank gratefully into a vacated seat and went on thinking about her son. Rick was seven-a thin, tall boy, who looked like neither his father nor his mother. He was his own person, complete, loved for himself. Sometimes Clara could scarcely remember Richard, his father. She could not summon to her mind that face, that voice, once dearer than all. The terrible grieving time of his death seemed, more and more, to have been part of someone else's life. I didn't know him well enough, she thought-not nearly, not one particle, as well as I know Rick. And yet there was a place in her heart called Richard that could never be entered by anyone else.

In Sandy Beers' glance today, there had been a look of Richard. Not that his face, or his build, or even his attitude was the same: but there had been in his eyes the look of haughty shyness that had moved her so as a college senior almost a decade ago. She had loved Richard Johnstone, had married him and borne his child, and now he'd been dead five years, and she could remember only his expression, because she'd seen it fleetingly in the eyes of a man she didn't know.

I'd like to cry, Clara thought. If I had the time and the privacy, I'd like very much to cry for a long time. Like the woman in the story, she had neither the time nor the privacy. She and Rick lived on the top floor of a house in Brooklyn that belonged to a woman who occupied the lower floor. The stairway was open, Mrs. Farley sociable, and there was no possibility of seclusion. Yet Clara could not feel resentful, and every day she blessed what stars had brought them to Mrs.

Continued on page 108



We picked 2,000 fragrant red rose petals to make one flacon of Yardley Red Roses Spray Mist for you!





COMFORT YOUR EYES WITH MURINE



Murine is isotonic-blenda perfectly with natural eye fluids. That'a why it soothes away eye discomforts caused by aun aquint, hay fever, dust, wind. Keep Murinehandy this summer in your car, your golf bag, at the beach. Use it often to relieve that "tired eye" feeling and ao relax tension.

The Marine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. @ Trademarks Res. U.S. Pat. Off.

Continued from page 106

Farley's door. For Rick got out of school at three-thirty, and Clara could not possibly get home before six. In those hours, warm and motherly Mrs. Farley fended off the evils awaiting an unattended child.

"Why don't you go out once in a while?" Mrs. Farley would say to her.
"A girl your age. You should have
dates. I'll look after Rick."

Clara would laugh and shake her head. Maybe sometime, but not yet. With working and housekeeping and being with Rick, her time was consumed like tissue paper in a blaze.

She stopped at the supermarket on her way home, and as she shopped from a list, she planned what she and Rick would do tomorrow. Saturday. In the morning, she'd do her housecleaning and ironing, and then, in the afternoon, she and Rick would take the bus to Bear Mountain and have a picnic. Rick loved being where there were woodsy walks and the possibility of seeing "wild" animals, like rabbits or woodchucks.

Buying hot dogs and rolls and olives and cookies and peaches, Clara planned happily. There were places up there where you could build a fire for roasting food, and she and Rick could have a real cookout. As she waited at the check-out counter, she found Sandy Beers back in ber

During coffee break that day, she'd run into Pat Wayland. Pat looked, as usual, pretty and pleased with herself. She was the sort of woman other women automatically distrust, and yet in a way you couldn't help liking her. At that, I suppose I could help it, Clara thought, if I had a man to protect from her.

Pat sat beside her and said, "How's it going down there? They working you to death?"

"Not in the least," Clara said, niling. "I like them. Mr. Laidlaw smiling. especially."

"Don't get your eye on him," Pat said. "He's married to a blonde hornet, who stings first and asks questions later."

She never has her mind on anything else, Clara thought contemptuously, and didn't bother to reply.

In a moment, Pat went on. ""
do you think of Sandy Beers?"

Clara hesitated before such direct questioning, finally said, "He has nice eyes.

"Don't let those mild looks deceive you," Pat said, in a crisp, slightly possessive way. "He's as—as untamable as a mountain lion." She studied Clara with some amusement.

"I wasn't thinking in terms of domestication," Clara said coolly. merely said he had nice eyes.'

Well, it's too bad that when you finally get around to noticing someone's eyes, you pick the most roving of the lot."

"I have to go," Clara said.

Now, paying her grocery bill, she recalled the conversation with annoyance. Pat Wayland was a mancrazy bore, and you couldn't rely on a thing she said. And what if she did speak the truth? Sandy Beers was single, entitled to prowl. She pictured him moving among glamorous, chic women, whose time was their own. To her own guarded glance, his eyes had seemed full of appeal and stiff pride; but that, of course, had been at a distance.

All of which, she said to herself as she turned into her street, had nothing to do with anything.

Mrs. Farley met her at the door. Evening, Mrs. Johnstone. Did you have a good day? Rick has his friend Joe here. They're playing nice as can

be in my parlor."

Clara smiled. "You're a darling to let him have his friends here.'

"Now, then, a child needs someone his own age to play with. Why don't you go up and have a nice lay-down for half an hour? I'll keep the boys occupied,"

"Thanks, Mrs. Farley. I'd rather see Rick. I'm not tired, really." She put the groceries on the stairs and went to her son.

He and Joe were hunched over a Meccano set. They looked up at her entrance and began to explain, together but not in accord, what it was they were constructing.
"Wait!' Clara exclaimed, laughing.

"I can't make any sense out of this. She stooped to examine their work.
"Engineers, both of you," she said.
"Not a doubt in the world." She looked at her watch. "After six, Joe. Your mother will be expecting you.

After she and Rick had seen Joe to the door, she said good-night firmly to Mrs. Farley who showed a disposition to follow them, and climbed the stairs with her son. He entertained her with a running narrative covering his entire day.

Clara listened with peaceful delight. She felt a slight sense of guilt about Mrs. Farley; but this time was so dear to her that she simply had to bave it, and Mrs. Farley would simply have to understand.

'And then," Rick said finally, and blinked, looking at her with surprise. "And then nothing. That's all."

This made them laugh uproarious-

ly. Oh, I'm so lucky, Clara thought. I'm so lucky and so happy.

When Rick was in bed, she read to him for nearly an hour before she opened the window, turned out his light, and leaned over him. "Rick," she said softly, "how would you like to go to Bear Mountain for a picnic tomorrow?"

"That'd be swell," he said drowsily. She kissed him and said, "Sweet dreams. I love you.

This was one of the times when he surprised her by whispering, "I love you, too.'

Clara had to close her eyes against the joy that rose in her. He didn't often say it, and it was best that way; but this occasional sleepy assurance seemed to her to be all she could ever want in life.

Mrs. Farley went out to play bridge that night. After she'd gone, the old house settled into silence, disturbed by sporadic creaks and sighs. Clara did the dishes and then had a cup of coffee in the living room be fore running her bath. She was filled with peace and joy, remembering Rick's words and their picnic plans.

I'm very lucky, she thought again. But sometimes in the evening, after Rick was in bed, when Mrs Farley had gone to her bridge dates or her church or her movies-sometimes, then, Clara would go from room to room, driven by a restless urge she would not name.

Saturday morning, Sandy Beers woke up with a mild hangover. This rarely happened to him, and on the whole, he was not sorry to have it. At least, it gave him something to think about. He could plan how to get over it. Tomato juice? A long walk in the park? Should he go to a pool somewhere and swim a specified number of lengths? How many lengths for a gentlemanly hangover?

The telephone rang, and he regarded it with happy surprise. Sometimes days went by without that thing's giving a tinkle. He was not so happy to find Pat Wayland on the She was giving a little party, just a few choice souls, for cocktails, about four o'clock, and would he come, please?

"Okay," he said, sounding in his own ears ungracious. "Sure, Pat. That'd be great." He hung up, wondered why he'd agreed, and then admitted that he'd agreed because no one else had asked him to do anything and he didn't relish another evening of solitary drinking.

The night before, he'd tried every

channel on television, a book on foreign relations, and a phone call to his mother in Pittsburgh (she was out) before admitting that he didn't want to be alone. He liked to think of himself as someone whose resources were so many and so deep that he did not require the company of his fellow men. There'd been a time when he could have said this was a realistic description. But lately-

went around the corner to a little neighborhood bistro and brooded over a beer while he studied the bartender. Sandy had never done any boozy confiding in this or any other bartender: but this fellow had an air that invited confidence.

As the evening wore on, Sandy decided it was his turn to talk and be listened to. He didn't know how many beers he'd had, but he ordered another, saying, "Your name's Max, isn't it?"

Yeah," Max admitted.

"Well, look here, Max. I've got these two friends, see?" He stopped.

"Yeah?" said Max encouragingly.
"Okay," said Sandy. He took a beer. "These two friends of gulp of mine've been married for five years, and they spend all their time fighting or having glorious reconciliations." He stopped again, and gave the bar-

"So?" said Max.
"So this—all this fighting and throwing things and diving into each other's arms and saying, 'I didn't really mean it. It was all my fault--'" He paused in confusion, nodded, and said, "My point is-in spite of all this, they swear they were made for each other."
"Beats all." said Max. He was

leaning against the back of the bar, and the place was nearly empty.

"What I mean is," Sandy persisted, "they'd known each other only two months when they got married, and it was an absolute accident that they ever met in the first place. They could both be married to someone else, couldn't they, and swearing they were meant for each other? I mean, all four of them?"

"Could be, I suppose."

Max wash to pro-bartender of legend, but Same, maked on. "My point is—do you Max wasn't proving to be quite the think marriages are made in heaven?"
"Search me," said Max, with a

glance at the clock.

Sandy took a deep, daunted breath and tried again. "Do you think any two people are ever meant for each other? Or is it just that they meet when-when their needs, their-well, their desires-coincide?"

"Ask me something easy.

Now in a rage of frustration, Sandy leaned across the bar and said, "I thought you were supposed to be the repository of lonely men's confi-dences. The dispenser of homely philosophy and wisdom. I thought you were supposed to care about mankind and its problems, Back there polishing glasses and pretending to listen. What are you, a fraud?"
"Look, friend, I'm here to serve

drinks. And keep the peace, if pos-

"Well, you just let me tell you Continued on page 110

The surprise is in the shape...the new shape of comfort



Continued from page 108

something. You may look like a homely dispenser of phil—I mean, a dispenser of— Ah." He swayed to his feet. "Far as I'm concerned, probably you're just stupid. Gimme my bill.

Max, who had taken far worse, shrugged good-humoredly as he made change. "Take it easy," he said as Sandy walked carefully away, to his apartment and a restless night's repose and the morning's hangover.

Over toast and coffee, Sandy wondered if he ought to apologize to Max. Not that be could remember clearly what it was he should apologize about; but there'd certainly been something. It would probably be better just to stay out of that particular bar. He straightened the apartment, went out for his laundry and a few groceries, took a walk in Central Park, and at length returned to the apartment to dress for Pat's party.

In spite of himself, in spite of many many such parties at many many apartments in the past, he could not suppress an anticipatory thrill. Just suppose— Suppose he got to Pat's place, and there in the living room was this absolutely ravishing stranger. Why a stranger? he asked himself suddenly. Suppose, there on the sofa, was Clara Johnstone, with her smooth hair and her poised, delicate air of a doe or a dryad. She'd look up, and her eyes would say, "Come hither," and when be'd gone hither, they would not grow cool, but would deepen and say, "I'm glad you're here.

Sandy sighed and adjusted his tie. Perhaps, as Nick had suggested, she had some heavy outside interest. Stood to reason, didn't it? And he was probably with her at this moment. A good-looking, self-assured guy, who never had an empty evening in his life. "I hate him," Sandy muttered, and beard himself with some alarm.

He gave a last look in the mirror. A strange, subdued look, as if be faced for the first time the possibility that his loneliness was not a tem-porary state of his own making, but an outside force over which he had no control and which might endure

forever. Well, be thought, straightening his shoulders, I'll go to Pat's. Then, if she doesn't have a date or something, maybe I'll take her to dinner. Or take someone else. Maybe there'll be someone there who'd like to go out for dinner.

Mom!" said Rick, taking the stairs two at a time. "Mom! Guess what!" He stood breathless, eyes what!" shining, at the kitchen door.

Clara, who had begun to assemble their picnic, turned from the side-board and gave her mind to guessing. "A hippopotamus followed you home, and you want to keep him for a pet," she said.
"No!"

"You-met a man who lives at the bottom of the East River, and he's invited you to pay a call."
"No, that's not it!" Usually, he

"No, that's not III County, waited for three guesses; but today's surprise was not containable. mean, it's an invite, but not from-" Rick broke off, finding that line of fancy too involved. "It's Joe. He's invited me for overnight. His dad's going to take us to a ball game, and then we're going to have a weenie roast in bis back yard tonight, and I'm going to stay in the other bed in his room. His brother's away. And I gotta get ready right now. I mean," he said, suddenly peering closely into her face, "if you say it's all right."
"But wait," Clara said. "Wait a

second, Rick." She felt an emotion close to panic in the presence of his shimmering excitement. thought we'd planned-"

She saw the quick eclipse of delight in his eyes and could not go on. He'd forgotten completely about the trip to Bear Mountain. It was clear to Clara that what she had to offer today would simply not make up to him for missing the ball game, the weenie roast, the night out.

"Well, darling," she said, "I guess it would all right if—" She bit her lip, and her hands stole to her cheeks as she saw how warily he permitted anticipation to return. He wants this, she thought. Badly. His first night away from home. His first night away from me. A foreboding of the future came to her as she watched her son's face and realized how much he wanted to leave her and how terribly afraid he was that she wouldn't let him. She would have to let him go. Freely; gladly, if possible. Oh, but it's too much, she thought, in a moment of wild, possessive rebellion. How much is a mother supposed to The answer came at once. give? Everything.

She smiled. "All right," she said. "That would be very nice for you, Rick. Let's get your things together."

Immediately, he rocketed back to joy, leaving her far behind, and he called to Joe, who had been waiting at the foot of the stairs.

fter they'd gone, slamming the After they a gone, standard door behind them, Clara leaned over the railing and called, "Mrs. Farley? Mrs. Farley, are you there?"

No answer. Only silence, and the gentle, continual complainings of an old house.

For the first time that she could remember, Clara had the privacy in which to cry, so she went into her room, lay down on the bed, and let the pain come and the tears begin.

The party at Pat's apartment consisted of an arty couple Sandy had met there before, Sandy himself, and Pat. At first, he was furious, feeling that he'd been duped. If she wanted to see him, and apparently she did, though lord knew why, couldn't she just have said so? Why the cocktail-party routine and this pair of chaperons?

But then, he thought, why not? Why do people do any of the crazy things they do? Maybe she thought she couldn't get him here any other way. Maybe she thought he spent his life in a round of revelry and could be lured only by more of the same.

He bad a drink and listened in-attentively to the female member of the arty couple tell about a book she was reading. After a while, he ex-cused himself and went to the kitchen, where Pat was arranging canapés

on a tray. "Is this the whole party?"
"Oh, no," she said vaguely. "There are more people coming."

He didn't believe her. He'd been here half an hour, and the doorbell badn't rung. With a sense of casting the die, he began, "I was wondering if you-

"Darling, do carry that tray to the living room, will you?" She tripped after him, suggested to the male member of the arty couple that he get the hi-fi going, told the female member that her slip was showing and there were pins in the bedroom, and sank to the sofa, patting the place beside her. "Come along, Sandy dear. Sit here, and tell me all. Ob, and I almost forgot. I have a lovely compliment for you. Clara Johnstone, the one who took my place, you know- Oh, of course you know. You were ogling her from the

safety of the elevator yesterday, weren't you? She says you have lovely eyes."

"How did she happen to say that?" Sandy asked cautiously. Where Pat was concerned, it was sometimes difficult to tell friendship from spite.

"Well, goodness. I don't remember the exact circumstances. We were talking, and she mentioned you. Don't worry, dear, I gave you quite a build-up." Her eyes sparkled with friendly malice.

"Exactly what sort of build-up would that be?" Sandy asked grimly. The picture that emerged from Pat's words fulfilled his worst fears. "What the devil do you think you're doing?' he burst out.

Pat widened her eyes. "Why, dear, I saw you looking at her, and I thought, Now I'll just do Sandy a good turn-"

"I'll bet you thought that." "Honestly, pet. That's all I had in mind."

You call that a good turn? You

rou can that a good turn? You probably made me sound like Billy the Kid."
"Now, now," she said soothingly.
"Women like men to be—" She broke off as the doorbell rang. Leaning toward Sandy in a confiding way, she allowed the arty female to answer the door, then turned with a little start and said. "Why. hello there, Bob. How nice that you could

make it." She rose, looking demurely from Sandy to Bob, as if waiting for them to square off. For Sandy, the whole picture came into focus. She'd staged everything. The sham cocktail party, the token guests, the appearance of being happily occupied with another man. All for Bob Eckman, who must have been showing signs of breaking out of the web. Well, the plot ap-peared to have worked. At any rate,

Eckman seemed to be in an advanced

state of jealousy, and he stalked

about the apartment with a pointedly masterful air.

Sandy was suddenly grateful for the presence of the arty chaperons. What if he'd been here alone with Pat? He felt his jaw and decided she must have thought the same thing, She was watching Eckman with a happy possessiveness that contained more than a hint of nervousness.

"I'm leaving," Sandy said soon.
"Oh, must you?" Pat said, her voice a warm purr. "I'll see you to the door." She followed him into the hall, trailing clouds of satisfaction. Eckman, Sandy decided, was hooked for good this time. "Darling," Pat "it was so nice of you to come." She looked over her shoulder toward the living room and smiled, "So the living room and smiled.

"Don't bother to explain," Sandy said, with what he decided was wasted irony. "I don't mind being used as a stalking horse. I just," he added loudly, "object to being pictured as an emotional desperado.

"Oh, now! Tell you what. Next time I see Clara, I'll tell her the most daring thing you ever did in your life was order the tomato surprise. How's

"Leave me out of your conversa-tion altogether!" Sandy bellowed, and stamped off.

In the street, he looked at his watch and discovered that it wasn't even five o'clock. He shoved his hands in his pockets and started walking. After five blocks, he had an idea. After ten blocks, he decided to act on it. After fifteen blocks, he turned into a drugstore and leafed through the Brooklyn phone book. In the booth, he closed his eyes for a second before dialing. Let her be

in, he thought. Let her be in, and

not busy, and willing to see me. . . . Clara, who had cried for a long time and slept for a short time, was awake and wondering what to do with the evening, with herself, with her life, when the telephone rang. She went to it as to a friend whose coming is so long overdue as to be almost forgotten.

Three months later, on his way home from the office to a solitary evening in his apartment, Sandy Beers stopped in the decent little neighborhood bistro. It was cool and dark and almost empty. He greeted Max, who was leaning against the back of the bar, polishing glasses, and ordered a beer. Halfway through it, be said, "I believe I owe you an apology for some remarks I made a few months back."

"Think nothing of it," Max said

kindly.
"No, but I remember bending your ear more than somewhat over something or other. For the life of me,

thing or other. For the life of me, I can't remember what."
"Neither can I," said Max honestly.
"Well, I hope I wasn't too bad."
"Think nothing of it," Max said again. "You've always been fine. There are some guys come in here, they must wake up every morning thinking they gotta make an entirely new set of closest friends. You don't know the half of it."

know the hair of it."
"Maybe they don't have any closest friends," Sandy said thoughtfully.
"Maybe that's their trouble."
"Could be," Max said cheerfully.
Probably, Sandy decided, in a business like this probably the said the sa

ness like this you have to develop a thick skin. On the whole, Max was a pretty good guy. Sandy sipped his beer and looked in the mirror and looked at Max and felt the pulse of joy through his veins. "I'm getting married next week," he said suddenly. The words gave him a rush of pure pleasure each time he spoke

pure pleasure each time he spoke them. He all but told strangers. "Say, now, are you?" Max said heartily. "Say, that's great." Sandy smiled and nodded and sub-

sided into silence.

Max offered him a whisky on the house for a celebration.
"Beer's fine," said Sandy, smiling

dreamily. "Thanks very much."
"A pleasure," said Max, pouring himself a short beer for the toast.
Sandy didn't elaborate. He forbore to explain that Clara and Rick were in Virginia, telling Rick's grandmother, who was, Clara said, going to be very happy about their marriage. Later on, when Sandy had a yacation, they'd all go down together to visit this lady, toward wbom Sandy felt extremely warm. He felt warm toward everybody. The world was not too big for the warmth of bis embrace. But he didn't feel like talk-ing any more. Certainly, he didn't want to say to a good-natured but thick-skinned bartender what he had not said even to Clara-which was that since the beginning of time, he and she had been meant for each other.

If all the circumstances were explained, the bartender might say, Well, but what about her first husband? If she was meant for you, where does he fit in?"

Sandy did not feel he could explain to anyone's satisfaction but his own how he knew that people could be meant for anyone who needed them, anyone at all. Well, it was enough to feel this way. He did not have to put it in words.

He paid for one beer, said good-

night, and walked home, trusting and calm, to the last of his solitary evenings. THE END





the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor Hunt...for the best

ITALIAN MEAT BALLS with Noodles

"This Italian-style dish, everyone enjoys-especially when you use that good Hunt's Tomato Paste. Mamma Mia! It's the way to get the rich, tomato flavor in your Italian-style recipes—just like home! I know your family will like it."

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tablesp. minced parsley
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 teasp, salt
- 3 tablsp. Wesson, pure vegetable oil

 - 2 6-oz, cans Hunt's Tomato Paste* 3 cans bot water
- 1 teasp. dried sweet basil
- 1 teasp. salt; dasb pepper ½ teasp. sugar
- 1 lb. noodles or ½ lb. spagbetti, cooked

Mix together first six ingredients. With wet hands form into about 16 balls (mixture will be quite soft). Brown slowly in hot oil, shaking pan frequently to keep balls round. Blend Hunt's Tomato Paste with remaining ingredients. Pour over meat balls. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Serve over cooked noodles or spaghetti. Makes 4 servings.

'Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure tomato, concentrated to a thick paste. Use in any recipe for true tomato flavor, a spoonful to a can full, depending on the recipe. Generally, add it to the water or liquid, then to the other ingredients.

Edwardian lady

Continued from page 71

in those days, and feet were always shod. Whenever possible, hands were gloved, even at formal dinner tables. One squeezed lemon juice on hands or held them up in the air for long periods. Nails were buffed to shell-like gloss, though never, of course, enameled. A certain Southern lady I knew declined to open a door for herself the whole of her life, lest the pressure of the knob leave a mark on her palm; it was thought she exaggerated.

The exact degree of breeding was made patent by the smallness of wrist and ankle. A lady was known by her foot as well as her voice. In the past two generations, feet have augmented at least five sizes. A size one in our grandmothers' day was a rarity but not unknown; a size two and a half or three was average. For a lady, that is.

Clothes were cherished, then as always. But taste spelled quietness, suitability, and hand sewing; taste was not the latest vogue. The latest vogue was for actresses or demimondaines. Royalty, aristocracy, and ladies dressed quietly and, if they had imagination, attractively; but this was not requisite. They always dressed to their own taste, so they looked different if sometimes tatty or peculiar. It was called having individuality. The great houses of Paris were accessible to only a few, and American ready-made clothes were only just beginning to be sold generally. These were at first not very appealing. A lady out shopping had not yet learned to look for lines, color, or effect. She turned up the hem to see if the garment was handstitched. She examined the fabric for durability. It had to be "pure" whatever it was supposed to be. One could tell pure linen by removing one's gloves and moistening a finger with the tip of the tongue and rubbing it on the goods. (I forget what one was to look for under moisture. but the proof was conclusive.) Buying a dress or any personal garment at a department store was considered not quite fastidious, "not quite fine," a little common. Most dressmaking was done at home or at least privately, since most ladies could sew.

All of them could embroider, and every piece of linen in the house was hand hemmed, often hand monogrammed. A mother who put her baby into machine-made or storebought clothes obviously had no proper maternal feeling for the child. Mending was, when possible, relegated to the nurse; but the fine-boned lace collars that covered the mistress' throat, the lace that covered every piece of silk that touched her flesh at wrist or neck, the frills and jabots, the bands and belts, were her fantasy and fashioning, as were the lace ruf-fles on petticoats, the beading with ribbons running in and out after every washing and starching, fresh ribbons had to be threaded through, with a special bodkin-little girls loved to help at this).

The workbox of a real lady was a tool chest of formidable effectiveness, and her colored floss graded like the pastels of a painter. The floss was of pure Japanese silk, which could be split and resplit for stitches sufficiently fine to embrace a single thread of the worked cloth. The embroidery was done on hoops and frames and took months. But every lady had months to spend, and she stitched quietly (with gold and silver thimbles and due regard for her fingers) during teating conversations, or in

the lamplight while her husband smoked or read, or on the lawn in a reading circle, while her friends sipped lemonade and someone read—amid gasps of surprise and delicious nervousness—the new, audacious views of Mr. Shaw.

These ladies were relentless about improving their minds. It was one of their bounden duties. They examined all new fads and ideas with compulsive seriousness. Very few of them had been to college, and they were not trained to study; but ample domestic help made abstract curiosity possible. They gathered what wits they had and applied them as they gathered their sewing or flowers, scissors and baskets—not perhaps with

He had croup, and I nearly killed him. The doctor, on arrival, gave one horrified yell and sealed us both into the bathroom, with every hotwater faucet turned on full force. Neither I nor my cook had ever seen croup: my mother had, and, goodness knows, my grandmother had. The croup kettle was part of every household's equipment. I had to go to three pharmacies before locating one.

Medical utensils and standard nostrums formerly stood on a handy shelf beside the medical book, which cross-indexed completely all possible symptoms, so that anyone could diagnose and use the appropriate treatment. We are discouraged today

mother's learned to loathe orange juice for its vile and unforgettable associations.

The children, of course, were born at mome. One did not just pack a bag and wait for the pains to begin. One prepared a bed as in a hospital delivery room, with all the physical necessities and aids that such a violent operation entails. The details of this are now obsolete in most urban communities, but they make quaint and grizzly reading. Preparations were accomplished quietly, even secretly, without a disturbing hint to the menfolks. This extraordinary mother-to-be could go on talking about childbirth—or, rather, the birth of children—as though it were something she was embroidering, while she conscientiously and with foresthought stitched newspapers into pack to absorb the blood she knew would be spilled in the spare bedroom.

For all her attention to the manners and graces of life, for all her preoccupation with spiritual and intellectual concerns, for all her reticence about matters physiological, the Edwardian woman was nevertheless focused, directed, and bound to the life of her body as no woman today need be. Her wedding, the loss of her virginity, was the great climactic moment of her youth. It was what she was trained for, conditioned for, kept for. The entire hopes of her young life focused on this momentous change. The birth of ber first child (preferably a son) was her coronation; menopause, her finish.

The circumstances under which she celebrated these occurrences were special and dramatic. Weddings were public and ritualistic; pregnancy, on the other hand, was secret and mysterious. No woman spoke of her condition before necessity compelled her to. This may not bave been al-together a matter of delicacy; it was also one of practical good sense, for the announcement was followed by the immediate suspension of all freedoms-a pregnant woman went out little and only at night. Children would gape at her and begin asking questions, which was, of course, un-desirable. Her condition was too sacred for discussion. She was filled with bliss and hope, and she was cherished; she was not, however, exhibited. She looked a mess, because she was expected to look a mess; no one took the trouble to design gar-ments to make her look different. And so, with the other psychological hazards of the situation, went a loss of vanity and decent pride. This period was called "confinement," and it was very exactly named.

Birth was private, to a large extent amateur, dangerous, painful, and lasting in all its effects, good or bad.

The menopause was the end of a woman's usefulness, since her value was reckoned economically as a breeding animal. It also coincided with the fading of her appearance and powers, of the passionate interest of her husband, and of the attention and dependence of her children. Today, bowever, women are permitted to play-act at being younger, and they have many auxiliary concerns and comforts to sustain them.

The Edwardian mistress did not have alternate interests or jobs to take her mind off her own body or to sustain her self-belief; but she did have servants, quite a lot of them. These made her household tasks possible, and these eased her social curtailments. An average housebold, even the modest one, boasted a domestic, possibly two. Almost any middle-class family could afford one,

Continued on page 114

DARRI

I have listened too long to curbstone prophets hammer
As ceaselessly as shore is assailed by sea,
To their thunders rumbling, and seen their lightnings flashing,
Illuminating only vanity.
There is too much wordy tumult and contention.
In hall and market, man worries the same bone.
From parliaments and palaces, dissension
Is hurled to bewildered masses, like a stone.
I have listened too long to curbstone prophets hammer
That theirs was the one true Vision, the Way, the Sign,
And harshest to my ears was the puny clamor
Of strident tones dismayingly like mine.
Let me be still, that I may hear again
A stiller Voice. I have listened too long to men.

-ETHEL JACOBSON

any abiding or enlightened interest, but because it was good for them to do so. It helped them keep up with their men. It helped them keep up with their time, and they were very conscious of being an emerging force in the world.

But their chief and central domain remained the household. This, however, required real government, for it included everything, all foodstuffs, all supplies, and all contingencies. Every part of every regular meal was prepared at home, and all jams, jellies, spices and pickles, sauces and condiments. The summer kitchen was a factory, steaming with boiling fruit and sugar, great tables laid out with sterliked glass jars. The mistress herself usually applied the melted wax on the top and pasted on the labels. Mayonnaise and whipped cream were made as needed, and mayonnaise required an hour of beating and a strong arm. Ice cream was turned by hand in a freezer, packed round with the salt and the cracked ice (cracked and chipped in a burlap bag with a pick and mallet). Food spoiled easily and was hard to keep. There were no supermarkets. The daily marketing—and it was daily—was not done on the telephone.

The households were generally large, for if there were not the numbers of children that encumbered the Victorian homes, there were still the dependent relations. Accidents were frequent, sickness periodic, and hospitals resorted to only as a last ditch. Doctors came much more slowly, and they came without sulfa drugs. So. of necessity and by direct experience, every mother knew a great deal more about first aid and home nursing than women today, in spite of Doctor Spock. My mother, for instance, and certainly my grandmother, would never have made the mistake I made, when my baby struggled to breathe, of thinking that he needed fresh air and held him to the open window.

from do-it-yourself diagnoses and urged to the more modest plan of summoning immediate professional help on the telephone. But then, we can; they couldn't. A much greater percentage of people lived in the country, hours from a doctor, and very few rural homes boasted a telephone. Our mothers therefore knew. or could look up, all the symptoms and treatments for burns, cuts, manglings, breaks, and poisoning. Every family has legends of accidents and heroic copings. My grandmother, for instance, once forced a whole pound of butter straight down the throat of a careless housemaid who had inadvertently swallowed rat poison; it worked fine. A great-aunt was less fortunate: Her small son spied a bottle on a drugstore counter one day and, before she could stop him, took a generous swig. He fell to the floor and died in her arms two seconds later. There is still no cure for prussic acid. The remarkable thing is that it could be sold over the counter without prescription and was left standing around. Kitchens and laundries were chock-full of caustics and acids, and many little bottles had skulls and crossbones on them, for toddlers, too young to read, with curious appetites and ingenuity about avoiding surveillance.

Due to one thing or another, then, even if the mothers were more resourceful than us, the families were not necessarily more healthy.

But this did not make the ladies cautious. They were pretty superb in their convictions, highhanded about cold baths, fresh air, health foods, and bowel movements, and they were drastic about dosage. Codliver oil, plain and undisguised, was administered by the tablespoonful every day in winter, and castor oil every week. Heavens! How wonderful it is to think that few children of the past generation have even smelled castor oil! My generation and my

NEWEST LOOK!

NEW BOTTLES, NEW LABELS, FOR THESE SIMPLY DELICIOUS KRAFT DRESSINGS





Continued from page 112 at least part-time. A dependable daily girl would work for three dollars a week. A first-class full-time cook could be hired for ten dollars, room, and board; a nurse or trained parlormaid, for the same; a full-time gardener cost a bit more, only because he was a man. Chauffeurs earned about twenty dollars a week. A laundress did twelve hours' washing for two dollars. She washed everything, including double-bed sheets, and she walked to and from work. There was none of that nonsense about thirty cents for carfare. Servants were true servants, and they existed for the comfort of the family

and not their own well-being.

The mistress had power. She may have known restraints and curtailments you and I don't know; but she had her rights, and she never relinquished or forgot them. True, she never raised her voice; she managed, nonetheless, to make known ber will. A slight tightening of the unrouged lips, a frowning of the unplucked brows, and destiny raised its head and stretched claws. Our grandmothers were tyrants, loving or not, and they proceeded sometimes with unreason, not always with kindness, giving conflicting orders, changing their minds, venting their tempers. No lady had ever had to learn to curb whim or caprice out of respect to the working rights of others. Although her husband might take to coming home later and later, the children couldn't say a word; for no good child ever questioned Mama's or Auntie's infallibility. Silent in linen suits and hand-smocked dresses, they shook in their stomachs and felt their cotton-stockinged knees go pale blue and weak. If this was bad for them, it was worse for parlormaids and cooks, who knew, poor things, as they went white and reached for support, they could be easily replaced. The swelling number of young, healthy, and desperate immigrant girls took care of that contingency. Sometimes two weeks' notice was given, but there was no legal compulsion for this, and a fit of rage might ter-minate a girl's livelihood in ten minutes. She was utterly dependent on ber reference, as it was the mistress' word that was always believed. As far as dependents were concerned, the mistress spoke only ex cathedra.

Dependents included not only children and servants but adult, unmaried female relatives. In fact, the mistress could be unrestrained in advice to all young people, since a person was considered young until achieving parenthood. Spinsters, therefore, never attained maturity.

he unmarried woman of the nineteenth and early-twentieth century had no social standing of any sort, and unless she was blessed with an independent income, she was at the mercy-quite literally-of her family. Nearly every household had within its orbit or in the offing a maiden aunt—the "saintly aunt" so often mentioned in memoirs—who nursed the sick, housekept for the pregnant or the bereft, raised the orphans, laid out the dead. She was on call whenever there was a crisis, forgotten on trips abroad or merrymakings, except those dictated by annual conscience, like Christmas. She had generally a very thin time of it. At best, in loving families, she was rewarded with affection; in loveless families, she endured tyranny. Few spinsters were asked out to mixed social affairs without an escort, father, or brother. In every etiquette book, a married woman took precedence over any unmarried one, even a hostess.

And there was no escape. She could not take work of any kind, except teaching or nursing. Most were not qualified for either. In any case, the pay was paltry. A gentlewoman was permitted a profession only at the risk of shaming her father. A few of the more gifted wrote verse or stories for ladies' magazines, for negligible fees and often, for modesty's sake, under fictitious names. The desperate took in boarders, but only if they owned property. The bereft became housekeepers in other people's homes, where the condescension was not more real than in the home of relatives, but seemed so.

She was, nevertheless, a genuine lady. Nothing could take that from her except a slip in her own conduct, and men got to their feet when she entered a room and listened politely when she spoke, for she was thought to be worthy of attention although quite inexperienced and preserved from all worldly knowledge.

Married or single, a woman was not permitted to know anything of the rough side of life—which meant anything rough that happened outside the home or in her husband's or son's life. In this, they assured her, lay her great good fortune.

The baby might set his bair on fire, the plumbing stop the day of the dinner party; there might be a sud-den smell of gas; the dog might die of strychnine in her arms; she might feel extremely queer and frightened because the doctor bad warned her about having another child; she might feel puzzled and hurt because her husband hadn't been to bed with her in a year; Sally might be howling with a gumboil and no oil of cloves in the house; the minister might arrive to see why Maggie, the upstairs girl, would not go back to her drunken husband; Johnny might be coming out in spots; her best pure-silk dress might crack at every crease; Aunt Jane might announce an imminent four-month visit. No matter. Her life was sheltered. She knew where her place was; it was in the home. And she was always going to be shielded from getting out of it to see how really ugly things could be.

The more robust troubles-illegitimacy, drunkenness, insanity, adultery, homosexuality-occurred then, as now, and had to be absorbed into the family pattern. But they were to be absorbed quietly, with absolutely no talk. There was to be no discussion before children or servants, and only the briefest with a husband, behind closed doors, or with a friend of one's bosom. A lady did not gossip; certainly never about her family. A lady wet with her tears one more tiny handkerchief and rethreaded a trembling needle.

About her husband, she never spoke, except possibly to the minister or, under aggravated circumstances, to ber doctor-to no one else, not to sister or brother, certainly never to neighbors or casual acquaintances. The general exposure of personal indignities and rages, the habit-now prevalent in powder room and cocktail lounge-of listing and mocking intimacies would have shocked the Edwardian to the bottom of her sensibilities. Our modern wife would have struck her as indecent, foulmouthed, and treacherous. The public rudeness, the betraval, the needling to which our girls feel free to subject their husbands in friendly gatherings never occurred then. Today, so often what might not be dared privately at home is hinted openly before others, and there is a tendency to gang up sexually, one

Continued on page 116

Only refrigerator-freezer -the new No-Frost RCA WHIRLPOOL

gives so many modern automatic features

and saves money because it's Gas!



SAVES TIME! EXCLUSIVE ICEMAGIC® replaces every cube you use, automatically! NO TRAYS to empty of fill—even water is added automatically. A steady supply of ice drops into the handy server. All you do is use it! Only an RCA WHIRLPOOL refrigerator has ICE-MAGIC, the ice-maker proved by years of consumer use!



NOW! NO FROST—EVEN IN THE FREEZER! There's no frost to de-frost in this zero-degree freezer, Yet you can freeze foods right at home—hold over 92 lbs. of frozen foods. The right temperature is sealed in by Million-Magnet *doors on both freezer and refrigerator, with special magnets in door gaskets. Yet they open or shut easily, instantly, at your touch.



SAVES TIME! EXCLUSIVE LET-COLD SHELF chills a new way, with new speed! Constant tiny jets of arctic air inside the shelf arc the secret—let this special shelf chill food up to 3 times faster than an ordinary refrigerator shelf! Quick and safe for desserts, salads, any food or liquid. Jet-Cold shelf is another exclusive you can find only in an RCA WHIRLFOOL refrigerator.



SAVES FOOD! EXCLUSIVE NEW JET-COLD MEAT CHEST lets you store meat with confidence! Holds temperature at the best meat-keeping level—in the right atmosphere to keep meats fresh and tempting for days. PLUS every other food-keeping convenience, from a spreadable-butter keeper to twin crispers that hold a whole bushel of vegetables!



Saves you money, too! In this one refrigerator, you get every advantage: built-in look . . . color choice . . . all those wonderful new food-keeping features . . . PLUS the fabulous refrigerating system designed around a silent flame, with no moving parts to wear out or break down.

Gas saves you money on fuel bills, too. So choose Gas. There simply isn't a better buy than a modern automatic, Gas refrigerator-freezer like this!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



Use of trademarks And RCAby Whir Michigan, manufacturers of RCA WHI by Radio Corporation of America.









For cookouts...add Chateau ...tops <u>all</u> in cheese flavor!



nuch zest to a grill as Borden's Chateau. cheese goodness glorifying hamburgers, s, enriching buns.

illdren, too. All-purpose Chateau gives tein, calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin A slice than an 8-oz. glass of whole milk. he 2-lb. loaf.

naved—cuts clean, melts creamy, keeps an independent survey shows families nateau, the original cheese food, 2 to 1.



Continued from page 114 group against the other, which is thought to enliven the proceedings. The men, to their credit, seldom retaliate in kind; they go on drinking or they may drag some girl off to a nearby room for direct and unimpeded rebuttal. They usually don't talk.

Of course, not all women indulge in this vicious gibing; kind and loving women do not, or women with self-respect. The point is, no woman would have done so in our grandmothers' time—not more than once, certainly not in the same parlor. She would not have been allowed back across the threshold. Disloyalty to one's husband was considered lower than disloyalty to one's country, almost as low as disloyalty to one's sex, and loyalty to one's sex, and loyalty to one's sex meant never, under any circumstances, destroying another woman's well-being.

ways able to transfer the valor that made it bearable.

This was the generation that met divorce head on, for it was in the first quarter of the twentieth century that divorce became a commonplace of family life. Even today, divorce is usually painful; but it is not the destroying shock it was to women and men then, the two subsequent generations not having been brought up to believe that marriage is for life and love is a unique mystic experience. Our grandmothers and mothers, however, did believe in everlasting love and in binding and unbreakable vows, and when they found that life did not match any of these concepts, it was clear to them that life was at fault, not the rules they lived by. Their suffering was, as a consequence, dreadful; but they gave not an inch, bardening their hearts with righteousness and becoming,

THE ABSOLUTELY MOST STUNNING CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

Next month comes McCall's famous annual issue with its special section on the new what's-to-wear for the younger generation. Mothers, aunts, older sisters—to say nothing of store buyers!—will declare that never before (really never) has there been such an enchanting presentation. (Why do we omit mention of fathers? You'll see—next month.)

LARGEST AND CHEERFULEST SECTION ON CHILDREN'S CLOTHES in the August issue of McCall's

livelihood, or means of bappiness—in short, never making love to her busband or ruining ber reputation.

If one of them slipped, however, the ladies were merciless—a fall from grace was punished forever. No expiation, no remorse could buy back forgiveness. This hard attitude was less a matter of morals than the necessity of preserving the economic structure on which the entire sex functioned, scab labor or underselling being tolerated here no more than in other quarters. With wage earning, woman has become increasingly generous. She can afford to be.

She was known as the weaker sex, and much was not to be expected of her-intellectual judgment, disinterestedness, sexual magnanimity, or calmness in the face of mice. What were expected of her were staunchness, loyalty, honesty, kindness, sexual purity, idealism, understanding, endurance, compassion, and serenity. The amazing fact is that, on the whole, these were the qualities she evinced. And she managed to retain her sweetness with few releases, no smoking, no drinking except what was secret and tragic, no sex except what was doled out by her husband -and in this respect, because of total ignorance and helplessness, she frequently endured agonies of neglect. She had no time off, either; no trips alone; no change of occupation. She had religion. She had causes. She had headaches.

When driven beyond endurance, she took herself out on her children. It was the children who bore the brunt and showed the scars, and although the shifting of punishment was quite unconscious and altogether against original intent, the result of the passing along of pain was unfortunate, for the ladies were not al-

under pressures, the spirits that without vote changed governments, enacted statutes, altered city ordinances and labor rulings, and formed a background of steel-like resilience, from which their men and children recoiled, lashed away, and in the end returned to.

They were the polestar, the focal point, dead center, gravity. The men expected of them what they did not ask of anyone else, certainly not of themselves or of their president, mayor, teacher, doctor, not even perhaps priest or minister. They asked unblemished integrity and idealism.

They were, like any absolutes, disturbing in the house and sometimes rough on the children; but they gave the generations they served a tonality not matched today—a kind of perfect pitch, to which all the members of their society referred.

Our young woman faces situations impossible in her progenitors' lives. She evolves new codes of behavior every decade. She undergoes changes with exhausting rapidity. I am not sure she is happier. I am equally not sure that immediate happiness is of great importance. She is, at the moment, in transition and must expect to suffer. The chances for each generation grow braver and freer. At least we bope so.

Happiness is, in the last analysis, always a personal matter and is closely linked with the ability to love. Our mothers knew this. The Edwardian woman lived for others. Unselfishness was one of her glories. Her generation knew about faith, discipline, purpose, as opposed to ambition and indulgence. She understood what gallantry meant. In her retiring way, she represented what may prove to be the last stand of chivalry.

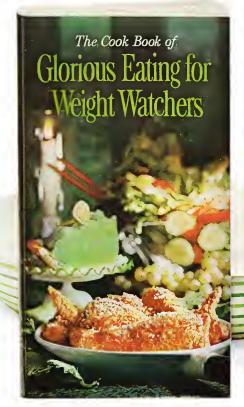
Contains 100 pages, 248 calorie-counted recipes, menus and instructions for finding your best weight and controlling it by sensible eating.

Free from Wesson! The first cook book of its kind designed to combine the best of eating with the prevention of overweight

Menus are all worked out for you at 3 different calorie levels. The eating is delicious.

You'll learn how to determine your best weight . . . how to find the right number of calories you should eat every day and still enjoy every meal.

Good nutrition assured. Menus fulfill the recommended dietary allowances of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council.





Now...Eat gloriously without overweight!

Get this new cook book free for one Wesson label



APPETIZERS: Bouillabaisse...Cheese Dips! Soups and delicious snacks to enjoy without cheating.



SALADS: A feast of new ideas for tempting salads and calorie-controlled Wesson dressings.



MAIN DISHES: Steak, Chicken, Seafoods. New ways to prepare leaner cuts of meat, too.



Stir-N-Roll Cookies for weight watchers.



DESSERTS: Luscious Chiffon Cake, Cherry Pie



PASTA: Weight-watching recipes for making Spaghetti Marinara, Spanish Rice, Risotto.

Free for 1 Wesson label

The Wesson People, Box 777, Hinsdale, Illinois

I am enclosing 1 label from Wesson, the poly-asaturated vegetable oil, for my free copy of "The

NAME	****
ADDRESS	

When your physician recommends modifying your diet and specifies pure vegetable oil to replace solid fats, poly-unsaturated Wesson is unexcelled by any leading brand.



THE BENNETT MURDER HAND

BY CHARLES H. GOREN WORLD'S FOREMOST BRIDGE EXPERT

If serenity is one's major ambition, perhaps bridge should be avoided. But serenity isn't everything, and there are those who thrive on stimulation. Critics point to the sharpness of bridge-table arguments as an indictment of one of our national pastimes. I do not share this view. A spirited discussion now and then can prove quite wholesome. But the candor of some of these discussions sometimes results in a distorted view and a tendency to overstress family squabbles. This impression may have been fostered by the celebrated Kansas City case of three decades ago. That dispute actually ended in a killing. The wife of John G. Bennett thought her husband had murdered a four-spade contract and took vengeance-in the form of Mr. Bennett's automatic pistol. The Murder Hand is given here, so you can decide what you would have done if you had been Mrs. Bennett.-

It is reasonable to assume that I am a confirmed bachelor. Nevertheless, I sh.·ll offer a little advice to bridge-playing Benedicts and their wives about improved methods of operation, to bring about a more amiable relationship. Let me tell you about two couples 1 have known rather intimately. The Browns and the Whites have been carrying on a regular weekly game. Mr. Brown has established the notion that he is superior to his wife as a bridge player. Nor is he reticent about telling his mate when she has fallen from grace. To be sure, pedagogy is his motivating force. Brown, you see, is a "born teacher," and Mrs. Brown normally submits graciously. Occasionally, however, she takes a firm position in defense of her playing of a hand. In fact, she goes so far as to argue back. And when she is convinced that her husband has committed a contract indiscretion, she is not above reminding him that she has no monopoly when it comes to making errors. She rarely raises her voice; but when his barbs become too sharp to endure, she may say softly, "Now, let's face it. You married a stupid bridge player, but do let's get on with the next hand."

Mrs. White plays considerably better than her husband. Yet I have no recollection that she ever took violent issue with him. When he errs, there may be a noticeable drop in the temperature, but always to the accompaniment of a mild, "Too bad, dear," to which he usually responds with an apology.

A casual observer might think the Browns are constantly haggling; but an amateur psychologist might see deep and dangerous currents in the Whites' relationship and applaud

the Browns' squabbles as evidence of the giveand-take that makes for successful marriage.

I hope you will join me in mistrusting these generalities. Unless they are playing with strangers, most people behave at the bridge table much as they behave anywhere else. There is nothing wrong with engaging in a bridge dispute as long as it remains good-tempered. Nor can it be wrong to treat a partner's errors with charitable restraint because you know he would be hurt by criticism. The Browns' arguments are harmless as long as they bypass insult. The Whites' cool politeness is healthy as long as it does not mask a threat of "Just wait until we're alone."

Even the most furious bridge quarrel between husband and wife has no deeper significance than a similar dispute between any two bridge partners. Nor, in tournament circles at least, is it significant that the discussion may be conducted with strangers at the table. In one mixed-pair event, the man broke off a quarrel by getting up and stalking away from the table. "Is that your husband?" one of the opponents asked sympathetically. "Of course," snapped the distaff side of the partnership. "You don't think I'd live in sin with someone who can't play bridge better than that?"

It is perhaps true that husbands and wives engage in more spirited discussions than most simply because familiarity breeds a certain looseness of treatment. One theory is that each feels responsible for the other's mistakes. Another theory, with which I am inclined to agree, is that husbands and wives sometimes play as partners out of a sense of obligation. Always scheduling husband and wife to play together can do the game a disservice. A little rotation is likely to prove wholesome.

Most interfamily games are played for no stakes or nominal awards, which frequently go into an entertainment kitty. Many families split and play in mixed pairs. Another arrangement is the battle of the sexes, with the husbands competing against the wives. If a book were established for pari-mutuel wagering, it is well known how I would bet.

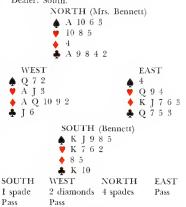
Another expedient that cuts down husbandand-wife partnership is possible when there are two tables. At the beginning of the evening, married couples may play one rubber as partners against each other couple; next, the couples split, but husbands and wives play at different tables; finally, the four men and four women play a rubber or two. It is simple to work out such a progression, so that husbands and wives are separated but not opponents—which has obvious advantages, whether the game be for prizes or for glory.

One successful pair uses a prearranged code word or phrase as the signal to end an argument; another ingeniously requires a rhyming expression. like "Chinese squeeze," or "Sioux coup" (though once their war was prolonged when hubby tried "crummy dummy"). The appearance of such words in the recrimination is a signal to quit—and often extemporaneous rhymes are amusing enough to do the trick without prior agreement.

Another idea is to put it in writing. By the time a player has written down his complaint, he has realized how bad it sounds or has thought better of making an issue of it. In the same school is the pacifier: "Let's write it down and discuss it later." Still another is for the better player to realize that he must expect errors and set a reasonable quota. If he makes this estimate on the generous side, then his partner has plenty of opportunity to say, "Okay, Charge that one to my quota."

Good humor is most often the salvation, in bridge as in any other of life's activities. If your husband is a critical partner, print a sign, and flash it when the going gets rough. If you can't think of a better one, I give you permission to use: "Stop! Look! Listen! The wife you save may be your own."

THE BENNETT MURDER HAND Dealer: South.



Opening lead: Diamond ace.

After winning the ace of diamonds, West shifted to the jack of clubs. Bennett won with the king, and led the jack of spades. West did not cover, but neither continued on page 136



The dreamer

Continued from page 46

later. She played a part, but nature played one, too. By the time Meredith was eighteen, she had only to look in any mirror to observe that all the disparate parts of her had smoothed out and fitted themselves together properly and that the results were not unpleasant. It was quite fair to suppose that someday somebody was going to love her and someday she was going to love heack. Girls invariably suppose just this. The difference with Meredith was the dream she began to dream—of the way it was going to be.

"Don't you believe in love at first sight?" she asked her aunt one day.
"Of course I do," her aunt said, in

a tone indicative of her conviction that anyone with any discernment did believe it. "Oh, my dear, it happens. Bells ring, and firecrackers go off—whole strings of Cbinese firecrackers go pop, pop, pop."

Meredith nodded. Of course. It

Meredith nodded. Of course, It would happen, boom, just like that—a rocket to the moon, a sound of thunder. She would walk into a particular room on a particular day, and a particular man would be there. He would have just one smile and just one voice, and she would look at him. . . Love at first sight is like fairies—you have to believe in it before it can exist. And when you it and it happens, the results may be unaccountable; but by then, as it so often is in life, it is too late.

It happened to Meredith. It happened when she was twenty-three years old, at a wedding reception at the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan. The results were indeed unaccountable.

By this time, she had acquired an apartment in New York, with an odd lot of furniture and an amiable roommate, and a job as a secretary at a travel agency in an airy, improbable glass office on Park Avenue. The office was a Taj Mahal amid business structures; the job was conducive to fancies regarding Paris, Majorca, Spain, and the rest, particularly if fancies came as naturally as breathing. It was a logical atmosphere to court while waiting to fall in love.

The wedding reception was held in honor of the daughter of a family friend, a comparative stranger to Meredith, and she had nearly not bothered to attend. When she arrived, she moved slowly through the room, a warm, glittering place, flourishing with roses and bright with laughter and champagne toasts. In addition to her unfamiliarity, she was in fact a trifle nearsighted, although she did not admit it. It was a cha:ming defect, lending a rather starryeyed expression to her face. turned a corner, and her shoulder brushed against a waiter's silver tray. She started back sharply; the tray tilted; there was a small, cracking noise. The tray was righted; but the heel of her shoe, caught in the deep nap of the rug, had broken off two inches from the floor.

Someone gripped her shoulder before she fell. She looked up at a large man, who was supporting her with one hand, holding the fragile, slim, silver-gray heel in the other, and regarding her with vast amusement. "They do wonderful things for a girl's ankles," he said, "but what do we do with it now?" Without letting her go, he reached down and removed the broken shoe. "You could always take the other one off," he said thoughtfully, "but I don't suppose it's protocol." He looked around. "Well, come here. Lean on me." He

deposited ber gently on a chair, then sat facing her.—"I'll tell you something," he said. "One problem only leads to another. I was watching you. You ought to have your glasses on."

"I don't wear glasses," she said.
"You should." He tapped his own.
"Believe me, I've had experience."

He was twirling the heel slowly in his hand. It was a big hand; it matched his size, the breadth of his shoulders, and the cut of his suit. He must have been some six or seven years older than she; he was on the verge of needing a haircut, and she did not like the tie he was wearing. There was nothing of the narrow, Madison Avenue look about him; he bore a trace of the haphazard. That did not define him entirely, however, and as Meredith observed him, it crossed her mind what the other in gredient was. She knew a great many boys, but there was no part of a boy in him; he was very evidently a man.

in him; he was very evidently a man. He smiled at her. "From my point of view, this is fine," he said. "I don't like to dance, and you are a marvelous excuse. Sit here, and I'll rescue some champagne for us. You be careful about it, though. You'll have enough trouble maneuvering, as it is."

She pulled back with an effort.

"Oh-oh, I will," she said.
He stood looking down at her, and she thought, Isn't it funny? There is a quality you seldom think to list as a requirement for a man-kindness. And there it was

And there it was.
"Don't worry," he said. "I'll get
you out of here. If I have to carry
you out, I'll do it."

That was the beginning. They sipped the champagne and ate the hot hors docuvres. She learned that his name was Bill Fleming and that he was a lawyer, that be lived alone in an apartment in Brooklyn, and that the bridegroom's father was one of his clients. In the air about them were all the love songs that all the string ensembles play at weddings. She sat beside him and talked, with the music in the background, and thought, all the while, with a strange objectivity. Isn't it odd?

objectivity, Isn't it odd?

In the first place, she never had supposed he would look like this. And they had begun their conversation with a discussion of the importance of wearing glasses and progressed only to equally casual matters. The heel was broken from her shoe; it was the day before payday; she didn't have cab fare back to the apartment. He was discussing his law practice, and it never had occurred to her that the man she had in mind would hold a particular job, have a profession. In fact, it never had occurred to her that that any of the exigencies of making a living would continue to exist after they met.

If the rocket had left for the moon, how could any of this be? Wasn't it all a mistake, a thing compounded merely of atmosphere and vintage champagne?

"Weddings always make me hungry," he said at last. "Would you like a steak?"

They departed, managing it almost gracefully as far as the lobby. Outside, it was dark, and it had begun to snow. He glanced at the sky, then picked her up in his arms and started down the steps.

down the steps.
"If I slip, we can sue the Plaza,"
he said. "If I drop you, you sue me.
I know a good lawyer."

They looked at each other and laughed, the way you laugh on a winter's night when it begins to snow. And she knew. It might be odd, indeed it might; but there was no mistake. A string of Chinese firecrackers

was starting to go off all about her head; bells were chiming somewhere, and way off in the distance, there was the sound of thunder.

Never let a man you are falling in love with hold you in his arms if it is just a temporary thing. He put her down as a cab approached, and she was left with the breathlessness throughout the ride and later in the bright, expensive restaurant. (It was to have been candlelight and embers from a fireplace; it was overhead electricity, and it made not a bit of difference.)
Several waiters stopped to speak

Several waiters stopped to speak to him; he made two telephone calls and ordered their dinner without looking at a menu. She sat opposite him enjoying the first delights of discovery.

Over coffee, he smiled and said, "I talk too much, and I move around too fast. I'm sorry. Suppose you talk about you now. Meredith Blaine. It sounds like someone in the movies."

PLUMBERS ARE FULL OF PROMISE

My sink went awry

And it brooked no delay,
So I phoned for a guy

To come out right away.

And the man, who concurred And assured me he would, Was as good as his word— But his word was no good. —NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

She smiled at the rim of her coffee cup. Of course. He would know the smallest things about her; he would know without knowing he knew. "Well," she said, "when I was six years old, I wanted to be a movie actress."

"Your equipment for that is much better now," he said. "What do you do now?"
"I work for the Henderson Travel

"I work for the Henderson Trave Agency."

"And you don't want to be a movie actress any more. Now you want to go around the world and end up living in Paris or running off to Jamaica."

"How do you know?"

He took her chin in his hand and looked into her eyes. "I think I was wrong," he said. "I don't believe you are nearsighted at all. Those are stars in there. You are a beautiful dreamer."

"I am not," she said. "I'm not at all—"

"I'll bet you are. If you started at six, you're probably incurable, too. What about the rich man who'll pay for the ocean voyages, the salon in Paris?"

Paris?"
"Oh, money," she said. "I don't think about money."

He picked up the check. "You are absolutely right. Disdain it. Do it first—before it does it to you. Come on, let's go home. It's bedtime."

At her apartment door, he took the key from her and held it for a mintute. "You know, I hardly ever get
uptown," he said. "But if I ever do,
maybe I'll have a chance to call you
—buy you a dinner."

If I ever do. So that was the way it happened. The lightning did not necessarily strike in two directions at once. If I ever do.
"That would be nice," she said

faintly.

He stood towering above her, and she looked up at him and wished he would kiss her and was quite sure he would not.

He gave her arm a pat. "Get that heel fixed," he said. "And have those eyes tested—just to be sure." For a moment, he looked directly at her. "And good-night, beautiful dreamer," he said. Then he turned and was gone.

The curious thing that happened to Meredith Blaine had its beginnings then. From that evening on, dreaming never had quite the same lure again.

B achelor," her roommate, Eleanor, said later. "With a capital B. Did you find out if be's past thirty? If he is, stop before you start. It's hopeless."

Eleanor's success in the social lottery was formidable, making her something of an authority; but that night, Meredith only shook her bead. "I can't stop. I've already started," she said. "And I don't care if he's seventy-five. But, oh, I think I did all the wrong things. He made me want to talk to him, tell him things." "That's a mistake right there," Eleanor said.

Meredith studied the broken shoe, as if, somehow, it held the secret. "But just suppose anything ever worked out, suppose I ever married him and I lived with him—he'd have to know all about me, anyway."

Eleanor snapped off her light. "You can worry about living with him after you get him," she said. "But cheer up. Maybe he'll lose the number and won't call, and you can forget the whole thing. It sounds like the best thing that could happen."

He called. He called a week later, a long, gray, icy week, and after that, he called on odd days at odd hours, and he bought her innumerable dinners. He called at the last minute more often than otherwise; he broke dates; he changed dates; he was late for dates; he ignored time. But whenever he came, he brought with him an excitement that was altogether new to her. He would arrive breathless, his coat unbuttoned, his hat lost in the taxi, and would put down his briefcase, smile at her, and say, "Do you know, I forgot all about you until fifteen minutes ago. Are you starving?"

Some trace of a crisis met, an issue resolved, still would cling to him, and she would ask eagerly, "What happened?"

Then he would almost visibly shake himself and shed the day and turn to the night and her. "I am late, but I won't be a bore as well," he would say. "Not with you, of all people. Come on, now, let me make you lauth."

There is a barometric reading to every relationship between a woman and a man. There are the ones that rise all at once, swift and breathlessly, the minute-by-minute turnoil and bliss, and plummet as quickly to the bottom again. There are the slow and steady ones, with no peaks and no valleys; they climb to a certain level and remain. Then there are those that move in spurts, shooting up with a love song or a gift, down with a quarrel, another woman.

The combination of Meredith Blaine and Bill Fleming followed no one of these; for a long time, it stayed just the same. There was no visible pattern to his feeling for her. A week passed, ten days passed, and he did not call; then he telephoned two afternoons in a row. He offered her no gifts or tokens, no songs of love, no promises or hope. She sat

Continued on page 122



Living the life of ease on the crystal waters off Nassau

The smart new fashion in Summer vacations

Nassau Bahamas
attractive
Summer rates

Summertime's pleasures in the Bahamas are as clear as the water. And what can be clearer than that?

Here are all of the ingredients for an extraordinary vacation-a fabulous climate, shopping, sports and night life-wrapped up in one lovely island chain. No wonder people who plan their vacations wisely and well head for this delightful British colony just off Florida's coast.

Sports-minded visitors pack their bags in pleasurable anticipation. They know the swimming, boating and deep-sea angling are unparalleled. Beaches come in multicoloured variety, some seasoned with laughter and calypso, others showing scarcely a footprint in the sand. As for the tennis courts and golf courses-you'll recall their ocean views forever.

Take a fling at the night life. Start out with new friends on the starlit terrace of your hotel and, like as not, you'll be greeting the dawn as you depart from a bouncy goombay club. For duty-free shopping, roam Bay Street and the native markets. You'll find the best imported goods priced lower than your wildest imaginings.

For the summer vacation of your life, come to Nassau and the Bahamas. Special hotel rates from now to mid-December are particularly attractive to modest budgets. Too, it's remarkably easy to reach this resort paradise. Your Travel Agent will be happy to prove it.

Send this coupon for FREE illustrated literature BAHAMAS DEVELOPMENT BOARD-Dept. BP

608 Firs Miami 5		lori																		
Yes, ple	ise s	end	Su	m	ne	r I	a	cat	io	ı i	nfi)TI	na	tio	n	to.	:			
Name						٠.		٠.								٠.		٠.		

City......State.....State.

Easily reached . . .

BY SEA: From New York on the M. S. ITALIA every Saturday at 4 P.M. Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from \$170. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4. From Miami on the S. S. BAHAMA STAR every Monday and Friday. Round trip \$39 up; three-day, all-expense cruses from \$54. Eastern Shipping Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily llights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

Continued from page 120

on the periphery of bis vast, busy world, and she was no part of it, not really. Being a part of it was all she wanted.

For something had happened to her. She had begun by loving him; she ended understanding him, as well. And the known was more appealing than the imaginary had ever been.

After several weeks, he would, if he were going to be delayed, often telephone before five o'clock and suggest that she come downtown to his office. It delighted her. She loved to descend, at that hour, upon the old, narrow, cobbled part of Manhattan. Lights were going out in the offices; buildings were emptying; subways were filling; lower Broadway and Wall Street, Vesey Street, and Maiden Lane were giving up the ghost for the day, going uptown to play, to have dinner, to dream. No one lived down here, and there was no frivolity; it was the milieu of men. It was

his, and here was the air he breathed. His reception room always was plunged in gloom when she arrived. and she sat on the old brown leather settee, beside the table with the pile of back copies of the law journal. The very homeliness of the room gave it an air of permanence, and she had a wonderful feeling of safety as she waited, hearing his voice mingling with others behind the closed door of his office.

The voices would go on arguing, placating, interrupting, until at last he would emerge, filling the room with his presence, tall and rumpled. The tie be had grabbed on the run that morning would be loosened, and he would start with surprise when he saw her, because of course he had not realized that time enough had passed for her arrival.

He would usher the others to the elevator, return to her and say, "You must be bored to death. Not to mention being covered with dust. I worked late last night and didn't let the cleaning woman in. I hope you took a cab, anyway."

"No, I didn't. I took a bus, and I walked." "Why? You could get lost roaming

around Wall Street."

"I like to walk. I like the streets and the street names, and-' anywhere that you are. "Things seem to-happen."

"It would be better if some of them didn't," he said. "Come on. Let's

Winter drifted off this way; snow melted; spring arrived. It had been two months-and four-and five. Usually, when they went out, they were alone. One evening, however, they walked across the East Side of Manhattan after dinner, and he led her down a side street to a small, dim supper club. He stopped before it for a moment, then guided her to the door. Inside, she had a swift sense of recognition, the way one feels upon revisiting a favorite, for-gotten spot. The room was so dark it was impossible to judge its shape and difficult even to see the furnishings. A woeful young man was playing a soft piano, Gershwin and Ellington and Vernon Duke.

When they had been sitting there for several minutes, a girl came out of the shadows, a brassy, sad, rather used-up girl. She stood at the piano and whispered old medleys of heartbreak for a man. And Meredith knew why it was like somewhere she had been before. If you wanted to lose the world for love, this was the kind of place you chose. She had played, in fancy, scenes against backgrounds such as this, for years. They seemed

rather foolish now; but the memory still was there-the throbbing music. the nearness, the darkness.

Bill played with her hand, resting on the table, until the singer had finished; then he pressed it and said, "Excuse me for just a minute. I bave a message for her." He climbed around the table and approached the girl with the brass hair, who ran across the floor to his side when she saw him. They talked for a moment; then he led her over.

'Meredith, Miss Lillian Drake," he said. "Miss Blaine. I'll send you a covering letter," he said to Lillian "But when I couldn't reach you on the telephone and I happened to be in the neighborhood-I thought

"Oh, thank you, Bill," she said.
"Thank you, thank you. Thank
God." She had not taken her eyes from his face. She was looking at bim the way they all did-the people

You be what you are. I would never be the one to make you any different. And I'm not going to try." slipped her key in the lock of the door and then, before she moved, he turned and took her in his arms. He held her close, pressed against him, and kissed her. It was the kiss she had dreamed about, and it was not that kiss at all. It climbed beyond any realm of the imagination. It carried her off, held her until she clutched the fabric of his coat sleeve, felt the roughness of his skin against her own, and never wanted him to let her go.

He freed one arm, opened the apartment door, guided her firmly inside, closed the door and was gone.

Three weeks passed after that, and a day more and two days and three. and he didn't call. He knows nothing about time; this has happened before, she said to herself-and knew that it was not quite true.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT AN APARTMENT?

Nice notions for smartening it up, for giving it a home look, even if it is in the middle of Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, or New York.

In the August issue of McCall's

Meredith had seen in the office after hours, the people with the problems. She glanced at Meredith. "It's awful to hate somebody and hope he makes a million dollars, isn't it?" she said. "I hope he does. I'd give it all to

A waiter tapped her shoulder, and she grasped Bill's hand, smiled at

Meredith, and disappeared after him. Bill sat down. "I'm sorry," he said. Then he was silent. He sat, withdrawn from her, tracing an invisible design on the table top. "Her daughter was born with a heart impair-ment," be said at last. "Her husband deserted her when the child was still an infant. We just got her a small increase in the settlement. It's pretty seamy here, but she was doing fairly well as a singer when she met him, and that's all she knows." He shrugged. "And there is a gentleman sitting across the room with a redhead when he ought to be home with his wife and three children." He called the waiter. "So you see, it really is a den of iniquity, and I'm

going to get out of it right away." The pianist began again, playing softly, almost in apology at breaking

in on the murmured conversations. "But I suppose you find it romantic," Bill said. "You believe all those songs, don't you?"

"Not necessarily," she said. "Not when-"

"Of course you do. And even with a face that looks like yours in bright lights, I'll bet you go for this. I think it's time for fresh air, however,

At her door that night, he said, "I was joking back there, but I am sorry. That was no place for youyou, of all people. At least, not going there the way you did with me. forget sometimes that there are lots of places that aren't for you—musty old offices like mine. With those stars you carry around in your eyes, you belong in somebody's penthouse, you know." There was a strange, sad, almost final note in his voice.

She reached out a band to him. "No," she said. "No, please—"

He lifted her hand from his arm. "You listen to me," he said. "There is not a reason on earth you bave to grapple with the woes of the world.

Anyone who shares a town with a man she has loved and lost spends her days haunted by the streets she travels, the buses and the taxis and the subways, the places she frequents, the ring of the telephone-and its silence. New York was not designed to make encounter inevitable; you can live a lifetime there and never, never run into somebody again. She was haunted. She studied crowds; be would stand above them, and she would know him right away; but he was never there. She watched her telephone for hours, then picked up the receiver, dialed half his number, put the receiver down. Or she dialed the whole number, and put her finger on the button before the ringing could begin.

'How would you like to meet a young man with an Austin-Healey, a cottage in Quogue, and a large expense account?" Eleanor asked her one evening.

Meredith regarded her bleakly.

"All right, don't tell me. I know. You wouldn't," Eleanor said. "Well, you are going to meet him, anyway. At the Waldorf at half past five on Friday. It's a private cocktail party, Wear something cut low but ladylike, and smile a lot. He's a friend of a friend."

On Friday, Meredith dressed with-out enthusiasm, in the company powder room, in a chiffon twilight dress. She went along the corridor at five twenty-five and turned to walk uptown on Park Avenue. As she reached the sidewalk, a hand grasped her shoulder. She wheeled around.

Bill Fleming was smiling down at her. "It's such a nice evening, I came over to walk you home," he said. "But you're going in the wrong direc-tion." His eyes traveled from her stole to a panel of chiffon floating in the wisp of a breeze. "In fact, you don't look as if you're going home.

She stared at him as if he had dropped down beside her from some cloud. "I'm—I'm not," she said. He consulted his wrist watch.

"What time is your date?"

"Oh, later-later on," she said "Don't be like me. What time?"

"Six or six-fifteen. More like sixfifteen, I'd say."

"In that case, come sit and relax with me for a few minutes. I just got off a train from Albany."

She noticed, then, a kind of weariness in the shadows under his eyes. Trains obviously were unkind to him; his suit was creased; he was batless and bad lost a button from his coat.

He took her arm and led her to a cocktail lounge west of the avenue. When they had ordered, he said, "I owe you an apology. I haven't forgotten-the other night. I don't ordinarily go around swooping down on girls that way, and I'm sorry." He smiled at her. "My, you are pretty, though," he said. "Hardly a man though," he said. could blame me. Is this what you do with your evenings when you don't have to sit about and wait for me? Look like a Bergdorf Goodman window and go all over the city, charming the young men with the brush

"No," she said. "Not all the time.

"Why not?" he said. "You should." He gazed at the smoke from his cigarette, drifting toward the pale spring light at the windows, then gazed again at her. "I want to tell you something," he said at last. "I have given it a lot of thought. I was thinking of it the other night, and I wanted to tell you then, but I gotsidetracked. I was thinking of it all afternoon on the train." He leaned forward. "Meredith, marry one of them. Marry him soon. Marry the ricbest and the brightest one you can find. Make him take you away from here, build you a house on a hilltop somewhere, buy you a convertible, so you have the sky around you all the time. Make him keep the world the way you want it to be."

The stared at him. It was like bear-She stared at min. A start and ing an old, familiar song, the words of which you can almost re-member and in just a moment will. In dreams, the house was always on a hilltop.

He looked at his watch and stood up. "Come on," he said. "You have to go. Say, take a look at yourself." The walls around them were paneled with silver-smoked mirrors, and he pointed to her reflection in one of them. "You look like a portrait."

She looked. And there it was-there was the song he sang. She was out of focus, muted, unreal, washed with a silver tint. In a thousand mirrors, down the years, she had seen herself that way. All down through her family were people who had gazed into smoky mirrors and discovered portraits

He stood above her, larger than anyone in the room, as he usually was, and she thought, You would never think it of him, though there is no reason you should not. Anyone can have a dream. Size and age make no difference. No boundaries have ever been evolved, and no restrictions ever made. Somewhere there always are room and time, when you want them. She could remember how tempting they were; but it did no good. Dreams were no longer enough.

And when he took her hand, she wanted to shake him and make him see it ber way.

"I'll find a cab for you," he said. "You look much too pampered to walk."

He propelled her into the revolving door. When he emerged, she was waiting for him. She felt something rising inside that she had never felt before with him-fury. Fury for the nights she had wept, for the streets she had walked alone, for the still

telephones and all the lonely hours. Pampered!

"For your information," she said clearly, "I will walk where I please. I am not too pampered to walk. I have never been too pampered. And I am not a portrait. I am real. I dislike being wrapped in cotton batting, and I dislike being kept outside in some playpen all the time, and I dislike being apologized to when I am kissed. I fell in love with you. When I fall in love, I want to be kissed. But you're a dreamer-and I don't want dreams. I don't want to be treated as if I were something you made up and you can simply dispose of. So please just don't bother try-ing." She turned on her heel, then turned back again. "And further-more," she said, "my name is not Mereditb. It is Mary."

The traffic light changed, and she fled across the street. She was halfway down the block, sped on by her rage, when he caught her, took her arm, and, as she continued walking. walked beside her.

"What did you say?" he said. "I'm sure you heard it all," she

said They reached Forty-Seventh Street.

"Did you say you love me?" he said,

They crossed the street. "Your hearing is excellent," she said.
"I have every bad habit there is, and I'm too old to change," he said. "I don't even know what domesticity is." They crossed Forty-Eighth Street. "I am not rich, and I never will be."

"You are absolutely right." she said.

"I see marriages break up all the time," he said. "I see love tum sour every day." They stopped for a red light. "Did you say you love me?"
She pulled her arm away. "You

know perfectly well what I said."

He caught her and swung her in front of him. The crowds swirled around them. "I am no dreamer," he said. "You are the only dream I ever had. And don't you ever do Meredith Blaine, don't you ever say you love me and then go away. Don't you ever leave me again. Now I will give you just five minutes to find a phone booth and break that date."

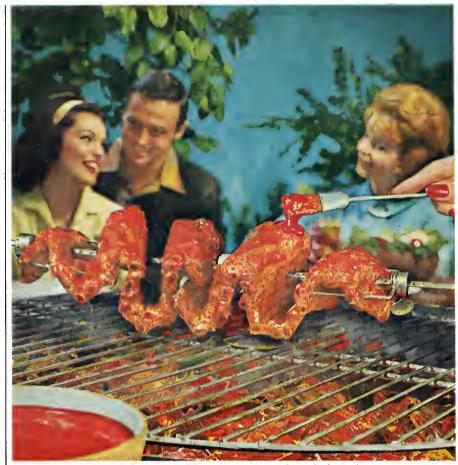
From that moment on, the rehabili-tation of Meredith Blaine was complete. They returned to the room with the smoked glass and sat and looked at each other, as if they were looking, really looking, for the first time, and as if they could not look

long enough.
"I don't know why," he said, "but from the first time I saw you, I wanted you to be—special. A little apart.

I wished I could give the world to you, with a ribbon around it. I can't, and I don't see why you should settle for less." He took both her hands and held them. "And don't you forget one thing. You'll always be that way to me—a little special. Suppose you married me. That's what I'd leave in the morning, and that's what I'd come home looking for at night, and that's what I'd think about in the daytime. It's a terrible burden for a girl to bear-supposing you had

Supposing, of course, had been her stock in trade. She smiled and called upon it for a final time. "All right," she said. "Let's Let's just suppose that I did."

After that, she was too busy, anyway. The fabric for fashioning illusions must be rewoven every day; in the inexorable present, there is scarcely enough raw material available for the job. This is not to say that her past history did not prove



Taste the wonderful difference flavor-magic makes!

McCormick or Schilling finer spices and seasonings will give Flavor-Magic to your meals, outdoors and in, the whole year through. Buy them from your grocer the next time you shop!













McCORMICK The House of Flavor SCHILLING

McCORMICK in the Eest • SCHILLING in the West • CLUB HOUSE in Canada

91961 McCormick & Co., Inc.

McCormick Recipe of the Month

BARBECUE SAUCE

(Quick 'n' Easy) Combine I cup ketchup, 1/2 cup

vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and the following

McCormick or Schilling prod-ucts: I teaspoon Instant Minced

Onion, 1/2 teaspoon Season-All, 1/4

teaspoon Barbecue Spice and 1/8

teaspoon each Garlic Salt and

Black Pepper. Mix well. Use to brush spareribs, hamburgers, chicken or steak during grilling.

Makes about 11/2 cups.

helpful in molding the present; only a skilled actress could manage it at all. Norma Shearer in her heyday never played so many roles; Lana Tumer in her whole career never mastered such artifice. Flannel must be ermine; nylon must serve as mara bou. Perfumes evaporate in their crystal bottles, but the memory of their scent must linger. Infants outgrow their lacy bassinets and rise to write with crayon on the rosy paneled walls. And it must be only an external and therefore unimportant.

Days arrive when the petty problems of the household should be piled together and given to him when he returns-because, above all, he is needed. Other days come for coping and never mentioning their pressures in the night. Death comes, and life begins, vigils are kept at sickbeds, and there is weeping. On a spring afternoon, there may be champagne; there is laughter on summer days; there is love in the evening all the year long.

Her name was Meredith Blaine,

and she was a dreamer. Her name is Mrs. William Carlyle Fleming, and all of it is real. And all up and down the street where she lives and the street beyond that and the streets that fan out everywhere, there are others, just like her-being chauffeur and governess, statistician and chef, housekeeper and accountant, laundress and wife, using whatever flotsam and jetsam there may be for weaving the gossamer material and being somebody's dream. Their name is legion,



Betsy McCall visits cape cod • There were sand dunes tall as little mountains. From the tallest one, Betsy and her cousin Sandy watched the Atlantic Ocean foaming along the curving beach. "The Pilgrims landed the *Mayflower* right near here," said Mr. McCall. Betsy asked if they had sand dunes in those days. "Yes," he replied, "and they always will. And starfish, and shells, and driftwood, and kids sliding down the dunes. And people to admire the view, like that artist there. Why don't you watch him work till lunch is ready?" The painter was a nice, friendly man, who showed her how to paint a seascape on a clamshell. Betsy painted till noon; so did Sandy. They were so interested that they forgot to be hungry, but they remembered again as Mr. McCall came to call them



COPYRIGHT ® 1961 MCCALL CORPORATION
BETSY'S ANCHOR-TRIMMED BATHING SUIT, BY PANDORA KNITWEAR, HER SLEEVED SUIT BY COLE OF CALIFORNIA, WHITE JACKET, BY JOHN WEITZ FOR WEATHER WINKY; AND SANDY S

The hidden epidemic

Continued from page 53

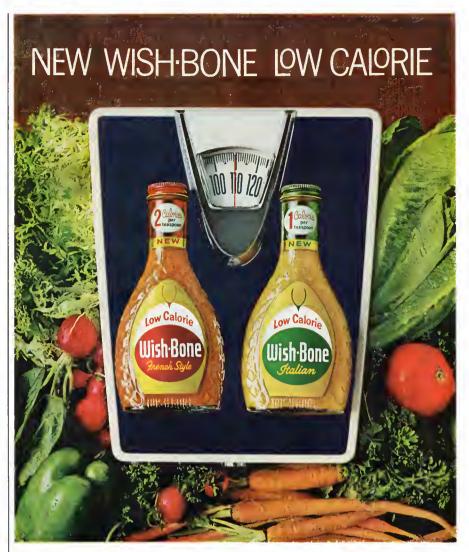
In another Midwestern case, two children broke out with typical staph not find that the youngsters had been near a bospital; but further investigation showed that, two months before the outbreak, they had visited a relative in New York, who had had a staph infection following surgery. From hospital, to relative, to children-to another state, hundreds of miles away.

This does not mean that staph spreads as readily as measles, or that it will race through a neighborhood like a viral cold. It lurks and waits. Apparently, there must be a high concentration of germs before infection takes place, the kind of concentration that builds up in the intimacy of family life. It spreads first in the home and then, slowly, to relatives. It may show up in as mild a form as a boil or in as serious a shape as staph pneumonia, which Elizabeth Taylor picked up and which often leads to speedy collapse and some-times death. It is not a disease of poor neighborhoods or substandard housing, as can be seen from the two cases mentioned at the start of this article. (Add Walter Winchell to the list of victims: away from his work for five months last winter because of a staph infection.) It has a special predilection for burns, which it infects. It bides its time and strikes at the weak, the very young, the old, the diabetic, the person under severe stress. It constitutes, says Doctor Mudd, "a spreading prevalence of purulent infection." Yet, mysterious-ly, it hits some households and avoids others, and in the same household may give one victim merely a small, festering pimple and another a deep and often fatal septicemia, or blood poisoning. It will lie dormant in a household-or a hospital-for months or years; no one knows why. It is not a dramatic pestilence in the sense that great numbers of people are affected simultaneously; it is, rather, a creeping, ugly thing.

It has had little attention or pub-licity in its appearances in the community at large. Although aware that resistant staph may be picked up in a hospital and not show itself as an active infection until weeks or months after the patient has been discharged, few hospitals trouble to do follow-up studies on their expatients. When such follow-up studies are made, to see what the staph germ does in the community after the patient takes it home from the hospital, the results can be striking. Dr. Andrew C. Fleck, associate public-health physician for New York State's Bureau of Epidemiology, reports in an article in Health News for September, 1959, that after a hospitalnursery outbreak of staph infections. a group of the affected infants and their families was checked for ten "It was found that 12 per months. cent of the individual contacts and 36 per cent of the families developed staphylococcal disease within three months after the infant came home.

Mothers are affected to the greatest extent, siblings [brothers and sisters] next, and fathers least. This pattern of risk parallels the usual degree of family intimacy of family members with the source infant.

No one knows how many individual cases of staph disease occur in this country, for the shocking reason that it is not reportable in most areas, even though it was described last summer as "one of our most serious infectious disease problems'



Flavor so delicious, only your figure will know they're low calorie

Now Wish-Bone brings you 2 new dressings that do your weight watching for you-the first low calorie dressings with the superb flavor of the regular kind. That's because of Wish-Bone's skillful way of removing 90% of the calories while retaining all the flavor of regular dressings. The garlic-touched Italian is filled with zesty spices, the savory French-Style is piquant with crushed herbs. The Italian dressing has only 1 calorie per teaspoon (no more than you get from unsweetened lemon juice), the French-Sfyle has only 2. Yet they're rich-tasting and smooth...no need to shake them before pouring. Try both these flavorful new Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings for really satisfying salads the whole family will enjoy.

GET BOTH BOTTLES FREE! Just send the front label from one or both new Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings, along with your name and address and the price you paid to Wish-Bone, Box 5260, St. Paul 4, Minnesota. We'll refund your money. Offer limited to one refund per family. Good only in the U.S.A. and its possessions. Void in states where taxed or prohibited. Offer expires Aug. 15, 1961.

by Dr. Carl Dauer, medical adviser in the United States Public Health Service Office of Vital Statistics. Though there are no national figures, Dr. Frederick H. Wentworth, chief of the Division of Communicable Diseases of the Ohio State Department of Health, says: "There are hundreds of recorded cases where, five years after the initial infection, the family still cannot rid itself of the problem. Doctor Wentworth reports that an unpublished study indicates surgical patients, as well as newborn infants,

take hospital strains of resistant staph home. "About this there is no real doubt," he says. And Dr. H. Taylor Caswell, of Temple University School of Medicine, says: "There is no longer such a thing as a hospital strain of staph. It has become a serious community problem." How did all this happen? If a

great dramatist ever arises among us, to write a tremendous tragedy on the theme of human pride, in the spirit of the old Greek drama, he may very well choose to write about the staphylococcus and the practice of medicine in regard to it, rather than about kings or dictators. Our present troubles with staph are the result of very human shortcomings.

The first of the antibiotics, penicillin, one of the world's greatest medical discoveries, arrived in 1943. Doctors and patients alike were enchanted with it and with its successors. Doctors began to use the antibiotics for all ills, great and small. They took to prescribing the new Continued on page 126

Today You Can't Buy A Finer Deodorant At Any Price!



Yet this jumbo "use tested" stick costs only 29c

Think of all the qualities you want in a deodorant. It should stop perspiration odor instantly, and protect all day long. Yet it must be absolutely safe, harmless to skin. Greaseless, harmless to clothes. Delicately fragrant.

Must you pay a high price for all this? Not today! Not when Lander sells so many millions that they can offer an oversize supply in a plastic push-up holder, at a mere 29c!



Continued from page 125 germ killers prophylactically—i.e., to prevent disease—and to dusting them routinely into surgical incisions to avert infection. Patients, no less delighted with the new medical tool, were quick to demand antibiotics of their physicians, not only for major illnesses, but for minor pains and sniffles. In this atmosphere, several important things happened, more or less simultaneously:

The old, established principles of absolute cleanliness in hospitals, which dated all the way back to Florence Nightingale, began to cave in. There seemed little use in the stringent, familiar safeguards, such as having doctors wash hands between patients and scrub for ten minutes, by the clock, before an op-eration, when the magic powders were available to kill germs. undeniable that physicians nurses are much less conscious today of the need for cleanliness than they were thirty years ago," writes an expert, Dr. Charles G. Letourneau, of Chicago, in a recent issue of Hospital Management. He finds that hospitals were at their cleanest just before World War II, with sterile and antiseptic techniques highly developed and "cross-infection beld to a minimum." In the old days, before antibiotics, he writes, "probationers learning to be nurses were handed a bucket and scrub brush and made to clean the floors as part of their earliest discipline. . . . Some hospitals began the apprenticeship of surgical interns and residents with a tour of floor scrubbing in the operating room and the surgical suite. These experiences left lasting impressions upon surgeons and nurses." Much of this went down the drain when the antibiotics came along. Those were, also, the war years, and hospital help was hard to get.

Doctor Mudd, speaking on this subject before a private ject before a scientific meeting in 1958, ironically quoted Florence Nightingale as saying, in 1857: "The very first requirement of a hospital that it should do the sick no harm." He then cited an example of the lengths to which indifference to antisepsis can go in our antibiotic-worshiping age: "A certain surgical chief insists that bis patients be brought into the operating room on their own beds [instead of a sterile stretcher]. The bed is wheeled next to the operating table and the patient lifted to the operating table. A bacteriologist who has exposed plates at the scene says that the fallout of staphylococci can be detected for minutes afterward. The bacteriologist has protested; nevertheless, the practice continues." Writing about staph in the Scientific American in January, 1959, Doctor Mudd said: "The foci of prevalence are the hospitals, where antibiotics have been employed so extensively in recent years, not only for treatment of diagnosed infection, but also for prophylactic purposes, often with neglect of the standard routines of asepsis and antisepsis. This ironic turn of events has caught physicians ill-prepared with alternatives to anti-

Doctor Letourneau calls for "a return to a state of biological clean-liness in the hospitals"; but he adds: "After a lapse of twenty years, it is difficult to pick up our old aseptic techniques at the point that we abandoned them. But if we are to solve the problem, this must be done. . . This calls for elaborate hand washing, gowning, masking, and, in some instances, the use of rubber gloves." He goes on to make

a statement that will startle most laymen: "Ordinary sanitation should be practiced in hospitals at least as well as it is in hotels and motels." He believes bospitals are not up to hotel levels in terms of giving patients sterilized drinking glasses, sterilized tolte seats with paper seals across them, sterilized and sealed bednans, etc.

An agitated outcry has arisen among bacteriologists to the effect that hospital blankets, pillows, and draperies should be cleaned and sterilized between patients, a demand that will again make laymen gasp

医医性医性性医性性 医性原性医性原生

SMALL GIRL AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING

Wide-eyed beneath her bonnet's rim, She watches as the guests assemble. Excitement fills her to the brim; But now and then, a little tremble Of rosy lip and chin betrays The pang of separation pending. For each beginning, someone pays With an ending.

-R. H. GRENVILLE

with its revelation that this has not been done. And the patients who, under such circumstances, pick up staph infections in the hospitals "may then be," says Doctor Mudd. "sources of spread in families and community."

Along with the decline in hospital sanitation, something else happened, which seems, in retrospect, even more staggering. The bottom dropped out of staphylococcus research. The great research foundations lost a good deal of their interest in paying to solve a problem that seemed about to be liquidated. Staphylococcus research slowed to a crawl.

Until the antibiotics appeared, almost fifty years had been spent in tremendous research, much of it through the Rockefeller Institute, on two other great killers, the streptococci (often responsible for surgical and childbed infections) and the pneumococci (the cause of lobar pneumonia, which was so feared a menace a generation ago). These villains, their natures, their habits were pretty well understood. Effective ways of fighting both, from serums to antisepsis, were being developed. Similar work was just getting under way with regard to the staphy lococcus when it was pinched off. Quite dramatically, we first dropped our guard against this microscopic plant by slackening up on our old hospital sanitary routines, and then, when it turned vicious, we found that we knew much less about it than we needed to know. "This is the toughest problem I've ever had to deal with in the field of infectious disease," says Doctor Mudd, who is a key figure in a world-wide effort to stimulate staphylococcal research. "It's going to be a long, hard fight. It is a critical challenge on every con-tinent in the world."

Basically, the staph germ is a problem because of what might be called its will to live, its very great ability to survive under what ought to be adverse circumstances. Doctor Mudd compares the microscopic plant to the English sparrow on city rooftops or the dandelions on lawns, both of which mock efforts to eradicate them. Staph shows this talent strikingly in the way it develops resistance to the antibiotics. It seems to take about three months, on the average, after a new antibiotic is introduced for resistant strains of staph to appear, leering up at the bacteriologists from the culture plates.

Nobody really knows whether the resistant strains are mutations-i.e., actually new varieties of the bug-or whether they've always been around. Some experts feel that the antibi-otics, by killing off the sensitive strains, have simply given the resistant varieties more room in which to operate—the way weeds spread on a thinned-out and weakened lawn. There is some belief that the milder varieties, by "filling up the environment," formerly held the meaner ones back. Whatever their origin, there is no question that the resistant varieties are menacing. Breast abscesses in new babies, for example, were extremely rare years ago; a doctor might see one or two in many years of practice. "Today, in an outbreak," says Doctor Wentworth, of the Ohio State Department of Health, "breast abscesses in infants are quite common. One Cincinnati doctor never saw a baby breast abscess in fifteen years. Then there was an outbreak of staph, and in a couple of months he saw nine of them."

If the medical profession had used antibiotics only in cases of serious illness and in doses massive enough for a decisive kill of the bacterial enemy, the resistant strains might never have developed. But when the miracle drugs are used for trifling illnesses, in small doses, or are employed for precautionary purposes, like wound dusting, the resistant strains spring up like toadstools in the damp woods. P. H. Medawar, professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at London University, calls the evolution of strains of bacteria resistant to penicillin "the most important evolutionary change we have seen in recent years." "The indiscriminate use of antibiotics has made this problem what it is," says Doctor Mudd. "Among sophisticated hospital people, the idea now is not to use antibiotics except in severe infections when life is in danger."

he answer of the drug and medical worlds has been to hunt for newer, more powerful antibiotics. Some thus discovered have a very good degree of success against staph; but in every case, there are difficulties of reaction or administration, which make it impossible to consider any of the newer discoveries as outof-hand solutions for the world-wide staphylococcus problem. Bacitracin very effective, but, says Doctor Wentworth, "it can be toxic and hard to use. It is useful in staph pneumonia, and when a child is at the point of death, we've used it, and cbild patients have responded to a remarkable extent." The drug is far from being a routine cure. publicity has been given to the exciting recent development of the synthetic penicillins, headed by Staphcillin, which has been hailed as the conqueror of the staphylococcus. "Staphcillin is a useful addition to our armamentarium," says Doctor Mudd. "It does appear to clear up staphylococcus, systemically distributed, as in blood poisoning. The trouble is, it requires injections every four to six hours, around the clock, for two weeks, which means hospitalization, a lot of nursing care, and great expense. It can bardly be regarded as a general solution for our prob-lem." Doctor Wentworth comments: "Staphcillin will sterilize people temporarily. But then you have re-ex-posure. You always come back to

that. Staphcillin looks like a real step forward, but it has been used so little it is a little unfair at this point to try to say what the final result will be. Resistance to other antibiotics developed very rapidly. If it develops more slowly to Staphcillin, that will be a great help.'

The staph germ also shows its lust to live by its ability to survive months and years of dormancy, under circumstances most other germs would consider highly unfavorable. Dr. Frank P. Engley, of the University of Missouri School of Medicine, reported at an annual meeting of the American Public Health Association that staph will live in ice for 66 days; it will linger, alive, in clothes for several months; it will lurk in walls on which it happens to land for as long as 100 days, in meat for 60 days, in vegetables for 8 months, in dis-tilled water for as long as a month. and in blood samples for almost 20 years. It has been found, alive and kicking, in dried-out cultures after 30 years. When it lands in an environment really favorable to it, like a susceptible human being, it subdivides every 20 minutes, doubling itself at that rate, in a frightening fantasy of geometrical progression. While in its human host, it secretes many poisonous substances-some 12 have been recognized so far. These include one that acts against white blood cells, another that destroys the cement holding living tissue together, a third that acts against body proteins, another that makes the blood clot, one that dissolves blood, and so, horribly, on. One of its secretions, penicillinase, keeps penicillin from acting. The hope, in the drive to make synthetic penicillins, is that one will be found which will not be sensitive to penicillinase-i.e., will be resistant to it. In other words, we have to find a germ killer that will be resistant to the germ that, so far, has been resistant to it; this is the promise of Staphcillin.

A great controversy is going on as A great controversy is going on as to whether the staphylococcus is transferred to its victims only by human carriers or also by dissemina-tion through the air. The germ cer-tainly can live in blankets and is shaken out into the air when beds are made, in hospitals or in homes. It has been found in nurses' uniforms, as well as in cultures taken from nurses' noses. Those who believe in air dissemination point out that elevators and laundry chutes in hospitals may act like giant pistons, pushing contaminated air through hospital buildings. They also say that, quite often, the air conditioning and ventilating system in a hospital works the wrong way, moving staph-laden air from the heaps of soiled linen in the laundry department through the patients' quarters. "Sanitary and ventilation engineers are concerned with comfort standards, while we, as doctors, are concerned with the germ load," says Doctor Mudd. "Both groups work away without really knowing what the other's problems are." The Communicable Diseases Center of the United States Public Health Service recently conducted a conference on environmental sanitation," trying to bring together these professions.

It has been said by an expert, Dr. W. A. Murray, writing in the American Journal of Public Health for March, 1958, that staphylococcal infection is like an iceberg submerged in the hospital or community-a small part showing, the rest out of sight. "Failure to appreciate the extent of this infection may be due to a genuine lack of understanding, or



Offer void wherever prohibited, restricted, or where license is required.

to unwillingness to face up to the sit-

uation," says Doctor Mudd.

There is no great passion on the part of the medical community to talk about it-with some honorable exceptions. Digging into the facts about the spread of staph has been done mostly by public-health and university people, and wherever they have dug, they have come up with disquieting information. (On the whole, a more active concern about this plague seems to be expressed in England and in Australia than in the United States; the spread of resistant strains of staphylococci from the hospital into the community was first recognized in Sydney, Australia, a number of years ago.) Doctor Fleck, in his Health News article, traced one line of infection: A young child was hospitalized for a diagnosis of chronic cystic fibrosis. After discharge, the child died of a respiratory infection. Within a week, the mother and father developed staph pneumonia; the mother died of it. The doctor handling the case developed an

abscess. The study showed the direct line of march of the germ, in this

It is possible, by a process called phage testing, to trace a particular strain of staphylococcus and, within limits, follow its course. The staph germ can be killed (in laboratory vessels) by certain viruses that are called bacteriophages. The germ is highly idiosyncratic in this respect; a certain strain will succumb to some of these viruses and not to others.

Continued on page 128



Starch new, easy time-saver

Why starch each garment every time you wash it. Perma Starch stays in thru 8 to 15 washings -doesn't wash out. Irons easier, too. And no "starchy" look, It's wonderful! Try it!

New Improved PERMA STARCH



"It's a Dumas Milner product it's a wife-saver

Continued from page 127

By taking cultures and testing for "phage pattern," it becomes possible to identify and "tag" a strain of staph and follow its wanderings through the population. In the case outlined above, both parents and the doctor were shown to be infected by what is called the 80/81 strain, a strain often found in hospitals.

Doctor Fleck believes there is evidence that the prevalence of these strains in the general community will increase, and be mentions Australia, where "resistant strains are successfully implanting themselves in the general population." While he does not consider that it is typical for a family in contact with a recently discharged hospital patient to acquire infection, he says "the presence of even minor pustular disease in a newborn is potentially dangerous for the family.... An infant returning home with even a minor pustule may be a hazard to siblings." He finds that from one to four per cent of hospitalborn infants develop such pustules, even during a nonepidemic period; during an active outbreak, of course, the percentage goes much higher. Dr. W. R. Geidt, in The Modern

Hospital for April, 1958, reported that patients in a large hospital, admitting about a thousand people a month, showed a total of 189 staph infections during a three-and-a-half-month survey. Of these, 57 were brought in by patients, who had developed them before admission; 100 cases of infection developed during the hospital stay, and 32 showed up in patients after they were discharged.

These figures show the importance of having hospitals make follow-up studies of their patients after dis-charge, to see what they've carried away with them. Yet comparatively few hospitals make such studies. Reporters engaged in research for this McCall's survey in such typical cit-ies as Los Angeles and New Orleans found a general indifference toward the matter of following up. (These cities are mentioned as typical, not as exceptions.)

N eed for follow-up study was strik-ingly shown by Dr. R. T. Ravenholt, director of the Division of Communicable Diseases of the Seattle-King County Department of Public Health and a great pioneer in the staph, and by Dr. G. D. LaVeck, associate epidemiologist at the University of Washington School of Medicine, in a classic inquiry in 1956. They discovered, by means of telephone follow-up interviews of discharged patients, that 21 per cent of newborn infants and 6.9 per cent of their mothers in a number of Seattle hospitals had suffered "suppurative illness," meaning stapbylococcal infection. These percentages, applied to the total number of births for the year in Seattle-King County (19,000) indicated that about 4,000 infants and 1,300 mothers bad experienced "hospital-derived suppurative illness during the year." These illnesses included mastitis and various skin, genital, and pneumonic infections. Doctor Ravenholt and several associates, interestingly, also discovered an outbreak of boils, a typical staphylococcic infection, among workers in a Seattle poultry establishment, which had recently begun to use an anti-biotic to prolong the "shelf life" of killed chickens. (The process was abandoned soon afterward.)

Perhaps part of our seeming indifference to the iceberg epidemic is due to the fact that it is hard to connect with the original hospital stay an outbreak of, say, boils, six months after a member of the family has been in a hospital, and then, perhaps, an abscess two years later, and maybe an onslaught of staph pneumonia a year later still. But an increasing number of experts is beginning to see the iceberg clearly, even through these murky waters.

Dr. Alton Ochsner, Sr., noted surgeon and head of the Ochsner Foundation Hospital in New Orleans, says that he has been seeing more cases of staph pneumonia recently, especially among children. He does not believe that New Orleans has a particularly severe problem, but adds: "People have to realize that they can't demand antibiotics. They will not always do good. People have

WHERE IS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND?

Have you seen her again recently in the rerelease of Gone With the Wind? Remember her from Anthony Adverse? But she is still a very young. very darling woman. And she has become so deft as a writer that we are delighted to be able to present to our readers Olivia's personal story-her personal story, every word of it written by her. A condensation of her forthcoming book, My War with France.

In the August issue of McCall's

lost the fear of infection because of medical advances."

Dr. George H. Hauser, of the Louisiana Department of Health, has observed that the 80/81 strain of staph has been leading to sores or abscesses in the liver and kidney and has been found lately to be common-ly the cause of lung infections in children. He has definitely noticed that particular households become staph victims, with recurrent cycles of infection. "You see this all the time," he says. "One person infects the other." He has also observed a recent increase in staph pneumonia. If individual staphylococcal infections were reported in the commu-nity, he says, "they would clutter the books." However, they are not. Two leading New Orleans pediatricians reported that staph cases in their city (which was selected at random for this survey) were on the increase. One doctor reported dealing with two cases of staph infection, both resistant to treatment, during the fortnight preceding. One was a bad case of boils; the other, staph pneumonia.

Many hospitals in Los Angeles have "infection committees" (about which more later); but since few make follow-up studies of discharged patients, they have little to offer in the way of data about the hidden epidemic. Increasing precautions are being taken at a number of Los Angeles hospitals. In one, "all newborn babies in nurseries are considered contaminated," which is quite a comment on the hidden epidemic-and perhaps even on the twentieth century. Each baby has his own thermometer, his own basket of diapers, with his name on it; each nurse must wash ber hands between touching individual babies. There is a report that one Los Angeles area hospital attempted a follow-up study of discharged patients, but authorities decided they could not afford the time and money for the job, and it was given up.

United States Surgeon General Burney, speaking of the staphylococ-cus in 1958, said: "The stakes in this national problem are truly awful." Staph doesn't make headlines, because of its nature; it works quietly. But an Eastern hospital reports that it admitted twice as many patients with staphylococcal infections in 1958 as in 1956. In a Midwestern state, a family who had been in-volved in a staph outbreak in a large city moved to a rural town. Some months later, staphylococcal infections began to show up in this country district. Was there a connection? In our present stage of research and knowledge, say local health officials, they don't really know. A British doctor has discovered live staphylococcus germs in the skin area around a healed lesion three to five years after the infection had apparently been cured. In Ohio, says Doctor Wentworth, "on a couple of occasions, someone in a factory has come to an industrial nurse, complaining of a carbuncle. We've checked back; there's a new baby in the family. We go back to the hospital in which the baby was delivered, and we find an undetected outbreak of staphylococcus infection. This might be several months after the baby was born. The hospital itself may be unaware of what is going on."

he United States Public Health The United States I would be Service, concerned about the problem, has held major conferences on the staphylococcus, starting in 1958, in which about fifty medical organizations have participated. Out of this and similar meetings has come the idea of infection committees in each hospital, such as that mentioned above. Such a hospital committee, composed of top staff members, is supposed to tour the entire hospital plant every week or so, to take cultures at various points, and to study, with a fresb eye, all procedures-from the passing out of food to the removal of soiled linenthat might communicate infection Nurses and orderlies with boils or infected pimples are, to an increasing extent, being kept away from pa-tients, and cultures are being taken of nose secretions of hospital help, to spot carriers. Doctors are being discouraged from wandering casually through hospital nurseries; the pro-posal has been made that they be excluded and that babies be passed out to them, through a window, for examination. Isolation areas are being established in some hospitals, to keep staph victims segregated. A large literature is growing up on the subject, as hospital experts seriously address themselves to the problem. It is plain that a good deal of early antibiotic optimism has caved in, in spite of the acknowledged wonders the wonder drugs have performed.

Hospitals have discovered that crowding seems a factor; hospitalnursery epidemics usually taper off when nurseries are evacuated and babies parceled out among several rooms. It is significant that the germ seems to spread more readily within a home than between homes. There is even a theory that staph strikes only when it is accompanied by a particular virus. Doctor Ravenholt feels that the spread of staph from hospital to community has been lessening lately in his home area of Seattle. Against this, we have a clear feeling in other cities, such as New Orleans, that it has been increasing. We need a national attack on the

Continued on page 130



New! For "instant" wrapping...

Just pop in—fold over—it's wrapped to stay fresh! Protected the sure way, the pure way—with clean, clear wax (and plenty of it!). Handiest ever for any size sandwich—cake, pie—leftovers, too. Try transparent Waxtex Sandwich Bags. Such a big convenience!

Same fine Waxtex comes in the



Biggest, roomiest you can buy!
Waxtex Sandwich
Bags in the handy
flip-top carton

Fine products of American Can Company



box!



...in Milk of Magnesia _the remedy doctors recommend

Children like the taste of Mint-Flavored Phillips'. And mothers like the gentle but thorough relief it brings from both constipation and acid indigestion.

We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!" It's a thorough laxative. Phillips' gently relieves constipation, and also the acid indigestion which so often accompanies constination.

It's a speedy antacid. Phillips' settles an upset stomach in seconds! Gas pains and other acid discomforts seem to vanish.

It's pleasant to take. Choose Regular or refreshing Mint-Flavored Phillips'. Both the same price.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

Continued from page 128 problem, better national statistics, and a sufficient allocation of federal research funds to make up for the dead and lost years. But the last major allotment the United States Public Health Service received for staphylococcal research was \$1,500,000, and that was three years ago. Hardly anyone in the field considers this adequate.

Another possible approach to the problem is that of decontaminating the environment. Under this concept, chemicals with the ability to kill the staph germ on contact over long periods of time, through a residual action, are incorporated in wall paint; added to floor waxes, laundry liquids, cleaning solutions; put into air-conditioning filters; and so on. The idea is to make the entire environment not only sterile, but a continuous killer of the staph germ. One substance that has caused a considerable amount of excitement in medical circles is called Permachem. Because it is a proprietary product, owned by a small research company, there is a certain reluctance among doctors to talk about it; but it has been used in a number of hospitals, especially following epidemic out-breaks. The Veterans Administration thinks enough of it to be testing it elaborately in two entire wards at its hospital facility in Los Angeles. An experiment using Permachem com-pounds, at a New York hospital, as reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association for April 4, 1959, showed a decline in bacterial counts of more than 80 per cent on tested floors, as compared with untreated control floors. A leading bacteriologist calls Permachem "hopeful" and feels that "it deserves very careful critical evaluation."

The purpose of the decontaminated-

The purpose of the decontaminatedenvironment school is, of course, to prevent not only infection but reinfection, to break up the cycle of the passage of the germs from people to environment and back to people. Even in wall paints, the compounds, which are forms of organic tin, seem to retain their ability to kill germs over long periods of time. Tests of Permachem are under way in Florida and other areas in private homes. The infected home is a particularly vicious problem; families have even sold their homes and moved to escape from the danger. The decontaminated-environment partisans say: "It's use-less merely to segregate carriers of the germ and leave the environment polluted; new people will become carriers in a few days. Merely sterilizing surfaces doesn't solve it; the germs can be back in four hours. You need something that offers a continuous kill and breaks the cycle." Thus, by a chemical route, we may return, in a new way, to the old days of fanatical hospital sanitation.

ne organization, concerned with staph research receives letters like these, giving some indication of the nature of this dilemma, especially in the hidden area that does not make headlines. A California woman: "We have had staph in our family for five years, and we have tried everything." A mother, writing from a small town in Michigan: "My son has been plagued with staph since his birth a year ago." A Massachusetts woman: "We have a baby in the hospital with staph pneu-monia." A North Hollywood, Cali-fornia, mother: "My son has had numerous staphylococcal infections for the last two years. In the last attack, he broke out with twelve boils." A Kansas City woman: "Frankly, I'm desperate." An Illinois woman: "We have been repeatedly coming down with staphylococcus infections for the last four years. We are at the point where we are about to lose our jobs through continued and repeated illness." A man from Boston: "We've had a house full of sickness ever since my wife brought our baby home with a staph infection four years ago." Southern doctor: "I am a practicing surgeon, and I am apparently a carrier of the so-called resistant staph. My wife has been plagued with recurrent infections for the past eighteen months. We've both been 'phaged,' and found to type 80/81."

"It's not a very pleasant prospect if it hits you," says Doctor Wentworth. There are certain measures an affected family can take, which are of help. It is important that recurrent staph infections, such as boils, skin lesions, abscesses, etc., be phage tested and also tested for antibiotic sensitivity; if the strain involved is resistant to certain antibiotics, then dosing the patient with those antibiotics is worse than useless. "Control by asepsis in the household environment is not easily achieved," writes Doctor Fleck in his Health News article. "Hands , should be washed before and after contact with anyone with a suppurative lesion [a running sore]. Separate bathing towels, washcloths, drinking glasses, etc., should be recommended. . . . Certainly an infant with a suppurative lesion, or any other person with a suppurative lesion of the skin or respiratory tract, should not sleep in the same room or bed with other children. Tub baths should be avoided, since this disseminates organisms to unaffected skin in the same or other person. Shower bathing should be the rule. Bathing under the shower should be scheduled in the same way that operating-room procedures are scheduled in our hospitals. Persons without lesions should bathe first, and those with lesions last. The bathtub and other moist areas, such as the sink, should be rinsed out with hexachlorophene or other effective germicide."

Other experts add to this list of precautions the warning that clothes must really be sterilized, by boiling, that dishes and washcloths must be placed in live boiling water or steam. Dr. Perry Hudson, prominent New York surgeon and chief of the Department of Urology at Montefiore Hospital, feels that abscesses and boils should be cared for surgically and that members of the family so affected should, ideally, be isolated from the others—which, he says, is virtually impossible to achieve in the home. It is, in fact, virtually impossible possible to achieve in this world.

The ultimate answer to the letters quoted depends on break-throughs in sanitation and medicine, which means intensified research. In other words, the answer must be sought in Washington. However, there is not even a bill for increased staphylococcal research pending. To send tear sheets of this article to one's Congressman would perhaps be about as effective as any other therapeutic measure handily available. THE END

All things considered

Continued from page 18

came to the hotel landing, we were first greeted with a low bow by the suave and obsequious manager, followed quickly by a dirty look as soon

as he saw the pugs.

Now, to be honest, Venice is not a
good place for dogs, especially pugs.
It is too warm; there is not a blade of
grass to sniff at; and cats and dogs
dominate the city. Our dogs are

quite aggressive the cats and rats natural vendett against newcor counter our pr

Anyway, the Venice, we landed manager vabsence a disappoint haven't br What a pi

Let's talk Every the Duke the world school to graciousl charge, for it, they do it with finesse. To them, it's a game, and one minds a little less when it is done with subtlety.

Last summer, we had a classic ex-

ample of the more aggressive treatment. The Duke likes a large glass of grapefruit juice at breakfast, and he was enjoying it every day for the first week at our hotel. Then, one morning, we got the bill, and I noticed that this simple habit was costing an equivalent of two dollars per glass. I informed him that he would have to forgo his vitamin C in this form. Now, this was not a case of "it isn't the money, it's the priniple of the thing"-it was the money! My directive brought on an immete explosion on the part of the , who sailed down to the cashier manded an explanation. With houlder shrug and a tone of t implies the listener is an Printed right there was, uit-\$1.00." A large

the Duke. When
to a subject as
though.
find out the
of grapeback.

grapefruit, so why

triumphantly bearing six grapefruit, for which he had paid ninety cents! The cashier was embarrassed and adjusted the bill, and the Duke continued to enjoy his morning refreshment. However, we squeezed it ourselves in the room, and, do you know, it actually tasted more delicious.

As far as tipping goes, I think Americans are inclined to overtip in Europe. But it's a little like the old saying, "You're dammed if you do and damned if you don't." Maybe, with all the talk about America's losing its gold into the pockets of Europe, waiters over here will take a more understanding attitude when an American tips the way he would at

When all is said and done, I think the real trouble with us all at vacationtime is that we are trying too hard to get away from people. Everyone is searching for a divine little spot, unspoiled by tourists: but aren't we all tourists the minute we leave our own home town?

An overworked immigration official might have the answer to the whole problem. When asked by a constant traveler what happens when a passport gets filled up before its expiration date, he replied immediately, "Stay home."

THE END

a matter of the mind

What's back of a lack of appetite

In last month's column, I discussed the problems of people who chronically overeat. I explained that they suffered from a deep-seated feeling of emptiness, a sense of being deprived or dispossessed sometime early in their lives, and that they were constantly trying, in later years, to fill that void with food.

On the opposite side of the picture is the person who chronically undereats, who constantly hovers on the brink of malnutrition, because his appetite is so frail or his food tastes are so fastidious, and who seems to find none of the normal pleasures in his meals. Like the overeater, the person suffering from anorexia (a lack of appetite or an aversion to eating) may have any one of a number of eccentric eating patterns, which often serve to disguise how little he really eats. A teen-ager may starve herself with the explanation that she is on a diet, merely trying to lose a few extra pounds. A man may eat very little, excusing himself on the grounds that a great many foods disagree with him, that he has a "delicate" stomach and must be very careful not to upset it.

It is not unusual for women to claim to distrust others' standards of sanitation and to refuse to eat anything they have not cooked themselves. Other people contrive to limit their diets entirely to foods served in their childhood homes, reluctant even to sample a dish unless it is something their mothers once served them. And still others manage to lose themselves so thoroughly in a career that they consistently "forget" to eat. But all these are substitute reasons. The real cause of undereating lies much deeper.

Different as the problems appear to be, undereating and overeating spring from the same source. Both have their origin in very early experiences, and both manifest themselves in later life in a gnawing and frustrating feeling that something is missing. The compulsive eater (usually an essentially optimistic person) tries to solve his problem in an infantile but at least pleasurable way, by satisfying his craving for affection and understanding with food. And while he does not arrive at any permanent solution that way, he can manage to remain relatively happy much of the time. The poor eater, on the other hand, tries to exorcise his feeling of frustration through self-abuse, an unconscious effort to punish someone else by punishing himself. And since food and mother love are closely connected in our subconscious minds, the person being "punished" is almost always his mother.

One of the most extreme cases I have ever seen was a woman in her thirties whose food eccentricities were astonishing. She ate just enough to keep alive, would not touch any food she had not cooked herself, and subsisted on thoroughly unappetizing concoctions of a thin, gruel-like consistency. As a girl, this woman had been abnormally dependent on her mother. Then, in her twenties, she had broken with her with such neurotic intensity that she refused ever to see her at all, and when the mother moved into the same neighborhood, hoping at least to catch an occasional glimpse of her daughter, the younger woman refused to leave the house. One day, she learned that her mother was critically ill and that there was no one to take care of her. Without hesitation, she went to the mother's house and cared for her for several months, until she died. With the position of dependency reversed, not only was she able to give her mother the loving attention she had long withheld, but with a dramatic suddenness, her aversion to eating disappeared and her habits became nearly normal.

Another woman lived all her life with a different kind of food aversion. Born and brought up in a very poor family, she married a man, also very poor, who later became enormously rich. When her husband died, he left her a fortune. She lived on a very lavish scale in a luxurious house and gave thousands of dollars to charity; but she ate very little and refused to keep in the house any food beyond her own bare necessities. When her daughters took their children to visit her, they would have to bring a bottle of milk, since they knew her refrigerator would contain nothing at all. This

woman's problem, which she never solved—and, so far as I know, never tried to—was also an attachment to her mother, long dead, and a feeling that she must always limit herself to a diet as meager as her mother's had, necessarily, been.

Both these are, of course, extreme examples. In more moderate cases, it is even possible for anorexia to be sublimated into a form of positive pleasure. For example, a man 1 knew had developed his fastidiousness in food to such a degree that he could analyze the ingredients of the most complicated dish merely by tasting it. It became a kind of parlor trick, and hostesses would present him with the subtlest combinations they could find, to test his prowess.

Other poor eaters have translated their aversion into a highly refined taste in food and have become gourmets. So long as they are able to satisfy that taste, they can find both nourishment and pleasure in particular kinds of food. Usually, too, such people surround both cooking and eating with many elaborate rituals, which also give them pleasure and help stimulate their frail appetites.

In a society that admires slim, spare bodies, it is evident why a person who overeats would want to make the effort to solve his problem, but somewhat less obvious why a person who undereats should be very much concerned about correcting the condition. And many people, like the wealthy woman with the empty larder, do simply live with their lack of appetite.

However, anorexia does not exist by itself, but reflects a state of more general frustration and unhappiness. The person who consistently undereats is one whose self-esteem is low, a person without a normal, healthy amount of narcissism. In most moderate cases of anorexia, the physical effects are not the most serious problem. One way or another, he can usually coax an appetite at least large enough to ensure a reasonable intake of food. But the emoinal toll that self-abuse takes is likely to be heavier. It requires a lot of emotional energy to repress a normal and recurrent desire like the desire for food. Whether he knows it or not, the poor eater really wants and needs both the nourishment and the satisfaction of food; and although he is seldom aware of it, he is imposing an exhausting self-discipline to deny himself this pleasure.

A young woman whose emotional problems took the form of not eating once said to me: "There are so many things I want to do, but don't. It isn't that I don't have the time—I just don't have the heart." Constant self-deprivation does rob us of heart, of enthusiasm, of curiosity, of the courage to try things. It makes us feel old and tired and defeated. When we can rid ourselves of the compulsion, we release this emotional energy for more pleasant and profitable uses. If we no longer need it for negative prevention, we can apply it to positive accomplishment.

Of course, an aversion to food may have physical causes. Certain diseases of the liver, for example, are characterized by this symptom, or an operation or prolonged high fever may produce anorexia. Sometimes, too, a lack of appetite is connected with a temporary emotional problem—a severe shock, a period of extreme tension or pressure may rob us of our normal appetite for days or weeks. However, such cases are easily diagnosed, and we can be assured that when the disease is under control or the pressures have subsided, our previously normal appetite will return of its own accord. The cure for chronic anorexia is not so simple.

Like the compulsive overeater, the compulsive undereater is sometimes cured spontaneously by a new and rewarding relationship. Or, occasionally, life may provide a way of ridding ourselves of our sense of dependency—as it did for the woman whose mother suddenly needed her help and attention.

But the problem of the undereater is more deeply rooted than that of the overeater, and so less likely to find an accidental solution. And failing such a spontaneous cure, it may be worthwhile to enlist professional help in examining the real source of the trouble and in laying the ghost that causes the feeling of dispossession or dependency—not so much for the pounds it will add, as for the potential of new freedom, pleasure, and peace of mind it will bring.

MY WORLD AT LARGE · BY DAVE GARROWAY

There is no bliss in ignorance. Proof of this reversal of the cliché is easy to find. Look about you at the average American's uneasy state of mind. We are more confused and perplexed, and we are going off in more directions at once, than at any other time in our history. To be sure, the world is more complex than it has ever been; but that's not the cause of our uneasiness. I believe it's the direct result of simple ignorance about the world we live in, about our country's place in that world, about ourselves in that world.

William Lederer has written a book called A Nation of Sheep. It's rather shocking when an author says he doubts that many people will read beyond the first few pages; but he does say this, and I believe him. Most of us really don't know what is going on. We glance at a headline; we hear an incapsulated news broadcast; we accept the information without question and bury our heads deeper and deeper in the sand. That we are mentally suffocating ourselves and our nation hardly occurs to most of us. Yet it is very difficult to breathe with your head in the sand.

The most discouraging aspect of the situation is that we think we are pros in self-government and in world leadership. Ours is the richest and most important country, and I guess we wonder, "Why should we change our ways?" But what do we, as individuals, know about self-government and world leadership and events that are happening?

More important, what do we ask to know about them? Information, like other commodities, is governed largely by supply and demand—and we demand very little information from our government, from our news services, from anybody. Why do we know so little, and apparently want to know so little, about our government, about our relations with other countries, and about our true position in the world and, even more significant, in space?

These are pretty big questions.
I've asked them because of a series
of interviews I recently did with folks
walking along the street in the bright
sunshine—folks from all over the United
States, visiting New York or living there. I

asked two questions of twenty people chosen at random. I challenge you to ask ten people the same questions. First: Why did we send troops to Korea? Second: Why don't we recognize Red China? It seems reasonable that people should know the answers. We lost 54,000 men in Korea. We might, in a similar situation in the future, lose 54,000 more. Should we not know why? Red China is one of the largest, most active nations. Shouldn't we understand our government's relationship with this nation?

The answers I got were startling. Two persons didn't know we had sent troops to Korea. Two others—in their

thirties—didn't know there is a Korea or was a Korean war. Almost none of the twenty indicated any knowledge of the police action initiated in response to a Communist-inspired attack by the North Koreans. No one knew that this was the first backing-up-with-force of our reiterated statement that we would not allow the Communists to take another bite out of the free world. No one knew that this was the beginning of a new kind of world for all of us.

Of the twenty, none knew that Red China has never asked for recognition, has never asked to be a member of the United Nations. Nobody mentioned that the United Nations, according to its charter, accepts as members only "peace-loving states." Three people told me Red China wasn't recognized because Chiang Kai-shek is a bad man.

I asked the same people about Elizabeth Taylor—this was when she was battling pneumonia in the London clinic. All twenty knew some facts about her condition, the seriousness of her illness, the prognosis. They knew what Eddie Fisher said, what her parents said. Some could even give her latest temperature and pulse rate. Miss Taylor's health is important, of course; but don't the temperature and the heartbeat of the nation rate equal interest?

How typical these people are, I cannot say. I know there are knowledgeable Americans all around the world who are eager to share their knowledge and experience

with us. It's about time we pulled our heads out of the sand and joined the human race. And it's a race in more ways than one. If

we don't win it, we shall lose it. I ask you, knowing what you do about Communist treatment of Hungary, Poland, the Ukraine, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia—the list is long—to consider what treatment you think you would re-

Be a historian for your child. What started out as a whim of mine is turning into a worthwhile project, and, as the Navy chief said in South Pacific, "That's what I like, captain. Projects." This is the most vital and event-

ceive should we lose the race.

filled time in the world's history. And, as always, the deeds of the present generation will shape the destiny of the next. The next is, for me, my daughter, Paris; my sons, Michael and three-year-old David. Paris and Michael are pretty much aware of what's going on; but David isn't quite up to reading the New York *Times* every day. And often I've been frustrated in my desire to explain to him some of the political maneuverings and scientific discoveries, because these will affect his future. At his tender age, however, the mysteries of the letters in alphabet soup provide sufficient intellectual activity, and the contents of a cookie jar are continued on page 148



YOU NEED NEVER SIFT AGAIN NO MATTER WHAT YOU BAKE!



We invite you to try

Robin Hood PRE-SIFTED Flour

ond sove money, too, by

using this coupon!

SAVE 15¢

ON YOUR NEXT PURCHASE OF ANY BAG OF Robin Hood, Flour

Mr. Grocer: You are authorized to redeem this coupon as our agent for 156 only when applied on the purchase of any bag of Robin Hood Flour by a customer at your store on or before expiration date. Use in any other manner constitutes fraud. Customer must pay any sales tax. If redeemed as a surhorized, we will reimburse you 156 (plus 2 handling) rounded you surnowed this coupon to the control of the coupon and the control of the coupon and the coupon are a Station, Minreapolis, Minnesota Surrender through outside agencies or others will not be honored, larvices proving your purchase within 90 days prior to expiration of this coupon of sufficient Robin Hood Flour to cover this and other like coupons surrendered for reimbursement must be shown on request. This coupon is you'd where prohibited, taxed, ficense required or otherwise restricted. Cash value 1/20 of 14.

restricted. Cash value 1/20 of 1t.

LIMIT ONE TO FAMILY International Milling Company EXPIRES DECEMBER 30, 1961

You Must Present Robin Hood Flour and Coupon Together at Check Out Counter

A Product of International Milling Company

Enicket Robin Hood, Flour

High Protein Richness Gives You Better Baking!





The OPEN PIT*Barbecue Sauce helps you make everyday foods flavor*happy

*It's a blend of mellow flavors and tangy spices, simmered over a slow fire to give you a barbecue in a bottle.



THE OPEN PIT IS A REGISTERED TRACE MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION FOR SARRECUE SAUCE. © 1961. G.F.C

The secret of getting into Harvard

Continued from page 45

Dakota high school. His father, a farmer, had heart trouble; John helped his mother run the farm. Doctor bills left no money for sending him to college. His test scores were better than those of Lucra and Smith; but they weren't high enough to make colleges run after him with a scholarship-even if they had been enterprising enough to poke around in South Dakota for bright boys who didn't play football.

Today, these three boys-the Spanish-American from California, the Negro from Mississippi, and the farm boy from South Dakota-have something in common besides the nearpoverty of their parents. All three are sophomores at Harvard.

Along with sixteen other boys from poor families, poor backgrounds, and poor high schools, they are members of an educational experiment so secret that not even the boys themselves know they are in it. (To protect this secrecy, the identities of the boys have been disguised here.) To their instructors, to their classmates, and to themselves, they are merely students on scholarships-like some 1,200 of Harvard's 4,500 undergraduates who have been able to show varying degrees of need for financial aid. Their true histories, their "disadvantaged" backgrounds, and the fact that they wouldn't be at Harvard at all except for the gambling instinct of an anonymous donor are known to no one except members of the admissions and financial-aids staff.

The nineteen boys-nine freshmen and ten sophomores, all of whom made it through their freshman year -are members of what Dean of Admissions and Financial Aids Fred L. Glimp calls the "gamble project." All in all, they are the un-Ivyest bunch of scholars ever to stroll through Harvard Yard.

ow they happen to be there is How they happen to be even more intriguing—and important-than the mystery that surrounds their identity. Despite the great contribution the College Board tests have made to measuring and forecasting the ability of high-school students to do college work, many educators have become increasingly aware that they aren't infallible. Too many high-scoring boys from top high schools, public and private, with "good" family backgrounds and liv-ing in the "best" suburbs, have had disappointing records in college. They don't flunk out; they merely "underachieve"-coasting along with B's and C's and not knocking themselves out to take advantage of the college's intellectual stimulation.

Dean John U. Monro, Dean of Harvard College, along with other educators, began to ask: "Do the tests really give us a true picture of how a boy will perform in college? What about the factors they don't measure: integrity, maturity, ambi-tion, perseverance? Are we missing boys who would give their right arm to be at a place like Harvard, but who can't afford it and, more important, have grown up in homes and gone to schools that have neither brought out their true potential nor strengthened the verbal and mathematical skills that show up in the College Board tests?"

"It is painfully clear," Monro be-came convinced, "that we do not know much about measuring human ability. The tests we now use often have a cultural bias, favoring students from the right side of the tracks

and from the right schools." On what basis, he asked himself, except crude guesswork and gamble, does anyone now encourage a boy or girl from the wrong side to commit himself to the tough competition of college? It seemed that the time had come to take a few chances if Harvard was to avoid becoming just a school for boys whose dads could dig up all or most of the \$12,000 it now takes to out a boy through four years as an undergraduate. In 1959, Harvard per-suaded a wealthy New Yorker, who had contributed to other scholarships and who also liked to gamble on human promise, to give it \$50,000 to

 ${
m Y}$ ou hear a lot in college circles today about "talent searching." The College Entrance Examination Board ran a three-day colloquium on it at Arden House, in Harriman, New York, in 1959. Dean Monro was the chairman. The original talent seeker, one of the speakers pointed out, was Napoleon. Of humble origin himself, the little corporal hoped to find a field marshal's baton in any village boy's knapsack. Dean Monro applauds Napoleon's foresight, but adds wryly: "Sure, but don't forget he killed a lot of bright people while he was looking.

Today, Dean Monro wishes that colleges would be as interested in dis-covering "young brains" as football coaches are in discovering "young brawns." "It is a fantastic irony," he feels, "that no matter how bad the high school, how poor the family, how dull the mind-the gifted athlete gets to college. The success with which American colleges conduct their search for talented athletes, in wrong schools as well as right, is a hopeful sign of what we might be able to accomplish someday for good young minds, once the colleges sense as great an obligation to provide education for the able as to stage circuses for the mob."

The problem is becoming increasingly critical, the dean thinks. "We may be sure that able youngsters from the wrong side of the tracks and from the wrong schools will be hurt worst in the squeeze now developing at all colleges.

Part of the difficulty is that colleges that do try to recruit bright students do most of their recruiting in the easy places-or, at least, in the same places: upper-class, suburban high schools. Seldom are their alumni organized to scour big-city slums or trek to crossroads hamlets in Nebraska for seven-foot minds, the way they do for seven-foot basketball players. When they do look for nonathletes, they spend their time, complains Richard G. King, Harvard's associate director of admissions and financial aids, working on kids who have already decided on going to college somewhere.

You would think that a key man in talent searching sbould be the guidance counselor, now found in most large high schools. But Dr. Samuel A. Stouffer, who until bis death last fall was professor of sociology and director of the Laboratory of Social Relations at Harvard, understood what the counselor was up against. "The counselor has, on the one hand," he said, "the demanding parents of white-collar children forever on his neck, concerned to get Johnnie and Susie into the right college, even though their IQs barely break a hundred. On the other hand, he has the lower-class delinquents and troublemakers who throw bricks through windows. So it is no wonder that he has little time for the really bright workingman's son who is coasting along in the commercial course, making nice grades of B or C and not throwing bricks through windows."

The nineteen boys in Harvard's gamble project are not the usual near-genius type from low-income, white-collar families who turn up with scholarships because they score so high on entrance tests that every college wants them and who are no gamble at all. The typical fullscholarship boy may be poor; but he has gone to a good high school, has a secure home life, and his parents, if

................. I WONDER AS I LAUNDER

How to bless thee, little man, Who keep at Camp thy coat of tan, And send thy laundry home this week With mustard smeared upon the cheek

Of thy Sunday pantaloons; Who spent thy rainy afternoons Working on a model rocket (And left the glue tube in thy pocket).

Bless the kiss that jelly leaves, Wiped from lips to T-shirt sleeves? The gum of all thy bubbles burst? The orange pop that missed thy

Young man, I vow someday I will Make thy tan hide tanner. Still, Across the miles, my blessing reaches With the pouring on of bleaches.

-AILEEN FITZPATRICK

they didn't go to college themselves, value an education and want him to have one.

The gamble boy is poor, too; but he has gone to a school that sends few of its graduates to college. He may come from a broken home. His father may be a laborer or a farm worker; his mother, a waitress, cook, or cleaning woman. The family's annual income is probably about \$4,000. Neither of his parents went to college. One or both may not have fin-ished high school. They have never given much thought to their son's going to college and may even be against it.

"The thing that sets these boys apart," says Dean Glimp, an un-Ivvish Idahoan, who enrolled at Harvard after starting life on a farm, "is that their backgrounds and their aspirations are worlds apart.'

How are such boys found? A few turn up voluntarily in the thousands of applications Harvard gets each year for scholarship aid. But be-cause, in the words of Richard King, Harvard is "most concerned with the talented student who does not knock on our doors by himself, but who is hiding his light under a basket in a city slum, a cotton field, or a mountain shack," the college has to go out and find most of the boys. The admissions office gets tips from alumni, school principals, and increasingly from special agencies on the lookout for promising boys in unpromising places. One such group is the National Scholarship and Service Fund for Negro Students, which has turned up a number of candidates for Harvard and other colleges. Leads also come from the Association on American Indian Affairs, the Boys Club

of New York, the Guidance Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin, and similar organizations.

If a boy sounds promising, the admissions office asks a Harvard alumnus living nearby to interview him and send a report. The report has to be enthusiastic.

"A boy with hidden talent from the middle of nowhere needs an advocate, and he needs a strong one," declares Richard King, "An alumnus who is really sold on a boy can exert a healthy pressure on us, so that a boy from a school relatively unknown to us can compete on an equal basis with candidates from 'feeder' schools.'

For the gamble fund, especially, the admissions office is looking for phrases like these in letters from high-school teachers and others who know a boy:

'The kind who gives all he's got to achieve.

'Self-motivated and sets the pace for other students.

"Has a genuine thirst for knowl-

edge per se."

"I have taught students who made higher marks, but none who studied by his initiative more intensively and extensively."

"He is from a dogmatically religious, doggoned poor, and under-privileged family. They are attempting to run a farm in the old-fashioned way, by main strength, and, as a consequence, George has had to work hard for no pay-night, holidays, and Sundays.

"This boy has an inner glow that distinguishes the small company of students that can rightly be called first-rate.

"Seems to possess an inner determination to achieve well-not for grades, but because of his insatiable desire for knowledge.

Fine recommendations? Certainly, "Actually, though," says Dean Glimp, "these are just extreme examples of the qualities we look for and hope to find in every student.

Because Harvard expects every boy to contribute something toward his college expenses, most of the gamble boys have part-time jobs. have been helped by Harvard alumni clubs, and a few have taken loans. The average grant from the fund is just over \$1,600, which about pays for a boy's tuition and room.

It is not easy for a gamble boy to adjust suddenly to the scholarly and tradition-encrusted atmosphere of Harvard. He has to get used to both the upper-middle-class air and the comparative bigness of the university. If he grew up in a home without books and went to a school without a library, he may feel be-wildered by talk of Marlowe, Mon-taigne, and Mill. "When we lose an obviously able boy from an extremely disadvantaged home and school background," observes Richard King, "I can't help wondering whether it was the size of the jump, rather than the height of the new level, that did the damage."

To help ease this transition, about ten per cent of the gamble fund has been used to send some of the boys to summer school at a New England prep school. One liked the smalltown New England atmosphere so well he decided to go to Amherst!

Unlike a suburban youth, who has grown up with the idea that he would inevitably go to college, the gamble boy is likely to wonder what he's doing there, particularly how he ever got to Harvard. He may have what psychologists call a "negative egoimage" of himself-or, in plain language, to think that he is probably

Continued on page 136



12-year study reveals crucial facts for every woman who shops or cooks

In what is by far the largest frozen food research program ever undertaken, United States Department of Agriculture scientists have tested tens of thousands of packages of frozen fruits, vegetables, meats and pre-cooked foods.

Redbook now brings you a frank, uncensored report on what these experts have discovered. Be sure to read it because knowing the facts will help you serve frozen foods at their peak of perfection, help you preserve their nutritional value.



and help you protect the health of your family and guests.

Redbook also furnishes a chart for you to use as a guide in buying and caring for frozen foods.

Don't miss July

REDBOOK

THE MOST HOPE LIES IN THE MOST HOPELESS

Today leukemia is a hopeless form of cancer. But by one of science's strange paradoxes, leukemia research may bring the first break-through in the control of all cancer!

There is an undercurrent of excitement in the nation's cancer research laboratories. Suddenly, a new word appears in the leukemia story. The word is hope.

New drugs are already in use, prolonging the lives of leukemia victims. Leukemia induced in laboratory animals has been cured.

Most important, there is growing evidence that leukemia—one of the foremost disease-killers of children—may be caused by a virus.

Why is this so important? Because it presents hope for the discovery of a leukemia vaccine—which might someday be the break-through leading to the control of all cancers!

The American Cancer Society is now giving one out of every six of its research dollars to leukemia-related research.

Your gift to the American Cancer Society makes this support possible. Your gift helps keep alive that giant word—hope.

Fight cancer with a checkup-and a check to the

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY





Your Assurance of Quality

Whenever you see this symbol on your grocer's shelves, at your drugstore, or in a department or variety store, you know the item bearing McCall's Laboratory and Use Tested endorsement has gone through the most exhaustive tests successfully. McCall's editors spend weeks . . . sometimes months . . . in subjecting these products to the most rigorous usage before awarding them the coveted Use Tested symbol. The symbol is your assurance of quality and serviceability.

Continued from page 135

the dumbest freshman in college. When his instructors, following a hallowed Harvard custom, lower the boom on every first-year student by slashing their first written reports, the gamble boy may quite possibly think he has had it. It's a real test of his staying power and perseverance that he bounces back.

What is accomplished by taking boys into such deep water and making them swim? Dean Glimp sometimes wonders if the gamble boys mightn't have been as well off if they had gone to junior colleges or other schools less demanding than Harvard. "But I don't think so," he concludes. "Because when he comes here, such a boy is stretched. He feels as though he's on a rocket, that the sky's the limit for bim. I've watched them, and I think it's worth it."

So far, none of the gamble boys has flunked out. All ten of the first year's group had their scholarships renewed. Altbough the College Board scores of the gamble boys averaged 75 to 100 points below those of their classmates, and 100 to 125 points under those of other scholarsbip recipients, five of the ten made the Dean's List, meaning they had a B average. In this, the gamble boys actually beat the record of the whole freshman class, 45 per cent of whose members made the Dean's List.

As might have been expected—if College Board scores mean anything —even among the gamble boys, those with higher test scores generally did better at Harvard than those in the lower half of the group. But even so, one of the five who made the Dean's List was near the bottom of the group on his College Boards. "He is the exception we really care about." Dean Glimp says. "We also care about the fact that the five who didn't make the Dean's List were able to survive and then some." If Harvard has done a lot for the boys, he is sure the boys have done a lot for Harvard. "We need them more than they need us," he admits. Agreeing with Professor Peter H.

Agreeing with Professor Peter H. Rossi, University of Chicago sociologist, who told the Arden House conference that too many students from suburban backgrounds lack motivation and come to college "well-inoculated against the official aims of undergraduate education," Dean Glimp believes the gamble boys are good examples to have sprinkled throughout Harvard. And he thinks it does a paying customer from Exeter good to study next to a share-cropper's son.

In Harvard's view, the gamble project proves several things. It proves that a poor cultural background will make a boy look worse on a test than he really is. It proves

that high-school grades are a better barometer of ability than test scores. And it proves that no qualities are more important than ambition and perseverance.

Every college administrator is repeatedly faced with the choice of whether to give two scholarships to bright boys whose fathers make \$10, 000 a year or one large scholarship to a more risky but still capable boy whose family income is \$4,500. The gamble fund has helped members of Harvard's Admissions and Scholarships Committee resolve this dilemma by giving them a sharp instrument for making decisions when an admission or scholarship means turning down some more able boy with superior preparation.

If all this makes talent searching sound like a long, arduous, and expensive process, it is. Dean Monro thinks that one solution would be for a group of colleges to seek hidden talent together, the way 24 United States colleges are cooperating in Nigeria. Each awards a scholarship to a student turned up in that country by a joint committee. In January, 58 additional colleges agreed to join the program, extending the search to five other African nations.

Perhaps the whole philosophy of the gamble program is summed up in a letter Dean Glimp wrote last fall to a professor at another college. "It seems to me," he wrote, "incredibly unimaginative for colleges having the facilities to do exciting and important work with young people to limit the use of those facilities to the best-prepared or the 'best risks.' This country is too diverse culturally, socially, and economically for those catch phrases to mean more than that we should discriminate against large and important segments of our population. I would hope that our concept of educational mission is more

If Harvard's gamble demonstrates that it does pay to scout for talent beyond the suburbs and top-level high schools, consider what state universities—which do, in a sense, already gamble on many of the students they admit—could uncover if more of them really explored the disadvantaged substrata of their big cities and rural areas.

broadminded than that'

To those who fear that the invasion of cloistered balls by sons and daughters of lower-class families will lower and dilute academic standards, Harvard says it just isn't so. Or, as Dean Monro puts it: "We just cannot sit cheerfully any more and watch good young minds by the thousands shrivel away. For the dedicated school or college person, there is no more exciting and rewarding experience than the discovery and encouragement of talented young people."

Especially when you're betting on them.

The Bennett Murder Hand

Continued from page 118

did South finesse. He went up with dummy's ace and returned a trump. When East showed out, South took the king, hastened (unduly) to ruff a diamond, then cashed the ace of clubs, and ruffed a club. West did his best to save Bennett's life by overruffing and cashing the ace of hearts. But the clubs were not established, and somehow declarer managed to go down two tricks.

The contract might have been made if declarer had finessed against the queen of spades and then finessed against the queen of clubs after trumps were drawn. With a diamond ruff as re-entry to dummy, South would have been able to discard two hearts on dummy's good clubs and would have lost only one diamond and two heart tricks.

According to the legend, Mrs. Bennett was indignant over her busband's failure to finesse the spade. In my book, he was much more culpable in bis failure to pass at his first turn.

But this is academic. If the truth were known, the real reason for the bullet probably lay in some element of the Bennett domestic situation and bad little or nothing to do with the bridge game that triggered the final and fatal shot.

THE END

The tempestuous career of Molly Murdock

Continued from page 50

and travel case by the front door. After she had checked the windows, she poured her second cup of coffee and walked restlessly through the house. She stood in the doorway of the children's room and felt a stir of discontent as she looked at Joanie's bed and Lucy's crib. She should be with them and Tom in his mother's old farmhouse in Vermont, awakening to spend a lazy, golden summer day with them.

As she was rinsing her coffee cup, she heard the sound of John Quinn's car in the driveway. She carried her luggage out the front door. He came, with long strides, to take the suitcase. He was a year or two younger than Molly, a tall, intent, tumultuous man, with dark hair and brows.

"So you can look like a college senior off to a house-party weekend. Good-morning, and damn your innocent eyes, Molly Murdock.'

"Be civil to your elders, sonny, she said, and walked with him to his

As he backed out of the drive, he said, "It will be twenty minutes to the airport at this time of day, we're running a little ahead. How much sleep did you get?"

"Three hours and a bit. And you?" "I sacked out in the office for nearly an hour. Got home in time to shower and change. Cathy had me all packed, bless her, and roused the little ones to kiss Daddy good-by. Our brain-baby is as good as I could make it, Molly. It's in my dispatch case, right on top. Take a look."

She opened the dispatch case and took out a copy of the report, titled "Revised Sales and Promotion Program for Andro Cosmetics." was bound in pink plastic. "Pink!"

she said.
"A last-minute decision. We are not dealing with forgings, castings, or industrial solvents, Molly. This concerns the adornment of the female, and maybe it looks frivolous, but its quality of research is anything but.

"I think it works," she said, and turned to the final section, the summary and recommendations, which had not been finished until almost midnight. She read it slowly and carefully.

"Will it impress the Texan?" he asked.

"How can we tell, Johnny? We made our guess as to the kind of man he is. We decided he likes to give the impression of making compulsive, irrational decisions, but bases them on fact. If we're wrong, we're wrong.'

He stopped for a traffic light and looked at her. "It's so much easier for you, Molly. You have so much less at stake."
"Your eye is twitching."

"It's my built-in danger signal.
I've got to get some sleep on that plane. When I get too close to the edge, I go around winking at every-

He put the car in the parking lot and locked it. After they had checked in, they still had thirty-five minutes before their flight would load, so they went to the coffee shop.

Quinn stirred his tea and said, "It still doesn't seem real to me, Molly. He whistles, and we go running off to Houston. And my charming boss, the amiable Mr. C. C. Hollis, is suddenly neither charming nor amiable."

"Charlie Marks phoned me this orning. Highly nervous. Very morning. friendly.

Quinn frowned. "I suppose it's a typical Ross Hamilton move, to summon the flunkies, and make the brass nervous. I suppose it's a sort of big, brave opportunity for me; but right now, I'm so scared that I keep remembering the whole thing is your fault and-I wonder how smart it

"But I didn't know this was going to happen, Johnny! I explained how it happened."

"I know. One innocent little remark, and suddenly my glorious future turns into a table-stakes game.

As he lapsed into a somewhat moody silence, she pondered all the links of the long chain of accident and circumstance. It took considerably more than one innocent remark to send anyone roaring off to Texas.

t started with a fine marriage eight It started with a mic marriage that came years before, a marriage that came elective course called Philosophy 118 (Ethics). At midterm, the professor became ill, and the class was taken over by Mr. Thomas Murdock, a new instructor on a fellowship, a dear, gangling man, concealing both his shyness and his dedication behind a studied irony, a corrosive wit, an impatience with all muddy reasoning and partial effort. There could be no cure for all the tender yearnings ex-cept to marry him, a blissful feat accomplished three days after her graduation.

He agreed, after the honeymoon summer, that it made good sense for her to work. Instructors were receiving considerably less than apprentice carpenters, and Molly was, of course, full of such churning, inexhaustible energy that housewifing one tiny apartment was like restricting Univac to the computation of grocery bills. He admitted to a certain medieval distaste for the working-wife concept, but agreed that his objections were emotional rather than practical. With Molly working, they could live better, build up a reserve, and finance his

There was never any doubt about Tom's destiny. He had a rare magic, that articulate ability to spread the wondrous world of ideas in such a compelling way that young minds were inflamed by the adventure and the discovery. Of men who teach, perhaps one in a thousand has that rare gift. It was unthinkable that he might consider some more profitable career. Teaching was his satisfaction and his existence.

They agreed it would be better if she didn't work at the university; faculty wives have problems of protocol, compounded by such mutual employment. She could type accurately and rapidly. She was good at figures. She could write lean, forceful prose. Andro Cosmetics had just moved into a new plant only three miles from the campus. She applied there and was hired as a file clerk and typist in the sales division at fifty-two fifty a week, a salary heart-breakingly close to what Tom was paid as an instructor.

As Max Andro explained to her much later, after so many things had happened, she brought to that menial clerical job certain characteristics that always differentiate what Max called "the zecutive-type peoples." She had an avid curiosity about how everything was done and why it was done in that manner. She had the energy of a platoon of Marines. She was totally indifferent to what people thought of her. And she did her work more quickly and more accurately and more completely than was expected or anticipated.

She went to work in the fall, and

by February, she knew every process in the production areas, every office procedure in all departments, all interrelationships of authority and responsibility, all plans, programs, and problems in the marketing of the Andro line. She watched, thought, and asked questions. And when she saw anything that looked stupid, careless, or unwise, she popped a terse, dated memo into the suggestion box. After many weeks had passed and no action had been taken on any suggestion, she had copies made of the carbons of her suggestions, mailed them special delivery to Max Andro's home, along with a note saying, "Am I dropping feathers down wells? Is the suggestion box never emptied? Or are all my ideas ridiculous?'

Max Andro summoned her to his office the following Monday morning. He was a broad, bald man with small, hooded eyes, great impassivity, chronic asthma, and an accent often imitated in the trade. She sat across the desk from him. He breathed audibly as he leafed through her memos.

"This one," he said suddenly. "'New package on Princess Fifty is a fiasco. Who would ever buy a second bottle?" He took the item in question out of a desk drawer and pushed it to her. "Show the fiasco." She took the bottle. "It's very

graceful and pretty and feminine and impractical. A woman is going to take out the stopper and lay it down on a flat surface, like this. It rolls like a ball. See? If there were a flat spot or if it were tapered, okay. But when it rolls into her lap and spots her skirt, she's going to remember it. Besides that, the base on the bottle is too narrow. Look." She hit the edge of the desk; the open bottle fell over, and the pungent fluid spilled toward Max Andro.

e pushed his chair back with as-H tonishing agility and caught the fluid before it dripped onto the rug. "What you doing?" he demanded.

"Showing you a fiasco, Mr. Andro." He stared at her and then began to laugh. He sat down, chuckling, and then the heavy sound died away. "Gets too big, this place," he said morosely. "Too big. One time, before you were born, me and one boy to help, working in my cellar, we were Andro Cosmetics. Mixing, packaging, labeling. The car was full, I'd go sell. Come back and make more. The lotion only. That was first." He tapped the stack of her memos. "None of these I saw. Fourteen are here. Two are wrong. Eight are right, but not important. Four are important. Those I should be seeing. Today I bang together some heads. Okay."

She sensed a note of dismissal and started to stand up.

"Keep sitting there, please." He studied her, his expression approving. "Pretty girl, eh?"
"Thank you, Mr. Andro."

"But not weak and helpless, eh? What you want?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I had your card brought here first. Finished college. Married to a teacher. Good typist. Put these notes in the box. Mail copies to me. What kind of typist is this we got here? Some people going to hate you for this, Mrs. Molly Murdock. Your

neck is out. For what reason, eh?"

She frowned and said slowly, "People who put up suggestion boxes must want to encourage suggestions. If all I did was type things I couldn't understand, I'd go out of my mind. So I just tried to learn something about the company, and when I saw

Continued on page 138



IT HOLDS RELIEF FOR EVERYONE

One hundred fast, sure ways to freedom from acid indigestion, heartburn and gas. A welcome addition to Tums familiar roll and 3-roll pack. You'll want the Tums family-size bottle for your home. Only 83¢.

THE PARTY OF THE P

For this Christmas!! Just Imagine If You Had . . . A Book Full Of Money!



IT'S NOT SUCN A FAR-FETCHEO IDEA . . . SUNSHINE HAS SUCH A BOOK SPECIAL FOR YOU

Sunshine can help YOUR bank back graw. People everywhere are interested in the fine Christmas Cards displayed sa handsamely in this magnificent back. Just let your friends see these tastefully designed greetings that they can arder from you at maney saving prices. Reap amazing profits,

FAMOUS SUNSHINE FUND-RAISING PLAN Check coupon below for all free details

MR. W. S. ROBBINS
SUISHING ART STUDIOS
SUISHING ART STUDIOS
SUISHING ART STUDIOS
Western Office, EL MONTE, CALIF.
(West of Rackies, Moli to Californio Office)
RUSH my FREE Album of PERSONALIZED
CHISTMAS CARDS. NAME ADDRESS CITY ... ZONE . STATE
Check here for Organization Fund Raising Plan.

Continued from page 137 something I thought could be improved, I wrote a suggestion. When nothing happened, I decided to make something happen. If people bate me for that, they're being very small and silly. If I'm useful, I'll stay. If I'm a nuisance, I'll go work somewhere else."

"What do you want right now from Max Andro? More money?"

"That would be nice. But mostly I'd rather be doing something more interesting than typing and filing." He smiled broadly, then pressed

the switch on his intercom and said, "Send in to me Harry Burkett." He leaned back and said, "You know Harry?"

"I know he's in charge of sales promotion and advertising, but I've never talked to him."

"For ten dollars more a week, you're working for him. He won't like it. He won't like you. Women who work for him, they cry twice a day, like a coffee break."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard of!"

"I think you are going to be one big surprise to Harry.

That was the way it all started. Bur-kett assigned her pointless, boring chores. He was excessively, sneeringly nasty. She soon realized he was trying to force her to quit, and by that summer, she understood why he was frightened of her. Harry Burkett was an insecure, incompetent man. In spite of the fact that all Andro advertising was handled through the Darmond, Birch, and Hollis agency, Harry Burkett had built up a large departmental staff within the company, composed-with the sole exception of Molly-of people who feared him. At that time, the annual fee for the agency's services came to three and a half million dollars; but Harry Burkett picked at and criticized every campaign the agency devised, with the result that their impact was seriously weakened. Once his reluctant approval had been obtained, he complained endlessly about bow the agency operated. He was always starting new market-research projects, which either duplicated existing surveys or were without point. When anybody, from Max Andro down, made the mistake of questioning Harry Burkett, he inundated him with such a relentless flood of jargon that he was happy to move his numbed attention out of range.

C. C. Hollis, who was in charge of the Andro account, considered it the dreariest one he'd ever handled; but he was a careful man and not about to endanger the account by confiding his problems to a slip of a girl who had a genius for asking penetrating questions. Nevertheless, it was pleasant to take such a handsome child to Iunch and explain the hearty, smiling jungle of the agency world and see the quick comprehension in her eyes.

On their third luncheon, the handsome child smiled at him and said, "I lied when I told you Harry Burkett sent me to you to talk about the Andro account."

"What?"

"I've been phoning in sick and then coming to town to talk to you, Mr. Hollis. Harry Burkett would fracture all his gaskets if he knew about it. I know he has an appointment with you tomorrow, so I've run out of time, haven't I?"

"Molly, you're putting me in a dreadful situa—"

"Oh, it's going to get much much worse, Mr. Hollis. Because I'm going to go to Mr. Andro, and I'm going to lie a little bit more. I'm going to tell him about these lunches, and I'm going to report to him how you've confided in me and told me Harry Burkett is a fool and a terrible handicap to the proper servicing of the Andro account.

"I'll deny that!"

"What good will that do? Harry is so insecure he'll be forced to yank the account-even if Max believes you instead of me. And if Max believes me, and you don't back me up, he'll get rid of Harry anyway, and then where will you be? I guess all you can do is tell me the truth, so

"ALWAYS IN AUGUST"

An affair of the era An involvement with love An interlude with drama

An ideal novel

BY ANN HEAD Complete in the August issue of McCall's

I won't have to lie to Max Andro."
Mr. C. C. Hollis stared at her.
"You look so gentle, Molly!"
"I guess I am. But I get impatient,

"May I never be the target of your gentle impatience, child." He downed the dregs of his Martini and then began to talk. "We finally gave up trying to carry our message to Max Andro, and we accepted Harry Bur-Andro, and we actepted many Burstett as a thorn we would have to get used to, a penalty that goes with the Andro account. He is a meddler, a whine, a scold, a pretentious idiot. Knowing he will both everything we do, just to make himself look important, we have become ever more pedestrian in our approach to Andro. At the moment, you people are not getting full value for your advertising dollar. We welcome and encourage constructive client participation in our thinking, but we deplore the untutored meddlers who soften the impact and image we try to achieve." He smiled. "In fact, my dear, your boss is such a notorious nincompoop that around our shop whenever some other client tries to gut a good program for trivial reasons, we call that act Burketteering."

"And I may quote you?"

"You will, anyway.

"How many people should there be in that department at Andro?

"If you make full use of all agency services to which you are entitled, one person and a secretary should be able to handle it."

'Could I handle it, do you think?" "Dear girl, I suspect you could head up the teamsters' union."

"Would we get top agency talent on our account?"

"Out of gratitude alone, even if there were no other good reasons." She wrote a confidential ten-page report to Max Andro, cut the ten pages to six, and the six pages to three. She made an appointment with him and sat very still while he read it.

He sigbed and placed it squarely in front of him. "So fourteen people I should let go. Comes to-what is it here?-ninety-seven thousand three hundred dollars annual payroll. Plus overhead factors saved. Pretty little girl is executioner, eh?"

"If you hadn't felt something was wrong, you wouldn't have put me in there when Harry obviously didn't want me around, Mr. Andro."

His eyes widened momentarily, and then he nodded. "I hear some things in town. Little jokes I don't understand so good. Each year, Harry talks louder and longer and wants more people working for him. He make you cry some?

"He came close just once."
"So you hate him, eh? Clobber him good, eh?"

She stared at Max Andro. "Don't be ridiculous! I feel terribly sorry for the poor guy. He's never really understood his own job, and the ten-sion has been ruining his bealth. He has almost twenty-five years with the company, Mr. Andro. You could fix the pension thing for him. His kids are through college.'

"So easy for you, eh? So kind in the heart. Suppose I call him in and show him this and ask him what the hell?"

"If you insist on doing it that way, I insist on seeing him first. I'll give him my copy of that thing and tell him just why I had to do it."
"Ho! You insist? You tell Max

Andro a thing or two, ch?"
She shrugged. "Or I walk out."
"Good-by to career?"
She stared at him. "Career? I'm just working for a little while to help out."

He hit the report with his fist. "In here, black and white, you say you can take Harry's job."

"I had to do that."

"Why?" "I couldn't recommend you get rid of a man and then go hide some-place, could I? The least 1 can do is give myself the opportunity to be clobbered."

Such a job when you are twenty-three, it is a career. This is a funny business, full of old-lady gossip. This happens, and you are a legend already overnight. And a tar-get. I become a fat old fool giving a big job to his little blonde girl friend,

"But nobody could believe-

"Don't have such a horror on the face," he said, chuckling. "It makes an insult to me, eh? What else can they say? That such a pretty young thing has a business brain like IBM can't invent yet? Zecutive-type peoples should come in such a package? To be such a target as you will be is a career, not working to help hubby." "Tom and I want a family. I won't

be working very long."
"So you leave me. Good-by, Max.

That is fair?" "For goodness' sake, I'll find some body wonderful and have him all trained, and you know it."

"Why do we let all Harry's people go?"

"Instead of trying to shift them? Because he's sort of ruined them. They're terribly cowed. They can find work, all of them, Max. I'm sorry, Mr. Andro. I didn't mean to-"

"You call me Max, please. I think we are friends, Molly. With medals, speeches, kind words, Harry Burkett I will push out gentle. And maybe you get the job after Harry is gone a while. If you get it, what do you want? For yourself."

"I guess-about a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, Max."
"Very small."

"I-I really don't want to make too

"Jealousy for the husband, eh?"
"Sort of. But I'd like some other things, if I could have them."

"What are they, Molly?" "I'd like Harry's office and a chance to decorate it. And an expense account, and the use of a company car, and the authority to hire my own secretary, and, if I do the work well, a little private bonus at the end of the year I can tuck away for emergencies.'

He shook his head slowly, almost sadly, and said, "Those things you can have if I stay soft in the head and give you such a job. But I wish such hutzpah my two sons could have. Shouldn't now you remind me how much money you are saving my company?

"I'd rather not, because I might ask you to spend a lot more than that next year, Max."

"Go now away on tiptoe, please, because a headache could start on me any minute. You are honest. It is a great strain on an old man. It went out of style in my youth. Go work quietly for Harry.

One evening two months after that talk with Max Andro, Molly carried the dinner dishes to the kitchen of the small apartment and returned with a tray on which were a new and expensive bottle of brandy and two glasses, gleaming in the

candlelight. "I'm almost certain it isn't my birthday," her husband said wonder-

ingly.
"The strangest thing happened to

"Really?"

"Why, yes. They made me director of sales promotion and advertising. And sort of doubled my pay. Now really, darling! You don't have to boggle at me. You read my report and everything. I told you it was going to happen."

He shook his head and murmured, "The emperor's clothes."

"What?"

"The child was the one who realized the king was naked. Molly, my darling, you have that perfect clarity of vision that comes from a supranormal simplicity.

"Sir! You are speaking of the woman you love!"

"I really couldn't believe your Mr. Andro would take such a chance. He must be a very wise and very reckless fellow, dear Molly."

"He's very sweet and quite old and tired, and I have the feeling I amuse him. I want you to meet him soon. Oh, darling, this job is going to be

such wonderful, scary fun!"
"Congratulations," he said, in a
rather dry way, and busied himself with the brandy.

"Are you upset about anything?" she asked.

He looked at her, and she thought his expression oddly remote until he smiled. "I was getting used to living with a typist. Now I find myself consorting with an executive." They touched glasses, and he said, "Here's to the meet heaviful and unlikely to the most beautiful and unlikely

executive in the world." "Thank you, dear."

"Just remember one thing. I do not think you would be terribly happy as an organization woman. You're not devious in the accepted ways. Remember that Andro is a one-man outfit. He can afford to be impulsive.' "Yes. dear."

"And as long as you have nothing to lose, they can't hurt you."

"Nobody in the world except you

can ever hurt me, darling." During that first year, a great many people in the trade made the mistake of not taking Molly Mur-dock seriously. Too many of then saw just a lithe and pretty young woman, with pale-golden hair, delicate features, and a refreshing directness, into which they mistakenly read

naïveté and vulnerability. She asked a great many questions of everyone and seemed to believe everything she was told. And it was great fun, of course, to visit Molly Murdock in her office, whether you were with Andro or with the agency or with a competitor. Old Max Andro, with senile indulgence, had fixed her up with an office that was like a studio apartment. It was fun to go there for drinks and snacks and shoptalk. Molly's secretary was a droll and vivacious brunette, named Jackie Thatcher, and there seemed to be no perceptible employer-employee relationship between them.

By the end of the year, Molly Murdock bad earned a great deal of astonished respect. Somebow, Dar-mond, Birch, and Hollis had been pushed into award-winning efforts on behalf of Andro Cosmetics. Andro had secured some new and very favorable distribution arrangements, and production capacity had to be increased. All those people, both inside and outside the Andro organization, who had been of genuine help to Molly found their own circumstances improved. Those who had tried to mislead her and patronize her found themselves in trouble. She was not vindictive; she merely did all possible favors for the people she liked and totally ignored the ones she didn't.

The anti-Molly faction eventually dubbed her "the poisonous pixie" and told one another she was dangerously ambitious, vicious, and cold of heart. They said she had used Max Andro not only to squash all competition within the company, but also to bulldoze Darmond, Birch, and Hollis into using shoddy techniques to bloat the sales of second-rate products. On the day all this was reported to her, she went raging to Max Andro, ready to quit.

He heard her out and said mildly, "Suppose you're a sweet, simple, harmless little girl, so everybody loves her, what good to me are you, anyhow? Anybody in this world does a job, Molly, you can believe me it is like putting your head through a canvas hole peoples should pay a dollar to throw pies. What you got is an orderly mind, energy for five peoples, fairness so everybody is glad working with you, and hutzpah like a bandit.

"Max, what is this hutzpah you keep telling me I have?'

"Hutzpah is what has a boy who kills his parents and says to the court, 'Be merciful, because I am an orphan.' If I am a nice guy, Molly, I am still making up lotion in a cellar. Peoples hate me. It's sort of the cost. Be glad, Molly, they should call you poison. Laugh at them."

But then, after more than two years of pressure and achievement in her job, she learned she was pregnant. She knew the "career" over, and she was not at all wistful about ending it. She spent her last working months training a named Bill Pace. She had found him working for a pharmaceutical house, had earmarked him for the job, and had talked Max into hiring him. Also, during those last months, she and Tom had bought a house near the university. Tom had become an associate professor by that time, and by putting their savings into the house, the mortgage payments were reduced to an amount they could handle on Tom's salary.

The new squalling miracle that was

Ioan Weston Murdock reduced the memories of Andro Cosmetics to the status of a hobby so long neglected she could not remember the rules.

And marriage seemed to acquire a new and richer texture which. . . .

Hey!" John Quinn said, and touched her arm. It startled her, and she turned and looked at him. "Sleeping with your eyes open?" he asked. "That's our flight they're announcing."

"Dreaming, I guess," she said.
"Wondering exactly how I got to
where I seem to be. Reserved seats,
courtesy of Ross Hamilton Industries, Incorporated. Nothing done by

After they had fastened their seat belts, Quinn said, "I've seen pictures of the guy. What is he like, though?"

"No phony Texas trademarks, hnny. No boots and big hats. Johnny. No boots and big hats. Clothes by J. Press. Accent by Princeton. He isn't easy. He's watchful and subdued, but there is a-a quality of importance about him, and he has that trick of making everybody he talks to feel important."

"Just how did that conversation go?"

Molly shrugged. "About an hour after I'd met him officially, he came to my office. He said he had heard marvelous things about me. that with a grain of salt. He said he was very sorry about my decision to quit again, and he said he understood I had come back the second time as a special favor to Max Andro when Max was dying, but he would consider it a great favor if I would stay for just a few weeks until he could take over the operation. I agreed. And then he asked me if there was any pet project I would be-sorry to abandon. So, Johnny, I told bim about our unapproved project. I said there was a young man who had been working on the Andro account for over a year, named John Quinn. I told him that you and I felt it was time to take a gamble on upgrading the public image of Andro Cosmetics by socking big money into intensive promotion of a new luxury line, but that I had had no success selling that idea to Charlie Marks, any more than you'd had any luck talking to C. C. Hollis about it. He said maybe I could talk to some of his people about it before I left."

"And here we are," John Quinn said. "Thanks a lot, Molly."

"Don't be so nervous about it, Johnny. We're taking him a very good report. And the idea makes sense.

The airplane took off, with that ponderous, heart-stopping unreality of the jet, gliding upward at an improbable angle that dropped the world away in moments.

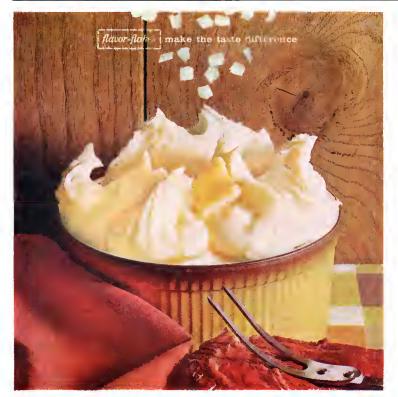
When they had leveled, Quinn un-latched bis belt and said, "I have to be nervous, Molly. I'm just not big enough to be a lone wolf. To C.C., I'm not being fearless, just impertinent. You'll have to take me off the hook with him."

"I'll try.

He sat in frowning silence for a few moments and then said, "Max Andro brought you back twice? I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes. After Joanie was born, I settled into being the happy house wife. I thought I'd left everything in good shape at Andro. Bill Pace was a very good man. Jackie Thatcher was there to keep the routine things under control. And I had two other

Continued on page 140



Borden's flavor-flakes capture the good natural taste of freshcooked whipped potatoes

... No other instant is made the same quick, gentle way that holds the good potato flavor. In taste tests, people chose Borden's Instant Whipped Potatoes, two to one.* Light, fluffy...every time.

Tonight, enjoy the big difference flavor-flakes make. *Based on a survey by National Family Opinion, Inc.

Try Borden's new quick-cook Potato Slices, too.









Why U.S. Savings Bonds are good to buy and hold

You can save automatically on the Payroll Savings Plan, or buy Bonds at any bank.

You now earn 33/4% to maturity, ½% more than ever

You invest without risk under a U.S. Government guarantee. Your Bonds are replaced free

if lost or stolen. You can get your money with interest anytime you want it.

You save more than moneyyou buy shares in a stronger America.

> 20th NNIVERSARY

Continued from page 139 good people to backstop Bill. I knew Bill and Jackie would be sympatico. But they-got along too well."

"I beard about that."

"Who didn't? Love walked in one day. And they were nice people, but not nice enough to handle that. It smashed Bill's marriage, but his wife wouldn't divorce him, and Jackie was too staunch to adjust to half a loaf without cracking up. So she did, thoroughly. I guess guilt got Bill onto the bottle, and after my whole operation there was nearly completely messed up, poor Max brought in somebody who finished the job. Then he came after me to put the house in order again. I didn't want to go back. but Max was an incomparably stubborn man. He worked on me, and he worked on Tom, and be offered a ridiculous amount of money. So-I finally agreed to go back and get it running again."
"How long was that supposed to

take?

"Six months. But I was there two years. Until our Lucinda came along and got me out of the rut. I left it in the enormously capable hands of Gil Jamison, that time."
"I know. Gil was a wonderful

man."

"Max had to give him a stock deal to get him, you know." She laughed in a rather bitter way. "The same deal he gave me to get me to come back once again after Gil drove into the back end of an unlighted truck."

The stewardess served them the champagne breakfast. As they ate, they talked about the report, reas-suring each other, telling each other Ross Hamilton would be impressed.

he glanced at Quinn and saw bim She glanced at Quini and sur-looking at her in a speculative way. "What's the matter, Johnny?"

way. "What's the matter, Johnny?"
"I was just wondering. Was it easier for Max to get you to come

back to work the second time?"
"Yes. Max had his first stroke a week after Gil Jamison was killed. He sent for me and asked me to bring Tom along. He knew he was dying and was afraid he would be a long time dying. He was afraid the comwould be that much less to leave his children and grandchildren. He wanted me to take my job back and also serve as his ears and eyes. He was a dear man, and be had been more than decent to me, Johnny. I think I owed him that, so I went back with a lot less-discussion about it.'
"No other reasons?"

"With the money, I could hire somebody very good to look after my babies and still bave lots left over after taxes, plus the capital-gains thing on the stock deal. I knew by then I was good, and there's no rule against selling yourself high. And we did need the money then."

"Was it supposed to be six months again?'

"Are you being cynical? It's lasted a year and a half. After Max got well enough to arrange the sale of his ownership interest, I agreed to stay until it went through. As you well know, he died before he could make the deal he wanted, and one of Ross Hamilton's corporations bought Max's stock from bis beirs. This is my swan song, Johnny. I'll be out for good-and glad of it."

"Real glad?" "I bave a family."

"Is that an answer?"

"Are you trying to quarrel?"
"No, Molly. No quarrel. I'm concerned with my own survival. So I have to ask questions. You don't have anything to lose. It makes everything so darn easy for you.

Sure, we both believe in our idea, but maybe I'm going to be the guy who gets stuck with it if Hamilton goes for it." He put his hand on her "Consider this, Molly. Suppose he tells both of us to go ahead and carry the ball on this program? No strings. Will you still quit?
"Of course!"

"Do you mean it?"

"It would be fun to work it out, but I'm not a career woman.'

"So you'd leave me in one hell of a mess, Molly. Without you, I'd be in a big bind, right between C. C. Hollis and Charlie Marks. After all, you brought me into this. Don't you have some responsibility?

"I think you're dreaming, Johnny. If Ross Hamilton likes our ideas, he has his own people to go ahead with them.



"But just suppose!"

She tilted her head and studied m. "I'm going to leave, Johnny. him. Charlie Marks knows it. Ross Hamilton knows it. And my husband knows

"Is he jealous, your husband?"
She glared at him. "Don't be an idiot! Tom's work makes mine about as significant as-carving lip disks for Ubangi women."

"Does he want you to quit?"
"Tom is used to having a parttime wife, but that doesn't mean he likes the arrangement. The money has been nice, and I do bave loads of energy. But with Max gone, Johnny, it's all quite different. It isn't as much fun any more. I'm not the little-girl genius any more, the way Max thought of me. I'm a veteran. I've had years of this pressure, and I don't think I like what it has done to me. It's toughened me in ways you wouldn't understand. I'm thirty, Johnny. It's time to go back to being what I was meant to be."

"Is it? Or do you just bave a feeling of obligation?"

'Now, really!"

"Molly, suppose you find you can't keep yourself busy enough? Won't you get bored and restless and irritable? What good will that do Tom ble? What good will that do Tom and the kids?"

'Being a wife isn't that easy."

"So you're a bad wife?"
"No! Darn you, stop twisting things."

He leaned back and smiled at her. "I keep thinking of what a job we could do together if Hamilton should tell us to go ahead with it. We make

a good team, Molly, You know that."
"Of course I do."
He chuckled. "I said that once too often to Cathy-how good a team you and I are."

"What do you mean?"

"My little wife is apprehensive. She'll be delighted when you retire from the business world."

"What does she think I am!"

"Don't get sore. She knows you're

a very lovely gal, but I guess her mother taught her never to trust a husband."

"The disapproval of wives. That's another thing I'll be happy to give up," she said bitterly.

up," she said bitterly.
"Everybody who's worked with you knows you've played it straight.' "So does Tom. And that's all that

matters to me, really."

"But even the wise and wonderful Doctor Thomas Murdock will be a little easier in his mind when he has you all to himself."

"What makes you say a thing like that?"

"Empathy, dear Molly. I imagined myself married to you. I checked out my reaction to your flying to Houston with Johnny Quinn. I decided I'd rather have you home." He smiled at her, tilted his seat back, closed bis eyes, and said, "Nudge me in Houston, boss Iady."

After be was asleep, she managed to cure her feeling of irritation with him by being mercilessly honest with herself. She realized she had become annoved because he had come too close to some dangerous truths she had long been hiding from herself. She had begun to acquire the taste for maneuver, for the manipulation of human beings, and she recognized it as a taste for power. It was such a sweet and corrupt habit always to be given the choice tables, and sign the large tabs, and-because of Andro's sponsorship of television programs-be on a first-name basis with celebrities.

The little girls were happy; they knew they were wanted. But it was not-face it squarely-as good a marriage as she made it sound. A remoteness had come into it, a kind of dry and careful courtesy.

She had phoned Tom in Vermont yesterday. The girls were fine. The days were bright and the nights chilly. The draft of the new book was going very well, and it looked as if he would meet the September deadline.

"You sound a million miles away," she shouted into the phone.

"Vermont is a million miles away." "Darling, I have to go to Texas tomorrow morning."

You have to go where?"

"To Texas. Houston. I'll be at the Allison Hotel."

"The Allison Hotel. Houston."
She could tell by the tone of his voicethat he was writing it down. and Ginny Hagerman live in Houston

"I'd forgotten that, dear."

"You don't sound very pleased to be reminded. Won't you look them

"I'd like to, of course. There may not be time. I'll be there just a day or two. Ross Hamilton sent for me." "Who?

 ${
m R}^{
m oss}$ Hamilton. You know. The man who bought Andro. I told him about my idea for a new line. Charlie Marks wouldn't listen. Now, all of a sudden, Hamilton wants me to make a presentation. I won't be gone long."
"That's nice."

"I should be able to quit in another few weeks and join you there."
"That's nice."

"Is that all you can say?"
"What should I say?"

"Your enthusiasm overwhelms me."

"What? I didn't hear you, Molly. What did you say?" "Never mind. Give my love to the

"Of course. Take care of yourself,

Molly." "Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, dear."
Why should I expect wild enthusiasm from him? she thought. I've Continued on page 142





Continued from page 140 quit working too many times. After she hung up, she realized she hadn't told him John Quinn was flying out with her. She had meant to tell him: it had not been a deliberate omission.

She sighed and tilted back her seat and looked at John. In his sleep, he had turned his face toward her. She looked at him with sympathy and fondness. Since he had been assigned to the Andro account as assistant to the account executive, they had worked on many projects together. He was very good, but perhaps not quite bold enough. Now, through her doing, he was in an awkward situation. She looked at the strong, masculine features, the harsh dark hair, the closed eyes, smudged with weariness. He slept with his lips slightly parted. She felt a bemused, welling tenderness, and quite suddenly she had the impulse to rest her hand on his tired cheek and press her mouth sweetly against his lips.

This, she realized, was dangerous nonsense. She wondered how such a degree of physical awareness could have been created so quickly. Their only proximity had been in their And suddenly she remembered Bill Pace and Jackie Thatcher and wondered if their relationship had started in just such a curious way.

Yes, John Quinn was a more than conventionally attractive young man. But such a dangerous impulse must be attributed to the adventure of being summoned to Houston and the exhaustion of too little sleep. And, she told herself, it wasn't feeling, for goodness' sake. I just feel a little bit sorry for him, and people look so sweet and defenseless when they are asleep, and I am-so darn restless lately.

She smiled to herself. It certainly

would have wakened Johnny Quinn with a start. And it would have given his Cathy something to be apprehensive about.

She closed her eyes and told herself to think of other things; but as she drifted toward the edge of sleep, she was abruptly wakened by a sensory awareness of the pressure of his lips against hers. As soon as her eyes were open, she knew it was an illusion, but a curiously persistent one. She began to have the feeling he was smiling at her and perfectly aware of what she was thinking. She gave him a furtive, sidelong, guilty glance and saw that he was still asleep. This, she decided firmly, is a very poor time for me to be losing my mind. Or my morals. I have a husband, and I love him dearly, and I am a faithful, unadventurous wife. I have two lovely little girls. I shall soon join my family in Vermont. But she could not doze off again.

When the seat-belt light went on, VV she nudged John Quinn. "Houston. Right down there."

He rubbed his eyes and gave a great bone-creaking stretch and yawn. "Feel better?" she asked,

"Frankly, I feel horrible, thank you. Did you sleep?"
"Hardly at all," she said, and was

annoyed to feel her face becoming hot. She turned and looked out the window so he would not notice.

They were met at the Houston terminal by two brisk, impersonal young men. They said Mr. Hamilton was sorry he couldn't meet them in person. They said Mr. Hamilton had arranged to see them at two-fifteen, after lunch. One of them went after the baggage, and the other walked them to a limousine. They were driven to the Allison Hotel. One of

the men confirmed the reservations at the desk, and the other rode up to the eleventh floor with them.

"You have this suite, Mrs. Murdock. Mr. Hamilton thought it might be convenient if he should ask for any additional work. Secretarial help can be sent over from the offices. Is "It's lovely," Molly said.
"You're farther down the hall, Mr.

Quinn. If you and Mrs. Murdock could have lunch here, we shall meet you in the lobby at two o'clock. And

please sign for anything you want."
Ten minutes later, Quinn tapped at her door. "Livin' high," he said. "Maybe not for you, but for the lower echelons of agency servitude, it is way up on the hawg, missy. I got the bowl-of-fruit treatment, too. and the glad delight of the management at having me here-but no flowers, like you have."
"Jealous? Have a vaseful. I have

two.

"No, thanks." He looked at his atch. "Twenty after twelve. Let's see if his lunch is as nice as his rooms.

They went down and found a paneled grill. After they had ordered, John went to phone Cathy. When he came back, he was smiling in a somewhat apologetic way. "I hardly ever fly to Texas before lunch. She had to know if they got me back onto the ground the way they had it planned."

"Wives like to know little things like that."

"Don't husbands?" She felt slightly uneasy. "I'll phone Tom this evening."
"After the rates change?"

"Don't needle me, Johnny. Please." "I'm sorry, honey. I'm nervous. When I'm nervous, I bite. Cathy asked to be remembered to you.'

"That's very nice of her."

"She's a nice girl. She tries hard." "Johnny, that sounds condescend-

ing."
"I didn't mean it to. Maybe I meant it to sound a little impatient. I get a little impatient. Good lord, she's secure enough. She should know I want to stay married to her, but she keeps acting as if I can't be trusted around the corner. It gets wear-ing. And all the late hours haven't reassured her. I'm boring you. Let me make a correction. I'm not nerv-

ous. Not at all. I'm terrified."

She touched his hand. "Don't be, Johnny. He's just a rich Texan.

They grinned at each other. "Mur-dock and Quinn against the world," he said.

 \mathbf{R} oss Hamilton's office was on the penthouse floor of the Commerce Bank Building. It was as big as a tennis court, and it had the look and flavor of a reading room in an old and exclusive men's club, with paneled walls, deep leather chairs, bookshelves, fireplace, trophies, framed photographs, massive tables, a drift of cigar smoke and murmur of conversation. Ross Hamilton was there, with a thin, quiet man named Hooper and a younger, red-haired man named Hale. The five of them sat at a round table. John Quinn passed out copies of the special report, and in those surroundings, the pink plastic covers looked frivolous and contrived.

Hooper went through the report page by page. Hamilton turned at once to the conclusions and recom-mendations and read them with care. Hale riffled the pages once and pushed the report aside.

At first, the questions were mild. undemanding, and Molly felt the

answers they were giving were inapt. But as the questions became more searching, more demanding, both she and John Quinn lost their traces of stage fright and answered with the certainty that can come only from a complete knowledge of the subject.

At four o'clock, there were no more questions. The conference was over. As Quinn beamed, the three Texas money men looked at Molly in delighted wonder; they would have agreed with Max that this delicious blonde had the brain of an IDM machine. They excured themselves, and

Molly and John Quinn were alone.
"Wow!" he said softly.
"There's good research behind
those questions, Johnny, and some
good minds at work. I feel pommeled."

"How did we do?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. You sounded wonderful, Johnny."

"Thanks. I didn't feel so wonder-

Ross Hamilton came back, sat down, smiling at them. "The times I don't listen to Hooper and Hale, I lose money. And that pleases them, of course. This time, I'm listening of course.

"Do they approve?" John Quinn asked, a little too eagerly.

Sometimes I wonder what my grandfather would think if 1 could take him on a tour of the top floors of this building. He was a wildcatter. He had no patience with what he called the paper peddlers. All we do here is the legal work and accounting for seventeen separate corporations. My grandfather found the oil, and this is what it has grown into. He would have plugged every hole if he'd known this was going to happen. Every decision we make here is based on how it will affect our tax picture."

"It must lead to some curious de-cisions," Molly said.

"Indeed it does. And we have an investment problem, too. Two years ago, we made some studies that convinced us we would be wise to get into what Mr. Hooper calls 'buttons, bows, and nonsense.' In other words. style and fashion items for the female market, where we have a volume production, high markup, and the accent on merchandising. And so we've picked up Andro Cosmetics, Davisson Products, Kempler Shoes, and Betty Marie Fabrics."

"You don't fool around," Molly

Ross Hamilton smiled at her. "We expect to do very well. Mrs. Mur-dock, what do you suppose will be our problem area, common to the

companies I've named?"

She frowned. "The sales and advertising, coordinated with design. You're in a style area. Competition is rough."

"And what is the biggest special problem within that area?"

Molly shrugged. "Finding the right

people. That's always been our problem at Andro."

Ross Hamilton smiled at both of them in turn and said, "Don't be too shocked if I tell you that I do not give a damn about your pretty pink report. It isn't the sort of problem we'd have you fly here to discuss. And 1 don't plague myself with de-cisions on that level."

"Then what in the world are you-" John Quinn said.

"We've received detailed reports on both of you," Ross Hamilton said. "You're young. You have taste, energy, experience. We look for people like you, and there are few of them. Too many bright young people settle comfortably into some cozy little

corner of a big corporation and wait for retirement.

"I'm flattered, Mr. Hamilton," Molly said, "but when I leave Andro, which will be very soon, I'm certainly not going to come and work for you. I'm going back into the housewife business, full time."

"I'm not asking you to work for me, Mrs. Murdock. I'm not asking either of you to work for me. I think people with your abilities should be in business for themselves. That's where the satisfaction is. And the profit."

'You've lost me." John Quinn said. "We are in a position to finance new advertising agency, to handle the accounts of the companies we are buying. I suggest we call it Quinn-Murdock. We can turn over the Kempler and Betty Marie accounts as soon as you two can lease space and assemble a staff. We can turn over Andro and Davisson a little later, and we can guarantee two more sizable accounts before the end of the year. We'll lend you the initial working capital. I'll come in personally for a one-third interest, but quietly. I won't share in any draw. You can take out what you want, to start with-twenty-five, thirty-five, fifty. If you two could give it, say, ten years of top effort, I think you'd be in a position to unload and walk away with a substantial capital gain.'

Molly had the feeling she was only half comprehending what he was saying. It was as though she had to struggle to realize she was in Texas, wearing her hundred-and-eighty-dollar suit of Hong Kong silk in a shade of green that made her eyes look a gray-blue, listening to a strange, bland man tell her she had won some game she had not known she was playing. "Where is your advantage?" she asked in a small voice. "A kickback on billing? Preferential rates? I don't understand." She glanced at John Quinn and saw that his natural pallor had turned to an astonishing chalkiness

Ross Hamilton chuckled. "We're not sharpshooters, Mrs. Murdock. Not on that level, at least. You are pleasantly modest. We get young effort. We get sparkle, enthusiasm, intensity, and-as Mr. Hale suggested to me-we get a quality of imagination that would lead to effective coordinated promotions of the products in which we are interested. It would be, in a sense, a captive agency, yes. But with the sort of people you are, wouldn't that make your work more effective?"
"It would be a lot of billing,"

Quinn said dreamily,

"Enough to give you an agency gross of thirty million when the package is complete, at current ad-

vertising-budget levels."
Molly smiled wanly. "And the rabbit told Alice she would have to hurry or she would miss the tea party.'

"It's all quite real," Ross Hamilton said. In an unexpectedly gentle voice, he added, "Every decision I make changes somebody's life. By now, I should be used to it. But I never

Molly awoke from her daze and looked at Hamilton shrewdly. "You wouldn't be in for a third because you need the money. So?'

"Mrs. Murdock, you would be completely at home in the business life of Texas, 1 assure you. Certain stipulations would be written into the partnership agreement. One of them would be that no new account could be taken on without the permission of all three partners.

"And?" Continued on page 144

One look and you know...

flattery like Flatter Fluff's has never been before! Its radiance hides almost any little shortcoming skin may have ... makes up even for a lack of sleep!



The secret is in its cream-fluff texture. Soft, light as a butterfly's kiss. Never drying, never greasy, always smooth. Flatter Fluff is so subtle, even another woman can't tell where you leave off and ... the beautiful illusion begins. Choose from six complexion tints.

FLATTER FI by DuBarry



P.S. For that final stroke of radiance-Cloudsilk Pearled Face Powder

Continued from page 143

"Accounting and auditing procedures must be approved by all three partners, and no contract over X dol-lars can be entered into without the approval of all three partners. Other than that, I give you my word, there

will be no thumb on your neck."
"Suppose we goof?" Quinn asked.
"You would lose your clients and be unable to solicit others.'

"A lot of people would be very anxious to see us goof it," Quinn said.
"Does that alarm you?"

"Here's what alarms me," Quinn "I'm twenty-eight. I've been moving very well, I think, trying for the double-play ball whenever it has come my way. I moved from Yale to CBS to Young and Rubicam to Darmond, Birch, and Hollis, with careful timing, aiming at a partnership at thirty-five, and the money machine at forty-five, and a retire-ment to the academics of the profession by fifty-five, and when you reached out with the hook, it was the first time, believe me, when the footing has been unsound. Suddenly you have thrown the target years in my lap. This is thirty-five and fortyfive combined. Let alone, I could win the ball game, in extra innings maybe. But when you are mentally set to bunt, what do you do with the fat pitch?"

It depends on the inning, doesn't it?" Hamilton asked, looking at his watch. "I'm going to have to his watch. apologize. I'd planned to have you out to the place for dinner, but I have to run over to Austin. I've set you up for three tomorrow after-noon, right here. That will give you time to think this over. Suppose you use some of the time working up a plan of the sort of organization you'll want-size, departmentalization, floor space, and so on. You can work here or at the hotel. Phone Miss Babcock for any secretarial help you need."
"If we decide to do it," Molly said.

Hamilton's beavy eyebrows moved upward slightly. "If you decide to do it, yes. Of course."

John Quinn said hesitantly, "The

whole deal is predicated on—both of us coming in?"
"Yes. You balance and comple-ment each other. The last Andro

"How about our plan?" Molly asked. "This pink project we slaved

Hamilton stood up. "Quinn-Mur-dock can recommend it to the client, and Andro management can accept or reject." He shook hands with or reject." He shook hands with Molly and Quinn and said, "Talking to you has convinced me we've come up with a good idea. See you both tomorrow." He walked out quickly.

Quinn picked up the copies of the special report. "What'll we do with these, woman?"

"I don't think anybody really cares, somehow. They look indecent in this room. Bring them along, Johnny."
They rode down in the special pent-

house elevator. It was a little after five, and the office buildings were emptying. The windless beat of July made the air at street level tangible and enervating.
"Taxi, lady?" John Quinn said.

"Let's sort of stroll, h'm? We'll give them fits. They have to keep erecting all the buildings in front of us and tearing them down as soon as we get out of sight. And they have to pay all these people to act as if they lived in a place called Houston and were completely unaware of us."

"What kind of kick are you on, Molly?

"It takes different forms. Tom calls it my bedlam routine. It's a special vision. It enables you to see the world is mad, and you are dreaming most of it, anyhow."

He stopped her and took her hand and delicately pinched the flesh just above her wrist, without pain.

"Ow," she said, dutifully, and they

walked on.
"Ouinn-Murdock." he said. "It gives me an institutional feeling. Quinn and Murdock. Murdock and

"Or Quinndock, for cute? Let's not talk about it."

"Yes, but I wish there were a good way to stop thinking about it for a little while, Molly dear."

"I keep wondering if he is a nice

"He is a very nice man. He is a superb man. He is a veritable bank vault of a fellow. Ol' Ross has great discrimination.'

"Marvelous instincts."

"How can I be drunk without drinking?"

"You can be anything, because I am dreaming you, too. And let's cling to our little dream of glory for a while, Johnny Quinn. Let's bave fun with it, before I kill it with a word."

He stopped her and looked down into her eyes. "Before you what?" "Before I say, 'No, thanks,' of

"But you can't!"

'Dear Johnny, dear friend, I am

not the type."
"Molly," he said, and took her by
the wrist. The people walking by gave them quick glances of curiosity.
"You're burting me," she said.

"I'm sorry. Let's go back to the hotel."

"All right, Johnny." They went to her suite. The Ross Hamilton organization had made another gesture of hospitality. There was a tray with glasses, bottles of mix, sealed bottles of Scotch, bour-

bon, gin, and vodka.

"Well, now!" John Quinn said
with hollow cheer. He lifted the lid
of the ice bucket. "All we need is

"Vodka and tonic, please," she said. "Make it weak."

uinn handed her her drink with a strange, formal little bow, and she carried it to a chair by the windows. "This is weak?" she said, mak-

ing a face.
"Compared to this one. Let's get to it. I just can't let you throw-"I want a boy, you know."
"What?"

"Poor Tom has to live in a welter of females." "So have a boy. You have my

permission. As soon as we get Q-M off the ground, have him in good health."

"I miss my children. I ache for them. My working made some sense, Johnny, but I'm running out of sense.

I'm getting into excuses."
"Molly, Molly, for heaven's sake!
Kiss them in the morning. Hug them at night. The fireside bit is for gals like Cathy." He got up from the couch and began pacing. "You see, honey, I just can't let you do this to me. I can't permit it."

"Permit it? That's a big word." He whirled and faced her, hands outstretched. "Why is this exclusively your problem, your decision? How can you be so selfish about it? There are eight people in this thing, Molly. You and Tom, me and Cathy, and four children. So, because you have this crazy guilt feeling about working, you want to do something that will make you feel better about yourself. That's all it is. Actually, you don't give a damn about the other seven people."

"That's a dreadful thing to say to

"I have to say it. I have to get you to the point where you're think-ing soundly about it, Molly. What is your obligation? Isn't it, perhaps, to use all the talent and energy you have?"

"Stop it, Johnny! Stop it!" she

said, getting to her feet. He looked at her for a long moment of contemptuous silence. "Maybe it's something else. Max thought you could do no wrong. Max made you look good, honey. Since he died, you've been out where the cold wind blows, and maybe you don't like it. Maybe all this marriage-obligation thing is just a cover, and actually you're scared you can't cut it without kindly ol' Max providing the muscle."

She swung very quickly, without conscious thought, and gave him a ringing slap across the cheek. She saw his eyes widen and then narrow, saw his hand come up quickly and then go slowly back to his side. She saw the red fingermarks appear

against his pallor.
"Cute as a bug," he muttered in a rusty voice.

"Get out of here, Johnny!"

"Anyone would say I hit a nerve."
"I don't think I know you as well
as I thought I did. Maybe I don't know you at all."

"I'm fighting for my life this time, Molly. It can make a difference.'

"Leave me alone for a while." He shrugged, gave her a strange, mocking smile, and strolled slowly to the door. He closed it gently behind him.

She stood in silence in a world less sane, less predictable and comfortable than it had been, and she had the feeling that she had lost some important fragment of her own identity. I am Molly Murdock, she told herself. Wife and mother. Part-time businesswoman, on the verge of permanent retirement. She felt like a victim of something she could not understand, and in her need to reaffirm herself, she went very quickly to the phone and put through a call to her husband in Vermont.

The operator said she would call her back in a few minutes. Molly paced restlessly, planning what she would say to Tom. She would tell him about it as though telling him some ludicrous joke. She would present it to him in such a way he would know she had no intention of accepting it.

But suddenly she found herself wishing with all her heart she could somehow phone Max Andro and tell him about it. Max was the only one who could have truly comprehended what a tremendous thing it was for Molly Murdock just to be made such an offer. Tom tried to understand her triumphs and disasters, but because he had no great interest in her workaday world, he could not evaluate the importance of the things that happened to her. If she told him Ross Hamilton wanted to send her to Mars on the first space ship built in Texas, Tom would merely try to detect her own reaction and then respond in the way he thought she might expect. The world seemed a meaner, smaller place with Max Andro out of it. She ached to hear the pride and pleasure he would never be able to express again.

She hurried to the phone when it began to ring.

Mrs. Murdock? I have your party on the line, but it is a bad connection. I can't seem to get a better one. Do you want to try it?" "Yes."

"Go ahead, please."
"Tom?" she called. "Tom?" She listened to a windy whining, a roaring and humming, and heard his voice but could not understand what

"Can you hear me, darling?" she called. "Can you hear me?"
"Hear you clearly." His voice

came from the depths of a cave close to the sea, and she could hear him in the lull between the waves.

"Darling, Mr. Hamilton has offered me a wonderful opportunity. I'm not going to take it. Can you hear me? I'm not going to take it. But it took my breath away to have him offer it. I'll be coming back tomorrow night or Friday morning."

She strained to hear him, and heard a vagueness and remoteness saying, "As you wish. Do as you wish.

"What? I can't hear you, dear."
"Children are fine. Beautiful weather."

"I love you!" sbe called, and wondered why it could have become such a cry of desperation.

"Whatever you decide—"
"Good-by," she said, in her normal voice. "Good-by, darling," she
said, and hung up. She sat on the edge of the bed for a few lost moments before she realized the tears

were running freely down her cheeks.
The phone rang. She picked it up.
John Quinn said, "Molly? I was a fool. Can I come back and apologize in person?"
"Of course, Johnny. Give me ten minutes."

"You don't sound like yourself."
"Who am I?"

"I beg your pardon?"
"Never mind, Johnny. I guess I have a problem of identity. Maybe it concerns you, and maybe it doesn't. I'll see you in ten minutes."

was a becoming shyness about him when she opened the door. He came in and stated at her. moistened his lips, and said, "You've been crying?"

"It's never a secret, Johnny. It makes my eyes look like boiled beets."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to-" "I was crying over a great number of things, Johnny. Maybe you can

take credit for ten per cent."

Then Quinn said, "You've got a good right hand, Molly. And I asked for it. I had no right to be nasty. If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't be here, and Hamilton would never have made that offer. So it's your party all the way. And your decision to make." He turned and made himself a drink. "Just please understand why I had to try to rock you. For me, a chance like this is like finding









a city made of solid gold. And for you, too, of course. But the difference is that I've been looking for it, and you've just stumbled across it.'

"I understand that." He sat beside her on the couch and put his drink on the coffee table. He looked down, studying his clenched fist, and said, "This would give me what I'm after, sooner than ever hoped to achieve it. But it won't work without you. You heard the man. I won't get nasty again, Molly, but I want to plead with you, just a little. I've worked with you, and I've watched you. Molly, believe me, you enjoy all the little side effects and by-products of the wonderful job you've done with Andro. You relish being the fabulous Molly Murdock, who looks so delicately feminine and innocent and who has a mind like Univac and the instincts of a riverboat gambler."
"My lust for power?" she asked.

"It's a pleasure to be rewarded for doing something well. You know how this business is. If you quit now, inside of one year, people will have to think hard to remember your name or what you look like. Do you want

"Why should I care, Johnny? Am I so insecure I have to have that kind of recognition?"

"I can't argue that, and you know it. Maybe, from a completely mature point of view, you shouldn't care. You shouldn't give a damn. My point is that you do, and you are unwilling to admit it to yourself, because you feel there's something sort of silly about it. Can't you have the wrong image of yourself? A lot of people do, you know. Anyhow, let's drop it for now."

"Let's try to, Johnny. I wish you

didn't come into it in any way. It would make it so much easier." She glanced at him and saw the sudden brightness of his eyes, the look of speculation and hope. She laughed aloud. "You know me too well, don't

"What do you mean?"

"Don't look so innocent. You are a clever fellow. I let you trap me into letting you know I'm not as positive as I was an hour ago."

He took a deep breath and gave a long sigh, "I think of how it could be, honey, and I feel bollow as a

They sat in a silence that began They sat in a silence that to feel awkward. She thought of the faint voice of her husband, submerged in all that windy whining, and of the words he would not say to her. "He is not a demonstrative man," she said in a small voice.

"It used to be different. Quite different. We always used to know what the other was thinking." "Molly, dear." "It could all be lost anyway, no

matter what I do." The tears came again, thick and slow and relentless. She bent forward and rested her head on her knees, her clenched fists against her eyes. One small, heartbreak sound escaped, She felt the comforting gentleness of his hand on her back and knew he had moved closer to her. His hand stroked her back, timidly, and then it tugged at her with mild insistence, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to turn into his arms, sob against his throat, be held in strong comfort, feel the slight crustiness of the beard stubble on his lean jaw pressed against her temple.

Little by little, she felt everything changing for them, felt comfort and compassion turning into hunger. He shifted her and kissed the salty corner of her eye, and moved his lips down the curve of her cheek to her unresisting mouth. As the kiss progressed from tenderness to an almost brutal insistence, she heard a faraway clangor of alarm in the back streets of her spirit. Tom had always approached her gently, and she had responded to gentleness. Johnny Quinn, in his hunger, was bruisingly rough. She heard the rasp of his breathing and the thump of his heart, and she felt the grasping pressure of his strong hands.

This is cheapness, she thought. This sort of thing cannot happen to me. I am not this sort of woman. She strained against him with a burning mouth and a galloping tur-moil of heart. This is from being lonely, she thought, and being in a strange place, and having that odd dream on the airplane. In a little while, I will make him stop. In just a little while. Pretty soon, I will make him stop. No harm will be done. None.

He forced her back, his mouth on hers. He fumbled with her dress. She heard a ripping sound. It seemed unimportant. She felt remote, dreamy, softly floating, deliciously helpless. Very soon now, she thought, I shall make him stop all this. But her thought seemed as far away as Tom's voice bad seemed on the telephone.

Tom's voice?

Suddenly she began to fight Johnny, to push him away, saying in a smothered voice, "No! Please! Please

He released her. His eyes were

narrow and shiny. His dark hair was tousled. There were spots of color on his cheekbones. He was breathing rapidly, and his hands were trembling.

'We-can't do this," she whispered. "Why not? What difference would it make? Nobody would have to know about it."

"We'd know."

"I've wanted you for a year, Molly. For a whole year.'

"Don't try to kid yourself, Molly."

"Stop, Johnny. Please."
He grinned at her. "Don't be such a coward. We're right for each other. And we're going to be working together. So what difference would it make?"

"Working together?" she said in a faint voice.

"You know we are. You'll find all the rationalizations you need. Tom doesn't care. That's what you have to face, sooner or later.'

he looked at his confident smile. She seemed to be in a humming place, on the verge of fainting, and his face seemed enormous, blotting out the whole world. "What difference would it make," she whispered. Her mouth felt numbed. "What Her mouth felt numbed. difference, indeed?"

And as he laughed aloud and reached for her, the phone began to ring. She got up quickly, teetered through a moment of dizziness, then went into the bedroom to take the call there.

"Molly? Bless you, my darling! This is Ben.

"Ben Hagerman! What in the world-"

Continued on page 146

Spike the flavor of any barbecue baste with zesty, hearty A.1. STEAK SAUCE



Continued from page 145 "We got a wire from Tom."

"Ben, I'm ashamed of myself. Truly ashamed. I completely forgot you're right here at Texas Southern

"We forgive you. Ginny and I have been aching to see both of you, but we'll make do with one of you. I'm about six blocks from your hotel right now, and I'm under strict orders to pick you up and bring you out to the house, so if you have any important appointments with the local tycoons, tell them you are very sorry but old friends come first. I'll be waiting for you in the lobby within five minutes, Molly."

"But I→" "No excuses," he said, and hung

up. She turned and was startled to see Johnny Quinn smiling down at her, a fresh drink in his hand. He had taken off his jacket and loosened his tie. His shirt was very white in the first gloom of dusk.

"You're so beautiful I've got stage fright," he said. "Johnny, please. I have to change.

I'm going out."

"Out! What kind of runaround-" "Some very old and very good friends. She was a sorority sister of mine. Ben was an instructor at the same time Tom was. Tom wired them I'd be here. Really, Johnny, it would look very strange if I tried to get out of it."

He looked angry and disappointed for a moment; then he managed to smile at ber. "I see what you mean." He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down into ber eyes. "But we understand each other.

"Do we, Johnny?" He gave her a quick and strenuous iss. "That answers your question."

"Does it?" "I'll leave a light in the window.

Hurry home, honey. Get a nice little headache and leave early." t was one of the strangest evenings

of her life. Ben Hagerman-balding, rumpled, wry, full of wonderful, hesitant warmth-met her in the lobby, kissed her heartily on the cheek, and hurried her out to a shabby old station wagon parked half a block from the hotel.

"There must be some sinister secret," he said, after he had yanked the car away from the curb. "More than being in the cosmetics industry, dear Molly. The years are leaving no mark. You could be one of my students. A pact with Lucifer?'

"Call me Doriana Gray. Ben, you are as bad a driver as ever." "And Ginny still keeps her eyes

closed, and I still resent it. It's good to see you, Miss Molly. So good."

He drove her through the last edge of dusk to a small house on a small street between Brays Bayou and the Texas Southern campus. Ginny came running to hug Molly as she got out of the car, then to hold her at arm's length and look at her in the glow of the porch light and say, "You look like a fashion model, How indecent of you! How unkind!" And bugged her again.

Ginny was plump, and there were wings of gray in her dark-brown hair. They went into the confusion of the child-worn house, where the youngest was doing a vastly inept job of feeding himself in his kitchen high chair and the five-year-old twins were engaged in mortal combat.

That first part of the evening was the warm part, the do-you-remember part, with genuine gaiety and laughter. It lasted through dinner, through the cooperative cleanup, and until they were settled in the living roomdense with books and records and prints and stacks of professional journals, with the lights low and the cbildren asleep and red Mexican wine within reach. That was when the strangeness began. That was when the absence of Tom became a tangible thing. There was an empty chair he had never seen and certainly never sat in, but it seemed as if be had just left the room for a few moments.

She knew all the reasons it should be that way. Before they had married, and for many months after both marriages, there had been so many evenings of talk, that good specula-tive talk. They had solved all the weighty problems of Western civiliza-The group of four had had a the skeptic; Ginny, the poet; Tom, the mystic; and Molly, the idealist.

Molly soon realized that after all

the do-you-remembers bad been covered, Ben and Ginny were trying to steer the conversation into old patterns, alternately bringing up the sort of topic the four of them used to leap upon with gusto. But it wasn't working. New topics were seized too eagerly. They listened with artificial avidity. They laughed too quickly. All the comments they made seemed too obvious. And each new topic died in its turn.

For a time, Molly thought it was all due to Tom's absence, and then she was forced to admit to herself something she had been trying to conceal, out of her love for Ben and Their observations seemed incurably adolescent, as though they had been trapped forever in the old years, when the four of them had been very young. Their opinions, though charming and witty, seemed to have no relationship to the real world. She had heard of this happening to old friendships. Ben and Ginny are as they used to be, she thought, and I have grown and changed, so that now this kind of talk seems artificial and boring and

ever so slightly silly.
With this realization, she began to look at Ginny Hagerman in a different light, identifying her as the Molly who-might-have-been. The equation did not lend itself to any pat solution. She had to balance Ginny's makeshift wardrobe and dire need of a hairdresser and shabby but comfortable home and her adolescent fascination with conversational abstractions against a love and a contentment and a closeness in her marriage that were as tangible in that small room as light and heat. A narrow world, but a cozy one indeed.

Just as she was feeling confident of her analysis, two of Ben's graduate students dropped in—a big, dark, moody-looking boy named Sam Al-ston, and a frail little angel girl named Laura Lee Brewer. They had been walking and had seen the lights and decided to let Ben settle an argument they were having. They tried to leave at once when they saw the Hagermans had a guest, but Ben insisted they stay.

The argument concerned the validity of Heidegger's analysis of Kierkegaard's statements regarding primitive monotheism. Molly, because of what she had learned during the time she had been close to Tom's work, was able to follow the thread of the argument for the first few minutes. Then suddenly they were beyond her range. She gave up and leaned back and looked toward Ginny, prepared to give her a conspiratorial wink, as one outsider to another. But she found Ginny fol-lowing the discussion with great intensity. Soon, to Molly's astonishment, Ginny made a fairly lengthy comment, which the others listened to and gravely accepted.

In that moment, Molly Murdock had to re-evaluate all that had gone before. There was nothing adolescent about this discussion. In all the previous talk, Ben and Ginny must have been simplifying, keeping the talk at an undemanding level; in effect, they had been patronizing her. The idea made her so furious she forced herself to smile, and she tried to re-

capture the gist of the discussion.
"On that point," Sam Alston was saying, "I'll go right back to Mur-dock's original treatise on Barth."

Ben gave a yelp of delight, grinned at Molly, and said, "See how Tom comes up as an authority?"

"What do you mean, sir?" Sam Alston said.

"This is Doctor Murdock's wife," Ben said. "I thought you realized that."

"We didn't!" Laura Lee said in a hushed voice.

Betsy McCall

See page 124

· Pandora Knitwear

Anchor-trimmed bathing suit in green (as shown), royal blue, red, purple,

(as snown), royal blue, red, purple, and black. Sizes 4 to 6x, about \$4.

ALARAMA Montgomery, Brosson's CALIFORNIA Monrovia, Belling's

San Diego, Muchling

Stockton, Campbell's In The Village

CONNECTICUT: Aridgeport, Nyden's

LOUISIANA I New Orleans, Gus Mayer

NEW YORK: New York, Bloomingdale's

and all branches

• Cole of California

Sleeved suit in red (as shown), royal blue. Sizes 3 to 6x, about \$7. DIUE. SIZES J TO 0X, ADOUT \$/.

CALIFORNIA: San Diego, The Mariston Co.
San Francisco, The White House
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIAA: Washington,
Julius Garfancke!
FLORIDA: Miami, Burdina's
CEORGA: Atlanta, J. P. Allen
NEW YORK: New York, Altman's

Multistripe jacket (only as shown). Sizes 3 to 7, about \$5. Shorts in white (as shown), green, and orange. Sizes (as snown), green, and orange. Si 3 to 7, about \$2.50.
CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles, The May Co. CONNECTICUT: Bridgeport, Nyden's ILLINOIS: Waukegan, Hein's MICHIGAN: Silrmingham, Demery's Detroit, Demery's Detroit, Demery's MINNESOTA Minneapolis, The Dayton Co. NEW HAMPSHIRE. Portamonth, George H. Kimkal

NEW YORK: Ainghamton, McLean's Endicott, McLean's New York, Macy's

• John Weitz for Weather Winky

Jacket in white (as shown), pink, blue, lavender, gold, orange, light blue, red, and natural. Sizes 3 to 6x, about \$5.

ADOUT \$5.
MICHIGAN: Detroit, Himelhoch's
MISSOURI; St. Louis,
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
NEW YORK; New York, Altman's

Try this for size

See page 36

• Rodiant Dress Roddant Dress
 ILLINOIS: Chiego, Carson, Pirle, Scott INDIANA: Fort Wayne, Frances Shop South Bend, Frances Shop MICHIGAN: Grand Rapids, Herpolsheimer'a New York: Syracuse, Flais OHHO: Toledo, Lamoon's OH, Chiego Chiego, Chiego Chiego, Chiego Chiego, Chiego Chiego, Chiego Chiego, Chieg

Norman Rosen Frocks

COLORADO: Denver, Denver Dry Goods DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, F. R. Ielleft NEW YORK: Syracuse, The Addis Co. OHIO: Cleveland, The Highee Co. PENNSILVANIA: Philadelphia, John Wanamaker RHODE ISLAND: Providence, Cherry & Wehb TENNESSEE: Nashville, Cain Sloan Co. VIRGINIA: Richmond, Miller & Rhoads

The two young people stared at Molly, and she had the feeling they were seeing her for the first time. There was a curious awe, a reverence in their look, tinged with an almost imperceptible flavor of disapproval.

"Is Doctor Murdock in Houston?" Sam Alston asked, incredulity in his

"He is in Vermont," Molly said tartly. "With our children and three crates of reference works, writing a new book."

"I never thought of him as being married." Laura Lee said humbly. "He's a very great man. I guess you know that. I guess you're very proud of him." She looked at her watch. "Sam, we really should go. Thanks for the wine, Doctor Hagerman, and for being a referee. Thank you, Mrs. Hagerman. And-it's been an honor to meet you, Mrs. Murdock."

Ben walked to the door with them and came back, smiling. "Sudden attack of stage fright," be said, "They were aching to ask about the personal life of Doctor Thomas England Murdock, household god of all philosophy majors, but they didn't have the nerve.

Molly laughed. "A very great man! For goodness' sake!" She laughed again, but stopped when she realized that neither Ben nor Ginny was laughing or even smiling. They were looking at her with distant, cool curiosity.

"All these things are relative, of course," Ben said. "Greatness is an elusive word, at best. If you divorce it from public renown, which I think you have to, to retain a true balance, I guess I would apply it to Tom with at least as few reservations as I would apply it to twenty other con-temporaries in all fields of knowl-

edge."
"You mean that, don't you?" Molly said.

"For heaven's sake!" Ginny said,
"How can you be so—"
"Hold it, darling," Ben said. "Molly would be the next to the last person to see Tom in any perspective. Tom would be the last, of course. Molly, my dear, all human knowledge is a great wall man has been building for centuries. We build it of the mortar of dusty research and of the great solid stones of original thought. Tom has put two and perhaps three stones in that wall, and they will endure as long as man endures. Man is the total of what he knows. So Tom has enriched the race. And of every hundred thousand people in this country, you will find just one who will recognize his name.

"He thinks they are going to make him head of the department," Molly said, with a certain defiance.

Ben made an ugly face and said, "Every bit of intellectual energy Tom spends on administration is a criminal waste. That's one thing we're very anxious to ask you about, Molly. There are any number of grants be could have, and all he would have to do is show a willingness to accept one of them."

"Maybe," Molly said weakly, "he just likes what he— I mean, I didn't know. I didn't have any idea he-You see, he doesn't tell me very much any more." Suddenly she understood one special thing about her marriage, something she should have known a long time ago. It was like shining a bitterly bright light into the dark and hidden places of her heart, cruelly exposing things that shamed her. She looked at Ben and Ginny and saw their concern-and their pity. She snapped the lid shut on painful things, sat up straight, gave them a

dazzling smile, and said, "This is a sort of celebration, you know! I've been offered the most marvelous opportunity."

And she began to talk. And talk. And talk. She would illumine for these academic peasants the shiny, wonderful world of reality, and so, with much animation, she opened all her glittering packages for them-the luncheon anecdotes; the special deals; the interplay of sponsors, talent, press agents, and columnists: the desperate infighting in the cosmetics industry; the struggles, the compromises, the bitternesses. She explained how the chance to have her own agency would catapult her right into the vortex of the endemic hurricane. Throughout the almost hysterical vehemence of her talk, she was aware of their stunned expressions, their mechanical smiles. She talked herself up out of her chair and, still talking, moved toward the door, saying, "It has been a wonderful evening, and if you'll drive me back to the hotel now, Ben, I'll be very grateful, because I still have plotting and planning to do with my fellow conspirator. Johnny Quinn, a young man who is truly exciting to work with. You see, I-

They had gone to the door with her. Ben was putting on his jacket. Ginny wore a bland social smile.

"You see, I just want to-" stopped. Her mouth felt rigid under the pressure of her smile. She looked at her old and dear friends for a long second, and then her heart seemed to burst, and as the wild tears came and she clung, weak and shuddering, to Ginny's comforting warmth, she found herself with the idiot thought that the last time she had cried three times in one day, she had been eleven years old and her dog had been run over.

C inny made the living-room couch into a bed for her. Long after Ben had gone up, Ginny stayed with her, sitting on the floor beside the couch. The kitchen light cast a narrow beam into the dark room. They had given her a mild sedative and warm milk. She felt cozy and exhausted, all emotions spent. She kept drifting to the edge of dreams and coming back again.

Molly sighed and said, "It's like skating.

"Skating?" Ginny asked. "When I was little and the ice froze on the pond. You could lie on your stomach and lick a little place to make it shiny and look down and see the weeds standing so still in that icy water down there, like a special secret world."

"I know."

"But when you skated, you saw only the ice. I've been skating for a long time. I guess I'm not making sense. Go to bed, Ginny, I'm all sense. Go to bed, Ginny, im an right now. I love you both. You've been so kind."
"Phoo. Meat loaf, wine, and sympathy."
"And a loan of pajamas."
"The bids will have up both you."

"The kids will have us both up awfully soon. So good-night, Molly-O." Ginny stood up, kissed Molly on the temple, patted her shoulder, and went away. The kitchen light went off. The house was still.

Molly heard sirens far away in the summer night. A small girl licked a seeing-place on the sugary ice and looked down into the still darkness of the weedy world and tumbled slowly down and down. . . .

Her taxi pulled up to the hotel at ten-thirty the next morning. She went to the suite. When she was dressing after her shower, the phone rang.
"You sound revoltingly joyful,"

John Quinn said.

"Is it? I haven't looked. Where were you?"

"Visiting friends."

"I sat there like an idiot and partook of too much of those free drinks and watched television until my eyes gave out, and then I sacked out on that couch. The maid woke me up when she came in at nine. I think the situation baffled her. I know it baffled me.'

Poor Johnny."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Long ago. Have you?"
"Not yet. Shall I come and—"

"Suppose you go down and have breakfast. I'll join you for coffee.

And please get over the grumps."
"I shall be jolly. Ho ho ho," he said bitterly, and hung up.

He saw her as she came across the dining room. He got up quickly, to smile warmly at her and say, 'Good-morning, lovely darling," and bold her chair and lean over it to kiss her cheek before going back to his place. He looked across the table at her and said, "You're so beautiful, Molly, I have to forgive you. But you owe me a full report."

"They're dear old friends. We just talked and talked until it was really too late to ask Ben to drive me back

"Houston has taxis, I've heard."

"But if I'd tried to get a taxi, be'd have insisted on driving me in. You know how those things are.

"It's the little courtesies that count. Thoughtfulness." He leaned closer to her and, with slightly hooded eyes and a deeper, more personal intona-tion, said, "Darling, you can tell me you got a little timid. About us. I'd understand. You know I'd understand."

She gave him the same smile of delight and approval with which one awards a child for a perfect recita-tion. "And I couldn't trust myself? Isn't that how it goes?"

"What's so funny?"
"We're funny, Johnny. We're hilarious."

"What happened to you last night?"

The waiter brought a pot of coffee. As he walked away, Molly smiled at John Quinn and said, "Last night, we peered through the ice and talked of great men. I slept on a couch in borrowed pajamas and was roused by urchins as the sun came up."
"What happened to your hand?"

She looked at the red streak on the back of her right hand. "Wound stripe for a housewife. Their youngest took a wild grab at the handle of the frying pan, and I got it before he spattered himself with hot grease." "Sounds terribly homey," he said. "Oh, it was! Johnny Quinn, while

I was taking my shower this morning, I thought up a question to ask you."

"Ask me anything, Molly darling." She watched him closely and said, 'Will you divorce Cathy and marry

It looked to her as if he stopped breathing. His eyes became very watchful, and he sucked his lips thin and bloodless. "As a condition for what?

She shrugged. "Just for the sake of having me as a wife."
"I have a wife."

"Wouldn't I make you a good

wife? "Molly, I don't know what you're trying to do to me. 1 don't know what kind of game this is. What would be the point in our marrying each other? It would be an ugly mess. Two sets of kids involved.

And it would just about kill Cathy.'

prying out ice cubes



the "Magic Touch" lever and a trayful of perfect, full-sized cubes pops free instantly. No prying, hammering, or thawing under water. Throw out wom-out trays . . . buy several Inland all-aluminum 1ce Cube Trays now at your favorite store. Three styles: Free-Cube, Ice Slice, Shucker. Be sure they're in the new refrigerator you buy.

INLAND "Magic Touch"

ICE CUBE TRAYS

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

"Divorcing Tom wouldn't kill me?" "It's not the same thing, and you know it, Molly. Her whole life is built around me. She gives everything to the marriage."

"Is that such a good bargain for her? To give everything and not even get fidelity?"

"She'll never know about us."
"And what she doesn't know will
keep her happy?"

'That's one way to put it. Yes." "So you would absolutely refuse to divorce her?'

"Put it this way," he said cautiously. "I would be-very reluctant to divorce her.' "Suppose I made it a condition of

this partnership Hamilton wants to set up for us? Suppose I said to you that it will be done my way, all the way, or not at all?"

For a moment, his mouth looked soft and afraid. He looked beyond her, and finally sighed and said, question is hypothetical, isn't it?"
"Maybe it is. Maybe it isn't."

Continued on page 148

Why Weight-Control Diets often include this "Regularity Breakfast"



When you go on a diet that restricts calories drastically, a troublesome problem is likely to develop.

The foods you are eating may be lacking in the bulk that helps promote natural regularity.

This is the reason many dieters, particularly "liquid dieters," often complain of constipation.

In these cases Kellogg's "Regularity Breakfast" can compensate for the bulk that is missing. And because it supplies only 180 calories it is perfectly compatible with almost any weight-control program.

The "Regularity Breakfast"

(only 180 calories)

4 oz. Tomato Juice

½ cup Kellogg's All-Bran

4 oz. Skim Milk 1 teaspoon Sugar

Black Coffee or Tea

Dieters are finding this "Regularity Breakfast" a pleasant, reliable way to get wholesome food bulk their systems need. They report that regularity returns without having to resort to harsh, drug laxatives. And in addition, they have the satisfaction of some good solid food.

To encourage you to try the "Regularity Breakfast" soon, Kellogg's will mail you a 25¢ refund on the first package of Kellogg's on the first package of Kenogg's All-Bran you buy. Just send the box top from a 10-oz. or 16-oz. package to Kellogg's, Dept. E, Battle Creek, Mich., along with your name and address. A shiny new quarter will be mailed back to you at once. (Offer expires September 1, 1961, and is limited to one request per family.)



Continued from page 147 "Wby are you being so rough?" "I'm just learning things by asking

questions, Johnny.

"Let me put it this way. If you should insist, if you should force me to make such a-stupid bargain with you, yes. I would cut Cathy loose and feel like a heel for the rest of my

life, probably."
"But you would cut her loose, dear.
Would I be such a bad bargain?"

"Maybe you wouldn't put much effort into marriage, Molly, but I'm more interested in what you'd con-tribute to Quinn-Murdock." He stared at her. "Do you really want to make that kind of deal with me?' "No. No, thanks."

He looked greatly relieved, and then he was suddenly angry. "Then why did you pull such a miserable stunt on me?

"Perhaps it wasn't fair."

"Fair? Don't you know you've taken something away from me I didn't want to lose? Do you have any idea how I feel right now?"

"Don't try to touch my heart, Johnny. If you're capable of selling Cathy, it's just as well you should know about it. You didn't suddenly become capable of it, you know.

"What are you trying to do to

me?"
'I'm trying to do something for myself, Johnny. Something over-

due."
"This kind of talk doesn't pay the bills. And it makes me uncomfortable. Let's get this show on the road, Molly. We've got to have something specific to show Ross Hamilton."

As he signed the check, she finished her coffee and stood up. In the lobby, the bell captain came up to them and said, "Your cab is waiting, Mrs. Murdock, and your bags are in the cab. If you leave now, you should make it comfortably."

She thanked him and gave him the money she had ready for him.

"Where are you going?" John

Quinn asked vacantly.
"Vermont, my dear," she said, and stood on tiptoe to kiss the cheek of his empty face. "Please thank Mr. Hamilton for everything. He flattered me, and so have you, Johnny. Make a strenuous pitch, and I think he might fix everything for you just the way you want it." She hurried to her cab. As it pulled out, she heard Johnny calling to her. The cab slowed. "No. Please drive on. It's nothing important," she said.

On Saturday night, after the children were asleep, Tom and Molly Murdock walked, once again, through the orchard to the stone wall near the brook. It was a chill, still night, with most of a moon pasted high, dimming the stars. She wore

wool slacks and a bulky old cardigan.

Tom worked each day with such total concentration that it took him perceptible time, after he was through, to return to full awareness of the present. And these evening talks had become a ritualistic part of their rediscovery of each other. There was, Molly knew, no need for haste. There was enough time for them, enough time for her to learn more about this odd, withdrawn, durable, gifted man she loved.

She hitched to a comfortable place on the stone wall. "I hate to break this tempo by going back tomorrow, Tom, but I did promise them two more weeks-win, lose, or draw-and then I'm free of all of it." She waited, but he made no response. She looked at him and saw slivers of moonlight on the lenses of his glasses. She wondered if this was the time to bring up the thing that most puzzled her. "Darling," she said, "why is it that you never express an opinion at all about what you want me to do? You could tell me not to go back, I

"I suppose it's a question of emotional ethics, Molly. I believe every human being is unique, valuable, and, in some deep essence, unknowable. So what sort of arrogance, what sort of selfishness would it be were I to demand that you order your life to suit my needs, comfort, and convenience?

"But how can I know what you want unless you let me know?'

"What I want? But I want you to be happy. That's what one wants for the woman he loves."

"So I just have to guess the ways to make you happy?"

'It has to be a balance, Molly dear. It can't be a marriage just for my

benefit, or just for yours."

She took his hand. "But you could have told me to stop working. You could have told me that my working was actually keeping you from accepting one of those grants Ben told me about. Darling, I think you have leaned way way over backward on this. Doesn't it occur to you that a woman requires a certain amount of domination?"

"I don't think you do. I think you would have obeyed and put on a smiling face to hide a lot of resent-ment. Don't you see, you had to put an end to it on your own terms. You had to make a deliberate shift in the direction in which you want to seek your satisfactions. That's what every life is, you know, merely the balancing of satisfactions, weighing the long-term ones against the immediate ones, the meaningful ones against the silly ones that merely boost the ego or give sensory pleasure.'

'But, Tom, how about the terrible risk you took in letting me work things out my own way? I have developed a superficial part of my ability to such an extent I've got rusty on using the part of my mind that can comprehend the-the won-

derful things you are doing."
"Please don't you dare get into that great-man routine again. It sets my teeth on edge and makes me feel like

a pretentious idiot."
"All right, darling. And how about the risk of my getting into cheap emotional things with another man. just because I wasn't giving enough to marriage-and of course not getting enough from it? And what about the risk of losing me altogether in that business world I was in?'

"Max Andro and I talked about you one evening. I explained to him what I have told you. He called me a fool. I told him there was more to you than he realized and that you'd come to the end of it all by yourself. simply because it would leave too much of you unnourished and barren and restless." He jumped down from the stone wall and stood facing her, his hands on her waist, looking up into her face. In a husky voice, he "I hide more than I should, I can't help it. I sound so confident, don't 1? I sounded confident talking to Max, too. I wasn't at all sure. Believe me, I can be happier with you being a part-time wife than I could be with all the devoted attentions of any other woman in the world. Now you've come back. I didn't know you would. I could hope, that's all. And you're back because you want to be back. That's what makes it such a glorious thing, Molly, such a miraculous thing,'

"Lift me down, and kiss me, please," she said.

He lifted her down, with the rangy strength that astonished those who came up against it for the first time. And he kissed her in a way

time. And he kissed her in a way that opened her heart. "And now," she said, "could we please end my career on just one small note of male dominance?" "What? Oh, of course. Don't go

back for that two more weeks. Understand?"

"Yes, dear. Of course, dear. Anything you say, dear. I'll wire Charlie Marks some sort of excuse." "Like what?"

"I think I'll just tell him I've got married again.'

They laughed together, disturbing a sleeping bird in an apple tree. The bird made a sullen sound of com-plaint. The brook mumbled. Crickets sang. The stars turned. Molly walked joyously, hand in hand with her husband, back through the orchard toward the dark farmhouse, feeling as if she had at last been cured of a small but lasting madness, and feeling as breathless as any bride.

THE END

My world at large

Continued from page 132

more fascinating than the Cold War. Little David lives in his own world, and I hope, as do most parents about their youngsters, he will dwell in his happy little world throughout his childhood. But while that childhood is onstage, things are happening outside the theater that will make up the real world he will enter when the play is over. So I've been putting these two worlds together on paper.

At least once a week, I write a page or so in "David's Diary." I write a paragraph about our progress in space (into which he will casually go someday); I tell what Sister and Brother did, and I tell what has happened to me; I put down, too, what he, little David, has been up to Some of my entries would be legal fare for a one-way ticket to Never-Never Land. Looking back, I see lines like: "Today you got your first shoes without laces, and a man named John Fitzgerald Kennedy was sworn in as President of the United States." And: "Today a chimpanzee named Ham was shot into space in a rocket-a hundred fifty-six miles above the earth-and you learned to brush your teeth up and down in-stead of sideways." One entry reads: "Michael came home with the second highest report card in class for this semester. You and I, David, spent an hour and a half changing the fan belt. tightening the generator, and replacing the oil filter on our 23-year-old antique Jaguar racer." David knows more about it than I do, by this time. "And you got a special present of a windup toy. Windup rather than battery, so you'd learn that to get something, you must give something if you are going to be pleased about the whole thing."

I hope I'll be faithful to this en-

deavor, because when David is old enough to read and understand what I have written, he'll have a stock of information about what went on in the world when he was too busy growing up to watch it go by. And he will learn early what I learned so late: how vital it is to remember the past. This project may help me remember it, too.

The winter of our discontent

Continued from page 72

flowers explodes, and every sunset is different

In June, the happy seed of summer germinates. "Where shall we go over the glorious Fourth of July? It's getting on time we should be planning our vacation." June is the mother of potentials; ducklings swim bravely, perhaps to the submarine jaws of snapping turtles; tomatoes rear defiant stems toward cutworms; families match the merits of sand and sunburn over fretful mountain nights loud with mosquito symphonies.

The yellow afternoon had the warm breath of summer. A few early-season people, those without children to hold them glued until school was out. were moving in the streets, strangers. Some cars came through, towing small boats and big outboard motors on trailers. Ethan would have known with his eyes closed that they were summer people by what they bought -cold cuts and process cheese, crackers and tinned sardines.

oey Morphy came in from the bank for his afternoon refreshment, as he did every day, now that the weather was warming. He waved the bottle toward the cold counter. "You should put in a soda fountain," he said to Ethan.

"And grow four new arms? You forget, neighbor Joey, I don't own the store.

"You should."

"Must I tell you my sad story of

the death of kings?"

"I know your story. You didn't know your asparagus from a hole in the double-entry bookkeeping. You had to learn the hard way, but you learned. The trouble is, you've still got a broke state of mind. Junk it, Mr. Hawley."

Thanks. "I like you. When is Marullo going

to Italy? "He hasn't said. Tell me, Joey, is he a rich man? No, don't. I know you're not supposed to talk about clients.

"I can rupture a rule for a friend, Ethan. I don't know all his affairs; but if our account means anything, I'd say he is. He's got his fingers in all kinds of things—piece of property here, vacant lot there, some beachfront houses, and a bundle of first mortgages big around as your waist."

'But it's all on the level, isn't it? I mean-well, you read all the time about-well, drugs and rackets and

things like that.

wouldn't know about that. He doesn't tell his business around. Draws some out, puts some back. And I don't know where else he You notice I don't tell his banks. balance."

"I didn't ask."

"Could you let me have a beer?" "Only to take out."

"I wouldn't ask you to break the

"Nuts!" Ethan punched boles in a can. "Just hold it down beside you if anybody comes in."

Thanks. I've put a lot of thought on you, Ethan.'

Why? "Maybe because I'm a Nosy Parker. Failure is a state of mind. It's like one of those sand traps an ant lion digs. You keep sliding back. Takes a big jump to get out of it. You've got to make that jump, Eth. Once you get out, you'll find success is a state of mind, too."

"Is it a trap, too?" "If it is, it's a better kind."

"Suppose a man makes the jumpand someone else gets tromped."
"Only God sees the sparrow fall,

but even God doesn't do anything about it."

"I wish I knew what you're trying to tell me to do.'

'I wish I did, too. If I did, I might do it myself. Bank tellers don't get to be president. A man with a fistful of stock does. I guess I'm trying to say, 'Grab anything that goes by. It may not come around again."
"You're a philosopher, Joey-a fi-

nancial philosopher.

"Don't rub it in. If you don't have it, you think about it. I got to get back. Mr. Baker's going to New York tomorrow for a few days. He's busy as a bug."
"What about?"

"How do I know? But I separate the mail. He's been getting a lot from Albany.

"Politics?"

"I only separate it. I don't read it. Is business always this slow?" "Around four o'clock, yes. It'll

pick up in ten minutes or so."

"You see? You've learned. I bet you didn't know that before you went broke. Be seeing you. Grab the gold ring for a free ride."

The little buying spurt between five and six came on schedule. The sun, held back by daylight saving, was still high, and the streets were light as midafternoon when he brought in the fruit bins and closed the front doors and drew the green shades. Then, reading from a list, he gathered the supplies to carry home and put them all in one big bag. With his apron off and his coat and hat on, he took from his wallet the folded, lined pages Danny Taylor had slipped under the door. He made a little envelope of waxed paper for them. Then, opening the enamel door to the works of the cold counter, he slipped the waxy envelope into a corner and closed the door.

Under the cash register on a shelf. he found the dog-eared Manhattan telephone book, kept there for emergency orders to the supply house. Under "U"-under "United States Government"-under "Justice Dept of," his finger moved down the column past "Antitrust Div, Customs Div, Detention Hdqtrs, Fed Bur of Investgatn," and under it, "Immigra-tion & Naturalization Svce, 20 W Bway-BA 7-0300, Nights Sat Sun & Holidys OL 6-5888.'

He said aloud, "Oh el six five eight eight eight, because it's late." And then he spoke to his canned goods without looking at them. "If every-thing's proper and aboveboard, no-body gets hurt."

Ethan went out the alley door and locked it. He carried his bag of groceries across the street to the Foremaster. The grill was noisy with cocktailers; but the tiny lobby, where the public phone booth stood, was deserted. He closed the glass door. put his groceries on the floor, spread his change on the shelf, inserted a dime, and dialed.

 $E^{\rm than}$ came from work, carrying his bag of groceries. How good the long afternoons are! The lawn was so tall and lush that it took his footprints. He kissed Mary damply. "Pollywog," he said, "the lawn is running wild. Do you think I could get Allen to cut it?"

"Well, it's examination time. You know how that is, and school closing and all."

"What's that unearthly squalling in the other room?"

"He's practicing with his voice-throwing gadget. He's going to perform at the school-closing show.



You can spray dry skin away

Imagine! Dry skin bath oil in an aerosol spray! It's almost like air-conditioning ... this wonderful new way to spray dry skin away! So cooling-so smoothingso utterly, utterly delicious! After your shower, your bath... for a summertime of fun and beauty and sheer, sheer delight, spray every hint of dry skin away with new Evening in Paris SPRAY DRY SKIN OIL. Also in 3 other heavenly fragrances; On the Wind, Spice 'n Ice, Frosty Mist-all by Bourjois-each, \$1.00.

"Well, I guess I'll have to cut the lawn myself.

"I'm sorry, dear. But you know how they are.

"Yes, I'm beginning to learn how they are.

"Are you in a bad temper?"
"Let's see. Yes, I guess I am. I've been on my feet all day. The thought of pushing the lawn mower doesn't make me jump with joy. And that squalling is driving me crazy.'

"Now, don't take your bad temper out on him.'

"All right, but it would help if I Ethan pushed through the living room, where Allen was squawking vaguely recognizable words from a vibrating reed held on his tongue. "What in the world is that?"

Allen spat it into his palm. "From that box of Peeks you brought me. It's ventriloquism."

"Did you eat the Peeks?"

"No. I don't like it. I've got to practice, Dad.' "Hold up a moment." Ethan sat

Continued on page 150

Continued from page 149 down. "What do you plan to do with your life?"

"Huh?"

"The future. Haven't they told you in school? The future is in your hands."

Ellen slithered into the room and Ellen sittered into the room and draped herself on the couch, like a knob-kneed cat. She rippled out a steel-cutting giggle. "He wants to go on television," she said.

"There was a kid only thirteen

won a hundred and thirty thousand dollars on a quiz program."

"Turned out it was rigged," said Ellen

"Well, he still had a hundred and thirty grand."

Ethan said softly, "The moral aspects don't bother you?" "Shucks. Everybody does it."

"How about the ones who offer themselves on a silver platter and there are no takers? They have neitber honesty nor money."

"That's the chance you take-the way the cookie crumbles."

"Yes, it's crumbling, isn't it?" Ethan said. "And so are your manners. Sit up! Have you dropped the word 'sir' from the language?

The boy looked startled, checked to see if it was meant, then lounged upright, full of resentment. "No, sir," he said.

"How are you doing in school?"

"All right, I guess."

"Except in history and arithmetic," Ellen said.

"You were writing an essay about bow you love America. Has your determination to destroy her stopped that project?"

"How do you mean destroy-sir?" "Can you honestly love a dishonest thing?

"Heck, Dad, everybody does it." "Does that make it good?

"Well, nobody's knocking it except a few eggheads. I finished the essay." "Good. I'd like to see it."

Ellen giggled.

"I sent it off."

"You must have a copy." "No, sir."

"Suppose it gets lost?"

"I didn't think of that. Dad, I wish I could go to camp, the way all the other kids do."

"We can't afford it. Not all the other kids go-only a few of them. "I wish we had some money." len stared down at his hands and

licked his lips. Ellen's eyes were narrowed and concentrated.

Ethan studied his son. "I'm going to make that possible," he said.

"I can get you a job to work in the store this summer."

"How do you mean, work?"
"Isn't your question, 'What do you

mean, work?' You will carry and trim shelves and sweep, and perhaps if you do well, you can wait on customers."

"I want to go to camp."

"You also want to win a hundred thousand dollars."

"Maybe I'll win the essay contest. At least, that's a trip to Washington. Some kind of vacation after all year in school.

"Allen! There are unchanging rules of conduct, of courtesy, of bonestyyes, even of energy. It's time I taught you to give them lip service at least. You're going to work."

The boy looked up. "You can't."
"I beg your pardon?"

"Child-labor laws. I can't even get work permit before I'm sixteen. You want me to break the law?

"Do you think all the boys and girls who help their parents are half

slave and half criminal?" Ethan's anger was as naked and ruthless as love.

Allen looked away. "I didn't mean that, sir.

"I'm sure you didn't. And you won't again. You stubbed your nose on twenty generations of Hawleys and Allens. They were honorable men. You may be worthy to be one someday."

"Yes, sir. May I go to my room,

"You may."

Allen walked up the stairs slowly. When he had disappeared, Ellen whirled her legs like propellers. She sat up and pulled down her skirt, like a young lady. "I've been reading the speeches of Henry Clay. He sure was good."

"Yes, he was."

"Do you remember them?"

"Not really, I guess. It's been a long time since I read them." "He's great."

"Somehow, it doesn't seem school-girl reading."

"He's just great."

Ethan got up from his chair, with whole long and weary day pushing him back.

In the kitchen, he found Mary redeyed and angry. "I heard you," she said. "I don't know what you think you're doing. He's just a little boy."
"That's the time to start, my dar-

ling,"
"He's just a little boy. You went

"No, darling. I gave him a quick glimpse of the world. He was build-ing a false one."
"Who are you to know what the world is?"

Ethan walked past her and out the back door.

"Where are you going?"
"To cut the lawn."

"I thought you were tired."
"I am. I was." He looked over his shoulder at her, standing inside the screen door, "A man is a lonely thing," he said, and he smiled at her a moment before he got out the lawn mower.

Mary heard the wbirring blades tearing through the supple grass.

The sound stopped by the doorstep. Ethan called, "Mary, Mary, my darling. I love you." And the whirling blades raged on through the overgrown grass.

Margie Young-Hunt was an attractive woman, informed, clever; so clever that she knew when and how to mask ber-cleverness. Her marriages had failed. The men had failed; one by being weak, and the second weaker—he died. Dates did not come to her. She created them, mended ber fences by frequent telephone calls, letters, get-well cards, and arranged-accidental meetings. She carried homemade soup to the sick and remembered birthdays. By these means, she kept people aware of ber existence.

More than any woman in town, she kept her stomach flat, her skin clean and glowing, her teeth bright, and her chinline taut. A goodly part of her income went to hair, nails, massage, creams, and unguents. Other women said, "She must be older than she looks." Her make-up took increasing time.

On a date-dining, dancing, laughing, amusing, drawing ber escort with a net of small magnets-who could know her cold sense of repetition? More and more of ber dates were the married, the infirm, or the cautious, and Margie knew better than anyone that her time was running out. Her fortunetelling cards did not respond when she sought help for herself.

Margie had known many men. most of them guilty, wounded in their vanity, or despairing; so that she had developed a contempt for her quarry. It was easy to move such men through their fears and their vanities. They ached so to be fooled that she no longer felt triumph, only a kind of disgusted pity. These were her friends and associates. She protected them even from the discovery that they were her friends. She gave them the best of herself, because they demanded nothing of her. She kept them secret, because she did not admire herself. Danny Taylor was one of these, and Alfio Marullo another, and Police Chief Stonewall Jackson Smith a third, and there were others. They trusted her and she them, and their secret existence was the one warm honesty to which she could retire to restore herself. These friends talked to her freely and without fear, for she was receptive, unjudging, and silent. As most people have secret vices, Margie Young-Hunt concealed a secret virtue. And because of this quiet thing, it is probable that she knew more about New Baytown than anyone, and her knowledge was unwarped, because she would not-could not-use it for her own profit. But in other fields, everything that came to her hand was usable.

Her project Ethan Allen Hawley began casually, out of idleness. In a way, he was correct in thinking it was mischievous, a testing of her power. She was genuinely fond of Mary Hawley, and through her she gradually became aware of Ethan, bound in a kind of social-economic trauma that had robbed him of strength and certainty. Having no work, no love, no children, she wondered whether she could release and direct this crippled man toward some new goal. It was a game, a kind of puzzle, a test, a product not of kindness but simply of curiosity and idleness. This was a superior man. To direct him would prove her superiority, and this she needed in-

Probably she was the only one who knew the depth of the change in Ethan, and it frightened her, because she thought it was her doing. The mouse was growing a lion's mane. She sensed the muscles under his clothes, felt ruthlessness growing behind his eyes.

In her tiny, immaculate house, set in a large, overgrown garden very near Old Harbor, she leaned toward the make-up mirror to inspect her tools. Her eyes saw through cream, powder, eyeshadowing, and lashes sheathed in black, saw the hidden wrinkles, the inelasticity of skin. She felt the years creep up like the rising tide about a rock in a calm sea. There are arsenals of maturity, of middle age, of age; but these require training and technique she did not yet have. She must learn them before her structure of youth and excitement crumbled and left her naked, rotten, ridiculous. Her success had been that she never let down, even alone. Now, as an experiment, she allowed her mouth to droop as it wanted to, her eyelids to fall half-staff; she lowered her bigh-held chin. Before her in the mirror, she saw twenty years clamber over her, and she shuddered as the icy whispering told her what lay waiting. She had delayed too long. A woman must have a showcase in which to grow old-lights, props, black velvet, children, love, protection and small change, a serene and undemanding husband, or his even more serene and less demanding will and trust fund. A woman growing old alone is useless, castoff trash,

with no hobbled retainers to cluck and mutter over her aches and to rub her pains.

A hot spot of fear foamed in Margie's stomach. She had been lucky in her first busband. He was weak, and she soon found the valve of bis weakness. He was hopelessly in love with her, so much so that when she needed a divorce, he did not ask for a remarriage clause in his alimony settlement.

Her second husband thought she had a private fortune, and so she had. He didn't leave her much when he died; but with the alimony from her first husband, she could live decently, dress well, and cast about at leisure. Suppose her first husband should die! There was the fear spot. There was the night- or daymare-the monthlycheckmare.

Margie, leaning toward the mirror, paused and hurled her will like a javelin. Her chin rose; her eyes shone; the skin snuggled close to her skull; her shoulders squared. stood up and waltzed in a deft circle on the deep-pile red carpet. She must rush, she must hurry, before it was too late.

She flung open her closet and Iaid hands on the sweet, provocative dress she had been saving for the Fourth of July weekend, the shoes with pencil heels. There was no languor in her now. She dressed as quickly and efficiently as a butcher whets his knife, and she checked against a full-length mirror, the way that same butcher tests his blade against his thumb. Speed but no rush, speed for the man who will not wait, and then-the casual slowness of the informed, the smart, the chic, the confident, the lady with pretty legs and immaculate white gloves. No man she passed failed to look after her. Miller Brothers' truck driver whistled as he lumbered by with lumber, and two high-school boys leveled slitted Valentino eves at her.

lady does not wander-not in A New Baytown. She must be going someplace, have some business, however small and meaningless. As Margie walked in dotted steps along the High Street, she bowed and spoke to passers-by and reviewed them automatically.

Mr. Hall. He was living on credit, had been for some time.

Stoney. A tough, male man, but what woman could live on a cop's salary or pension? Besides, be was her friend.

MacDowell. "So nice to see you, sir. How's Milly?" Impossible. Scottish, tight, tied to his wife.

Paul Strait. A power in the Re-publican Party. His wife was named Butterfly-not a nickname. Paul did well if New York State had a Republican governor. He owned the city dump, where it cost a quarter to dump a load of garbage, and he looked so like a president that many people called him Ike. But Danny Taylor, while quietly drunk, had referred to bim as the Noblest Paul of Them Aul, and that stuck. Noble Paul became his name when he wasn't present.

Marullo. He's sicker than he was, He's gray sick. Marullo's eyes were those of a man shot in the stomach with a forty-five. He had walked past the doorway of his own store without going in.

Margie bounced into the store. Ethan was talking to a stranger, a youngish, dark-haired man, Ivy League pants and bat with a narrow brim. Fortyish, hard, tough, and devoted to whatever he was doing. He leaned over the counter and seemed about to inspect Ethan's tonsils.

Margie said, "Hi! You're husy. I'll come back later,'

There are endless idle hut legitimate things a strolling woman can do in a bank. Margie crossed the alley mouth and went into the marble temple.

oey Morphy lighted up the whole barred square of his teller's window when he saw her. What a smile, what a character, what a good playmate, and what a lousy prospect as a bushand. Margie properly appraised him as born a hachelor who would die fighting to remain one. She said, "Please, sir, do you have

any fresh, unsalted money?

"Excuse me, ma'am, I'll see. I'm almost positive I saw some somewhere. How much of it would you like to have?"

"About six ounces, m'sieur." She took a folding book from her white kid bag and wrote a check for twenty dollars.

Joey laughed. He liked Margie. Once in a wbile, not too often, he took her out. He liked her company and her sense of play. He turned her check around. "Do you want this in twenties, fifties, or hundreds?"

"Give it to me in two bitses." Mr. Baker looked out of his

frosted-glass office.

Now, there was a bet. Baker had made a grammatically correct but obscure pass at her once. Mr. Baker was Mr. Money. Sure, he had a wife; hut Margie knew the Bakers of this world-they could always raise a moral reason for doing what they wanted to do anyway. She was glad she had turned him down. It left him still in the hook.

She gathered the four five-dollar bills Joey had given her and moved toward the gray banker; but at that moment, the man she had seen talking to Ethan passed in front of her, presented a card, and was taken into Mr. Baker's office. "Who is that?" she asked Joey.

"Never saw him hefore. Looks like a hank-examiner type. It's times like this I'm glad I'm honest and even gladder I can add and suhtract."

'You know, Joey, you're going to make some faithful woman a heck of a fine fugitive.'

That is my prayerful hope, ma'am.

"See you." She went out, crossed the alley, and entered Marullo's grocery again. "Hi, Eth."

'Hello, Margie. "Who was the handsome stran-

ger?"
"Don't you carry your crystal hall?"

"Secret agent?"

"Not exactly. Said he was a federal man."

"What did he want?"

"I only know what he asked. I don't know what he wanted." "What did he ask?" "How long do I know my boss.

Who else knows him. When did he come to New Baytown." 'What did you tell him?"

"When I joined up to fight the foe, I didn't know him. When I came back, he was here. When I went hroke, he took over the store and gave me a job."

"What do you suppose it's about?"
"Who knows?"

Margie had been trying to look beyond his eyes. She thought, He's pretending to be a simpleton. I wonder what the guy really wanted.

He said it so quietly it frightened

"You don't believe me. You her. know, Margie, no one ever helieves the truth."

"The whole truth? When you carve a chicken, Eth, it's all chicken, hut some is dark meat and some wbite."

"I guess so. Frankly, I'm worried, Margie. If anything happened to Al-

"Aren't you forgetting you're going to be rich? You know the fortune I read you is coming true."

"I know it is."

"Don't you think you owe me something?

"Sure."

"When are you going to pay?" "Would you care to step into the hack room?

"I don't think you could."

"You don't?"

"No, Ethan, and you don't, either." He slid the door of the cold cabinet open, took out a cold drink, which instantly grew a jacket of frost, opened it, and handed the bottle to her while he opened a second, "What is it you want of me?"

"I've never known a man like you. I can raise a puny little storm in most men with my eyebrows. How

do I go about lighting your fire?"
"Come off it. There's something wrong here. I'm conceited enough to know the caliber of my attractiveness. You're a fine broth of a dame, but you're also smart. What do you

"I told your fortune, and it's com-

ing true."
"And you want to trek along?"

"Yes."

"Now I can believe you." He raised his eyes. "Mary of my heart," he said, "look on your husband, your lover, your dear friend. Guard me against evil from within me and from harm without.

"You're a fake, Ethan."

"I know it. But can't I be a humble fake?"
"I'm afraid of you now. I wasn't

hefore."

"I can't think why."

She had that tarot look, and he saw it. "Marullo," she said.

"What about him?" "I'm asking."

"Be with you in a moment," Ethan said to Mr. Baker, who had come into the store. "Half a dozen eggs, cube of butter, right. How are you for

"Yes, a can of coffee. How is that Whumpdum corned-beef hash?"
"I haven't tried it. They say it's

very good. Didn't Mrs. Baker get some of that Whumpdum cornedheef hash?" he asked Mr. Baker.

"I don't know, Ethan. I eat what's put before me. Mrs. Young-Hunt, you get prettier every day."

"Kind sir! How is Mrs. Baker?"

"Well enough to complain. Why don't you call on her? She gets lone-

ly. Please call on her."
"I'd love to. Put my things in a hag, Mr. Hawley. I'll pick them up on my way home."

"Right, ma'am."

That's quite a remarkable young woman," Mr. Baker said, watching Margie's retreating back.
"She and Mary hit it off."

"Ethan, did that government man

"Yes." "What does he want?"

"I don't know. He asked some questions ahout Mr. Marullo. I didn't know the answers."

Mr. Baker released the image of Margie as slowly as an anemone opens and casts out the shell of a sucked-clean crab. "Ethan, have you seen Danny Taylor?"

'No, I haven't.'

"Do you know where be is?"

"No, I don't."

"I have to get in touch with him. Can't you think where he might be?'



"I haven't seen him for-well, since April. He was going to try the cure again."
"Do you know where?"

"He didn't say. But he wanted to

try."
"Was it a public institution?"

"I don't think so, sir. He borrowed some money from me." "What!"

"I lent him a little money."

"How much?" "I beg your pardon?"

"Sorry, Ethan. You are old friends.

Sorry. Did he have other money?"
"I think so."

'You don't know how much?" "No, sir. I just had a feeling he had more."

"If you know where be is, please

tell me."
"I would if I knew, Mr. Baker.
Maybe you could make a list of the places and phone."

"Did he borrow cash?"

"Then that's no good. He'd change Continued on page 152

SALI

soned to your taste. Use Adolph's Salt Substitute as you would regular salt and Adolph's new Seasoned Salt Substitute - a blend of ingredients including pure spices and herbs-as you would seasoned salt. Both sprinkle and look like salt, and are dietetically sodium free.

Try both kinds... at food stores everywhere.









►CLUBS OR INDIVIDUALS

FREE, NEW BIG CATALOGUE and literature with pictures and descriptions of hundreds of unusual, profitable items.

70 SAMPLES, NAME-IMPRINTED beoutiful new Christmas Cards Free, Everyday and birthday cards, gifts, tays, hausehold and baby items. Salable samples sent an appraval.

ALSO, IMPRINTED STATIONERY, Wedding annauncements, napkins and motches. BIG COMMISSIONS.

motches. BIG COMMISSIONS.

Write today for everything you GIFT FOR Mitchell Greetings Co., Dept. MC-761

ORDERS

47 W. 7 Mite Rood, Detroit 3, Michigan need to start earning money.

governor called me in. I wonder where the leak could be." "Anyone see you there?" "Not that I know of. I flew in and out. This is serious. I'm going to tell you something. If it gets out, I'll

know where it came from.' "Then I don't want to hear it."

Continued from page 151

his name. They always do from good families. Ethan, did you get the mon-

"Well, don't forget it. Is Mary

"Oh, she's strong and tough. Wish

"That will come, Ethan. I think I'll

"I guess you bankers are the lucky

"What gave you that idea?"
"I don't know. Heard it someplace.

"She couldn't. She didn't know it.

"This troubles me, Ethan. Think

"I'll tell you in confidence why I'm

worried. It's because it is true. The

"I can't, sir. What does it matter if it isn't true?"

I could take ber on a little vacation.

We haven't been out of town in

go to Maine over the Fourth of July.

ones. Weren't you in Albany lately?

I can't take the noise any more.

Maybe Mrs. Baker told Mary.

hard where you heard it."

Try to think where you heard it.'

Maybe I only imagined it.

ey from Mary?'

"She didn't mind?"

"She didn't know.'

"Now you're being smart,"

"I learned from you, sir."

"Yes."

well?"

years."

"You baven't any choice, now that you know about Albany. The state is looking into county and town affairs.

"Whv?"

"I guess because the smell has got as far as Albany.

"No politics?" "I guess anything the governor does

can be called politics. "Mr. Baker, why can't it be in the

"I'll tell you why. Upstate, the word got out, and by the time the examiners got to work, most of the

records had disappeared.' "I see. I wish you hadn't told me. I'm not a talker, but I wish I didn't know '

"For that matter, I wish the same thing. Ethan.

"The election is July seven. Will it break before that?"

"I don't know. That's up to the

state. "Do you suppose Marullo is mixed in it? I can't afford to lose my job. "I don't think so. That was a fed-

eral man. Department of Justice.' "I wouldn't think you'd want to

go away.' "Oh, that doesn't matter. Nothing happens over Fourth of July week-Why, the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor on a weekend. They knew everyone would be away."

"I wish I could take Mary some-

"Maybe you can later. I want you to whip your brains and try to find where Taylor is."

"Is it so important?"

"It is. I can't tell you why right now, but if you could turn him up, maybe you wouldn't need this job.

"If it's that way, I'll sure try, sir." That's the boy, Ethan. And if you do locate him, you call me-any time, day or night."

wonder about people who say they I haven't time to think. For my-self, I can double-think. Weighing vegetables, passing the time of day with customers, fighting or loving Mary, coping with the children-none of these prevents a second and continuing layer of thinking, wondering,

conjecturing. Surely this must be true of everyone. Maybe not having time to think is not having the wish to think.

In the strange, uncharted country I had entered, perhaps I had no choice. Questions boiled up, demanding to be noticed. And it was a world so new to me that I puzzled over matters old residents probably solved and put away when they were children.

I had thought I could put a process in motion and control it at every turn-even stop it when I wanted to. And now the frightening conviction grew in me that such a process may become a thing in itself, a person, almost, having its own ends and means and quite independent of its creator. And another troublesome thought came in. Did I really start it, or did I simply not resist it? I may have been the mover, but was I also the moved? Once on the long street, there seemed to be no crossroads, no

forked paths, no choice.

The choice was in the first evaluation. What are morals? Are they simply words? Was it honorable to assess my father's weakness, which was a generous mind and the illfounded dream that other men were good business to dig the pit for him. He fell into it bigget fell into it himself. No one pushed him. Was it immoral to strip him when he was down? Apparently not.

Now a slow, deliberate encirclement was moving on New Baytown, and it was set in motion by honorable

If it succeeded, they would be thought not crooked but clever. And a factor they had overlooked moved in, would that be immoral or dishonorable? I think that would depend on whether or not it was successful. To most of the world, success is never bad. Punishment is for failure. In effect, no crime is committed unless a criminal is caught. In the move designed for New Baytown, some men had to get hurt, some even destroyed; but this in no way deterred the movement.

I could not call this a struggle with my conscience. Once I perceived the pattern and accepted it, the path was clearly marked and the dangers apparent. What amazed me most was that it seemed to plan itself, one thing grew out of another, and everything fitted together. I watched it grow and guided it with only the lightest touch.

Though I could not stop this process, I need never start another. I did not need or wish to be a citizen of this gray and dangerous country. 1 had nothing to do with the coming tragedy of July seventh. It was not my process, but I could anticipate, and I could use it.

I felt sure that Mr. Baker would go on a holiday, probably on Fri-day afternoon of the Fourth of July weekend. The storm would have to break Friday or Saturday, to give it time to take effect before election, and it was logical to suppose that Mr. Baker would want to be away when the shock came. Of course, that didn't matter much to me. It was more an exercise in anticipation, but it did make several moves necessary on Thursday, just in case he left that night. My Saturday matter was so finely practical that I could move through it in my sleep. If I had any fear of that, it was more like a small stage fright.

On Monday, June 27, Marullo came in soon after 1 had opened up. He walked about, looking strangely at the shelves, the cash register, the cold counter. You would have

thought he was seeing the store for

I said, "Going to take a trip over the Fourth?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, everybody does who can afford it."

"Where would I go?"

"Where's anybody go? Catskills, even out to Montauk and fish. School tuna running,"

The very thought of fighting a thirty-pound, plunging fish drove arthritic pains up his arms, so that he flexed them and winced.

I very nearly asked him when he planned to go to Italy, but that seemed too much. Instead, I took him gently by his right elbow. "Al-fio," I said, "I think you're nuts. Why don't you go to New York to the best specialist? There must be something to stop that pain.'

"I don't believe it."

"What have you got to lose? Go ahead. Try it."

"What do you care?"

"I don't, but if a yellow dog burt that much, I'd get to feeling it myself."

He looked at me with hound's eyes. He seemed about to say something, but changed his mind. "You're a good kid," he said.

"Don't depend on it."

"A good kid!" he said explosively, and as though shocked by his show of emotion, he went out of the store and walked away.

I was weighing two pounds of string beans for Mrs. Davidson when Marullo came charging back. He stood in the doorway and shouted at me. "You take my car."

"What?"

"Go someplace Sunday and Monday."
"I can't afford it."

"You take the kids. I told the garage for you to get my car." tossed something like a large spitball at me. It fell among the string beans.

Mrs. Davidson watched him plunge away down the street. I picked the green wad from the string beans-three twenty-dollar bills. folded in a tight square.

He didn't show up the rest of the week, so that was all right. He'd never gone away before without telling me. It was like watching a parade go by, knowing what the next float would be, but watching for it just the same.

On Thursday, the thirtieth of June, black-pearl light of the dawn, and that was early now in the lap of midsummer. The white window curtains seemed to sigh in and out, as though they breathed, because it's a rare dawn that does not wave a small wind over the land.

I turned my head to Mary, sleeping and smiling on my right, and stroked the lovely line from ear to shoulder with my second finger, gently enough not to startle and firmly enough not to tickle. She sighed as she always does, a deep, gathered breath and a low release of luxury. Some people resent awakening, but not Mary. She comes to a day with expectancy that it will be good. Knowing this, I try to offer some small gift to justify ber conviction. And I try to hold back gifts for occasions, such as the one I now produced from my mind's purse.

Her eyes opened, hazed with sleep. "Already?" she asked, and glanced at the window to see how

near the day had come.
"I bring you tidings of great joy,

my flying squirrel."
"Crazy."

"Have I ever lied to you?"

"Maybe."

"Are you awake enough to bear the tidings of great joy?"

"Then I will withhold them."

"Is it a joke?"
"Well, it's a thing so strange and magic that you are going to have to buttress your belief."

I could see the little trembles around her lips, preparing for laugh-ter. "Tell me."

"Do you know a man of Eyetalian extraction named Marullo?"

"Crazy. You're being silly." "You will find it so. Said Marullo has gone from here for a time,"

"Where?"

"He didn't say. What he did say was that we should take his car and "You're joking me."
"Would I tell a lie that would

make you sad?"

"But why?"

"That I can't tell you. What I can swear to is that the mink-lined car awaits your highness' pleasure.'

"But where shall we go? "That, my lovely insect-wife, is what you are going to decide, and take all day today, tomorrow, and Saturday to plan it."

"Can we afford it? It might mean a motel or something.

"Can or not, we will. I have a secret purse."

"Silly, I know your purse. I can't imagine him lending his car.'

"Perhaps he wants us to love him." "I'll have to do a thousand things."
"I know you will." I could see her mind plowing into the possibilities

like a bulldozer. I knew I had lost her attention and probably couldn't get it back, and that was good. At breakfast, before my second cup

of coffee, she had picked up and discarded half the pleasure areas of eastern America. Poor darling hadn't bad much fun these last few years. I said, "Chloe, I know I'm going to

bave trouble getting your attention. A very important investment is offered. I want some more of your money. The first is doing well."

"Does Mr. Baker know about it?"

"It's his idea."

"Then take it. You sign a check." "Don't you want to know what the investment is? The figures, the flotage, the graphs, the probable re-

"I wouldn't understand it."

"No wonder they call you the Vixen of Wall Street. That ice-cold, diamond-sharp business mind-it's frightening."

We're going on a trip," she said. "We're going on a trip for two days." And how could a man not love her, not adore her? "Who is Mary? What is she?" I sang, and collected the is she?" I sang, and collected the empty milk bottles, and went to

felt the need to catch up with I felt the need to calculate Joey, to get the feel of him; but I must have been a moment late or he a moment early. He was entering the coffee shop when I turned into the High Street. I followed him in and took the stool beside him. me into this habit, Joey."
"Hi, Mr. Hawley. It's pretty good coffee."

"How are things?"

"Just the same, only worse."
"Want to trade jobs?"

"I would just before a long weekend."

"This a big one for you?" "You kidding? And what makes it

worse, the lord and master feels the need of rest and recreation in the mountains,'

"Mr. Baker?"

"Not James G. Blaine."

"I need to see bim before he goes." "Well, try to catch him if you can." We crossed the street together and

went into the alley. "You sound lowey, Joey,

"I am. I get pretty tired of other people's money." He nudged a gum wrapper into the lock, went in, say-"See you," and closed the door, oushed the door open. "Joey!

I pushed the door open. "You want a sandwich today?" "No, thanks," he called. "Maybe

Friday. Saturday sure." "Don't you close at noon?"

"I told you. The bank closes but Morphy don't."

"Just call on me."

"Thanks. Thanks, Mr. Hawley." I had nothing to say to my forces on the shelves that morning except "Good-morning, gentlemen. At ease!" A few moments before nine-aproped and broomed-I was out front sweeping the sidewalk.

Mr. Baker is so regular you can hear him tick. Eight fifty-six, eight fifty-seven, there he came down Elm Street; eight fifty-eight, he crossed; eight fifty-nine, he was at the glass doors, where I, with my new broom at carry arms, intercepted him.

"Mr. Baker, I want to talk to you." "Morning, Ethan. Can you wait a minute? Come on in."

I followed him, and it was just as Joey said-like a religious ceremony. They practically stood at attention as the clock hand crossed nine. There came a click and buzzing from the great steel safe door. Then Joey dialed the mystic numbers and turned the wheel that drew the bolts. The holy of holies swung open, and Mr. Baker took the salute of the assembled money.

Mr. Baker turned. "Now, Ethan. What can I do for you?

I said softly, "I want to talk to you privately, and I can't leave the

"Won't it wait?" "Fraid not."

"If I get a moment, I'll drop over. Any word about Taylor?' "Not yet. But I've put out some

'I'll try to get over." "Thank you, sir." But I knew he would come.

And he did, and stood about until the customers were gone. "Now, what is it, Ethan?"

"I hardly know how to say this, Mr. Baker. With a doctor or a lawyer or a priest, there's a rule of se-crecy. Is there such a thing with a banker?"

He smiled. "Have you ever heard a banker discuss a client's interests, Ethan?'

"No."

"Well, ask sometime and see bow far you get. And besides that custom, I'm your friend, Ethan."

"I know. I guess I'm a little jumpy. It's been a long time since I've had a break."

"A break?"

"I'll lay them out face up, Mr. Baker. Marullo's in trouble.

He moved close to me. "What kind of trouble?

"I don't know exactly, sir. I think it might be illegal entry." "How do you know?

"He told me. Not in so many words. You know how he is."

I could almost see his mind leaping about, picking up pieces and fitting them together. "Go on," he fitting them together. "Gosaid. "That's deportation."

"I'm afraid so. He's been good to me, Mr. Baker. I wouldn't do anything to hurt him."
"You owe yourself something,
Ethan. What was his proposition?"

"I gathered that if I had a quick

five thousand in cash, I could own

"That sounds as if he's going to run for it-but you don't know that. "I don't know anything, really."

"So there's no chance of a collusion charge. He didn't tell you anything

"No, sir."

"Then how did you arrive at that figure?'

'That's all we've got."

"But you might get it for less?"

His quick eye went over the store and valued it. "If you are right in your assumption, you're in a good bargaining position."

"I'm not much good at that."
"You know I don't favor underthe-table deals. Maybe I could talk to him.

"He's out of town."

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know, sir. Remember, it's only my impression he might drop in, and if I had cash, he might deal. He likes me, you know."

"I know he does."

"I'd hate to think I was taking advantage."

"He can always get it from someone else. He could get ten thousand easy from-anybody."
"Then maybe I'm overhopeful."

"Now, don't think small. You have to look after number one."

"Number two. It's Mary's money." "So it is. What did you have in mind?'

"Well, I thought you could maybe draw some papers up and leave the date and the amount blank. Then I thought I'd draw the money Saturday."
"Why Saturday?"

"Well, he did say something about how everybody's away over the holiday. I kind of figured he might show up then. Don't you have his account?'

"No. He drew it out just recently. Buying stocks, he said. He's done that before and always brought back more than he took out." He looked me full in the eyes. "You know you could take a terrible beating on this?"

"How do you mean?" "For one thing, be could sell the store to a half a dozen different people, and for another, it might be neck deep in mortgage. And no title search."

"I could maybe find out in the county clerk's office. I know how busy you are, Mr. Baker. I'm taking advantage of your friendship for my family. Besides, you're the only friend I have who knows about such

"I'll call Tom Watson about the title deed. Damn it, Ethan, it's a bad time. I want to take a little trip tomorrow night. If he's a crook, you could be taken. Taken to the clean-

"Maybe I better give it up, then. But lord, Mr. Baker, I'm tired of being a grocery clerk."
"I didn't say give it up. I said you're taking a chance."

"I guess you're right. I shouldn't gamble with Mary's money. I suppose what I should do is call up the federal men.

"That would lose you any advantage you have.'

"How?"

"If he is deported, he can sell his holdings through an agent, and this store will bring a lot more than you can pay. You don't know he's going to jump. How could you tell them he is if you don't know?"

"That's true."
"As a matter of fact, you don't Continued on page 154

for pride protection Sea-Air Scent (Blue label) CLEANS MEECTS DEDDORE ier, quick deaning

clean your home with

Pine-5



... the cleaner that KILLS 99% OF ALL HOUSEHOLD GERMS

Cleaning goes easier, quicker with Pine-Sol. Safer, too-kills 99% of all household germs. No ordinary cleaner can make this claim. Avoid cheap substitutes that can't do Pine-Sol's double-duty job. For pride and protection-keep your home Pine-Sol clean! Floors, bathroom, kitchen-everything! Two scents-pine or new Sea-Air. At your grocer.

"It's a Dumas Milner product it's a wife-saver

Continued from page 153 really know anything about him. All you've told me is vague suspicions, isn't that so?"

"Ves '

"And you'd better forget those." "Wouldn't it look bad-paying in casb with no record?"

"You could write on the check-oh, something like 'For investment in grocery business with A. Marullo. That would be a record of your intention."

"Suppose none of this works."

"Then redeposit the money."
"You think it's worth the risk?" "Well-everything's a risk, Ethan. It's a risk to carry that much money

around." "I'll take care of that."

"I wish I didn't have to be out of town.

In all that time, nobody came into the store; but half a dozen came in now. Three women, an old man, and two kids.

Mr. Baker moved close and spoke softly. "I'll make it in hundred-dollar bills and note the numbers. Then, if they catch him, you can get it back." He nodded gravely to the three women, said, "Good-morning. George," to the old man, and roughed his fingers through the kids' coarse hair. Mr. Baker is a very clever man.

uly first. It parts the year like a head of hair. I had foreseen it as a boundary marker for me-yesterday one kind of me, tomorrow a different kind. I had made my moves that could not be recalled. Time and incidents had played along, had seemed to collaborate with me. I did not ever draw virtue down to hide from myself what I was doing. No one made me take the course I had chosen. Temporarily, I traded a habit of conduct and attitude for comfort and dignity and a cushion of security. It would be too easy to agree that I did it for my family, because I knew that in their comfort and security I would find my dignity. But my objective was limited, and once it was achieved, I could take back my habit of conduct. I knew I could.

I knew from combat that casualties are the victims of a process not of anger, nor of hate or cruelty. And I believe that in the moment of acceptance, between winner and loser, between killer and killed, there is love.

But Danny's scribbled papers hurt like a sorrow, and Marullo's grateful

I had not lain awake, as men are said to do on the eve of battle. Sleep came quickly, heavily, completely, and released me just as freely in the predawn, refreshed. I did not lie in the darkness, as usual. My urge was to visit my life as it had been. I slipped quictly from bed, dressed in the bathroom, and went down the stairs. It did surprise me when I went to the cabinet, unlocked it, and recognized the rosy mound by touch. I put it in my pocket and closed and locked the cabinet. This mound of carved, translucent stone was the samily's talisman. As a boy, I had been allowed to hold it. In my whole life, I had never carried it away, and I had not known I would do it this morning. Memory directed me through the dark kitchen and out the back door into the graying yard. My finger traced the endless, sinuous design on the flesh-warm talisman in my pocket. Talisman? That Deborah who sent me as a

child to Golgotha was a precise machine with words. She took no nonsense from them nor permitted me a laxity. What power she had, that old woman! If she wanted immortality, she had it in my brain. Seeing me

trace the puzzle with my finger, she said, "Ethan, that outlandish thing could well become your talisman.'

"What's a talisman?"

"If I tell you, your half attention will only half learn. Look it up.'

So many words are mine because Aunt Deborah first aroused my curiosity and then forced me to satisfy it by my own effort. Of course I replied, "Who cares?" But she knew would creep to it alone, and she spelled it so I could track it down. Now, so many cycles later, I can still see the page: "A stone or other ob-ject engraved with figures or characters to which are attributed the occult powers of the planetary influences and celestial configurations under which it was made, usually worn as an amulet to avert evil from or bring fortune to the bearer.'

When later I asked her, "Do you believe in talismans?," she replied, "What has my belief to do with it?"

I put it in her hands. "What does this figure or character mean?"

"It's your talisman, not mine. It means what you want it to mean. Put it back in the cabinet. It will wait for you."

Now, as I walked in the cavern of the elms, she was as alive as ever she had been, and that's true immortality. Over and under itself the carving went, and around and over and under, a serpent with neither head nor tail nor beginning nor ending. And I had taken it away with me for the first time. To avert evil? To bring fortune? I don't believe in fortunetelling, either, and immortality has always felt to me like a sickly promise for the disappointed.

The light-rimmed boundary of the east was July, for June had gone away in the night. July is brass where June is gold, and lead where June is silver. Bird song of July is a flatulent refrain without passion, for the nests are empty now and dumpy fledglings teeter clumsily. No, July is not a month of promise or of fulfillment.

alking slowly, I found myself not Walking slowly, I tould any saying but feeling good-by. Not farewell. Farewell has a sweet sound of reluctance. Good-by is short and final, a word with teeth sharp to bite through the string that ties the past to the future.

I came to the harbor. Good-by to what? I don't know. I couldn't remember. I think I wanted to go to the Place, where I went when I needed to be alone; but the tide was at flood and the Place under dark water. Last night, I saw the moon only four days grown, like a thickened, curved surgeon's needle, but strong enough to pull the tide into the cave mouth of the Place.

No need to visit Danny's shack in bope. The light had come enough to see the grasses standing upright in the path where Danny's feet had stumbled them flat.

I turned at the flagpole and war memorial and found my name among the surviving heroes, the letters picked out in silver-"Capt. E. A. Hawley" -and below, in gold, the names of the forty-six New Baytown men who didn't make it home.

Fat Willie drove up and parked beside the monument and took the flag from the seat beside him. "Hi, Eth," he said. He shackled the brass grommets and raised the flag slowly to the top of the staff, where it slumped limp as a hanged man. "She barely made it," Willie said, panting a little. "Look at her. Three more days, then the new one goes up.
"The fifty-star?"

"You bet. We got a nylon, big devil, twice as big as this and don't weigh no more than half."

How's tricks, Willie?"
"I can't complain-but I do. This glorious Fourth is always a mess. Want a lift up to the store?"

"Thanks. I've got to stop at the post office, and I thought I'd get a cup of coffee."

"Okay. I'll ride you. I'd even coffee you, but Stoney's mean as a bull."

"What's his problem?"

"The lord only knows. Went away a couple of days, and he come back mean and tough." "Where'd he go?"

"He didn't say, but he come back mean. I'll wait while you get your mail.

"Don't bother, Willie. I've got to address some things.

"Suit yourself." He hacked out and slid away up the High Street.

The post office was still dusky and the floor newly oiled.

We'd had number-seven drawer since the old post office was built. I took out a pile of plans and promises addressed to "Box Holder." And that's all there was-wastebasket fodder. I strolled up the High, intending to have a cup of coffee; but at the last moment, I didn't veant it, or didn't want to talk, or- I don't know why. I just didn't want to go to the Foremaster.

I was sweeping the sidewalk when Mr. Baker ticked out of Elm Street and went in for the ceremony of the time lock. I was half-heartedly arranging muskmelons in the doorway stands when the old-fashioned green armored car pulled up in front of the bank. Two guards, armed like commandos, got out of the back and carried gray sacks of money into the bank. In about ten minutes, they came out and got in the riveted fortress and drove away. I guess they had to stand by while Morph counted it and Mr. Baker checked and gave a receipt, and by the size and weight, the bank must have anticipated a large holiday withdrawaI. If I was a run-of-the-mill bank robber, now would be the time to stick it up. But I wasn't a run-of-the-mill bank robber. I owed everything I knew to Pal Joey. He could have been a great one if he had wished. I did wonder why he didn't want to, just to try out his theory.

Business piled up that morning. The sun turned hot and fierce, the kind of weather that drives people on their vacations whether they want to go or not.

When Mr. Baker came in about eleven, he was in a hurry. I had to stand off some customers and go in the storeroom with him. He put a big envelope and a small one in my hands, and he was so rushed that he barked a kind of shorthand. "Tom Watson says the deed's okay. He doesn't know whether it's papered. He doesn't think so. Here are conveyances. Get signatures where I've checked. The money's marked and the numbers noted. Here's a check all made out. Just sign it. Sorry I have to rush, Ethan. I hate doing business like this."

"You really think I should go

"Damn it, Ethan, after all the trouble I've gone to-

"Sorry, sir. Sorry." I put the check on a canned-milk carton and signed it.

Mr. Baker wasn't too rushed to inspect the check. "Offer two thousand at first, and raise your offer two hundred at a time. You realize, of course, you've only got a five-hundred balance in the bank. God belp you if you run short."

"I don't know how to thank you." "Don't go soft, Ethan. Don't let him poor-mouth you. He can be a spellbinder. Just remember number one.

"I'm sure grateful."

"Got to go," he said. "Want to hit the highway before the noon traffic.' And out he went and nearly knocked down Mrs. Willow in the doorway, where she had been over every cantaloupe twice.

he day wore on to a kind of sadness; time slowed down. After five. Chief Stoney came in lean and grim and ulcerish, and bought a TV dinner. He looked miserable.

"Want two of those?" I asked. "Just one. My wife's gone visiting. A cop don't get holidays.'
"Too bad."

"Maybe it's just as well. With this mob hanging around, I don't get home much.'

"I heard you were away."

"Who told you?"

"Willie."

"He better learn to keep his big mouth shut." "He didn't mean harm."

"Hasn't got brains enough to mean harm. Maybe not brains enough to stay out of jail."
"Who has?" I said it on purpose,

and I got even more response than I had anticipated.

"Just what do you mean by that, Ethan?" "I mean we've got so many laws

you can't breathe without breaking something."

"That's the truth. Gets so you don't really know."

"I was going to ask you, chief. Cleaning up, I found an old revolver, all dirty and rusty. Marullo says it's not his, and it sure isn't mine. What do I do with it?"

"Turn it over to me, if you don't

want to apply for a license."
"I'll bring it from home tomorrow.
I stuck it in a can of oil. What do you do with things like that, Stoney?"

"Oh, check to see if they're hot and then throw them in the ocean." He seemed to be feeling better, but it had been a long, hot day.

I couldn't let him be. "Remember a couple of years ago, there was a case somewhere upstate? Police were selling confiscated guns."

Stoney smiled the sweet smile of an alligator and with the same gay innocence. "I had one hell of a week, Eth. If you're going about needling

me, why, don't do it."
"Sorry, chief. Anything a sober

PRICE LIST OF NEW McCALL'S PATTERNS

thera nearly everywhere sell McCall's Patterns, II you find that you can't obtain them. Call Composalon, McCall St., Dayton I, Oblo, or to the nearest Branch Office, slating also desired and scilcoling; in cash or impory order, the price stated below. Do not send also desired and scilcoling; in cash or impory order, the price stated below. Do not send as the control of the c

Pattern		Prices			tern	Prices		
No.	Sizes		U.S.A.	Canada	No.	Sizes	U.S.A.	Canada
5969 5956 5700 5918 5926 5915 5928	10-16; 12-18; 10-16; 10-18 10-18 10-18 10-18	11-15	\$.50 .75 .50 .65 .75 .75	8 .60 .85 .60 .75 .85 .85	5920 5916 5936 5919 5934 5943 5917	12-20 10-18 10-18; 11-15 10-18; 10-16; 9-15 10-18	\$.65 .50 .65 .75 .65 .75	\$.75 .60 .75 .85 .75 .85

citizen can do to help, like getting drunk with you?'

"I wish I could. I'd rather get drunk than anything I can think of." "Why don't you?

"Do you know? No, how could you? If I only knew what it's for and

where it's from."

"What you talking about?"

"Forget it, Eth. No, don't forget You're a friend of Mr. Baker. Has he got any deals on?"

"I'm not that good a friend, chief." "How about Marullo? Where is Marullo?"

"Went to New York. He wants to get his arthritis checked over."

'l don't know. I just don't know. If there was just a line, why, I'd know where to jump."

'You're not talking sense, Stoney." "No, I'm not. I talked too much already."

"I'm not too bright, but if you want to unload-"

"I don't. No, I don't. They're not going to pin a leak on me, even if I knew who they were, Forget it, Eth. I'm just a worried man."

"You couldn't leak to me, Stoney. What was it? Grand jury?"

"Then you do know?"
"A little."

"What's behind it?"

"Progress."

Stoney came close to me and grasped my upper arm so tightly that it hurt. "Ethan," he said fierce-"do you think I'm a good cop?" ly, "do you ...
"The best."

"I aim to be. I want to be. Eth, do you think it's right to make a man tell on his friends to save himself?' "No. I don't.'

"Neither do I. I can't admire such a government. What scares me, Eth, is-I won't be such a good cop any more, because I won't admire what I'm doing."

"Did they catch you out, chief?" "It's like you said. So many laws you can't take a deep breath without you break on: But good lord! The guys were my friends. You won't leak, Ethan?"

"No, I won't. You forgot your TV dinner, chief."

'Yeah!" he said. "I'll go home and take off my shoes and watch how those television cops do it. know, sometimes an empty house is a nice rest. See you, Eth.

I liked Stoney. I guess he is a good officer. I wonder where the line falls

I was closing up shop, drawing in the fruit bins from the doorway, when Joey Morphy sauntered in.
"Quick!" I said, and I closed the

double front doors and drew the darkgreen shades. "Speak in a whisper." "What's got into you?"

"Someone might want to buy something.

"Yeah! I know what you mean. I hate long holidays. Brings out the worst in everybody. They start out mad and come home pooped and broke.'

"Want a cold drink while I draw the coverlets over my darling?"

"I don't mind. Got some beer?" "To take out only."

"I'll take it out. Just open the can " I punched two triangular holes in

the tin, and he upended it, opened his throat, and drained it into him. "We're going on a trip," I said.
"You poor devil. Where?"

"I don't know. We haven't fought over that yet."
"Something's going on. Do you know what it is?"

"Give me a clue."

"I can't. I just feel it. Hair on the back of my neck kind of itches.

That's a sure sign. Everybody's a little out of synch.'

"Maybe you just imagine it." "Maybe. But Mr. Baker doesn't take holidays. He was in one heck

of a hurry to get out of town. I laughed. "Have you checked the

"Know something? I did."

"Don't tell me you're suspicious."
"It's an instinct. If anything's just a little bit out of norm, my alarm goes off."

"What a way to live! You don't really mean that."

"I guess I don't. I just thought if you'd heard something, you'd tell me -that is, if it was any of my busi-

"I think I'd tell anybody anything I know. Maybe that's why nobody ever tells me anything. Going home?"

"No. I think I'll go eat across the street."

I guess he wasn't any lonelier than anybody else just because he lived alone. He left me at the door of the Foremaster, and for a moment, I wished I could go with him. I thought home might be a mess.

And it was. Mary had planned the trip. Out near Montauk Point there's a dude ranch, with all the fancy fixings you see in what they call adult Westerns. The joke is that it's the oldest working cattle ranch in America; it was a cattle ranch before Texas was discovered. Of course, now it's all silver spurs and cowboy stuff; but the red cattle still graze on the moors. Mary thought it would be nice to spend Sunday night in one of the guest houses.

Ellen wanted to go to New York, stay at a hotel, and spend two days in Times Square. Allen didn't want to go at all, anyplace. That's one of his ways of getting attention and proving he exists.

The house boiled with emotion-Ellen, in slow, dripping, juicy tears; Mary, tired and flushed with frustration: Allen, sitting sullen and withdrawn, with his little radio blasting in his ear, a thumping, whining song of love and loss in a voice of subhysteria. "You promised to be true, and then you took and threw my lovin' lonely heart right on the floor. "I'm about ready to give up,"

Mary said.

"They're just trying to help."

"They seem to go out of their way to be difficult." "I never get to do anything." Ellen

In the living room, Allen turned up the volume. "My lovin' lonely heart

right on the floor."
"Couldn't we lock them in the cellar and go off by ourselves, Carotene dear?

"At this point, I wish we could." She had to raise her voice to be heard over the pounding roar of the lovin' lonely heart.

Without warning, a rage came up in me. I turned and strode to the living room, to tear my son to shreds and throw his lonely lovin' corpse on the floor and trample it. As I went loping through the door, the music stopped. "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. Officials of New Baytown and Wessex County were this afternoon subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury to answer charges ranging from fixing traffic tickets to taking bribes and kickbacks on town and county contracts."

There it came. The town manager, council, magistrates-the works. listened without hearing, sad and heavy. Maybe they had been doing what they were charged with; but

Continued on page 156



HOW TO MAKE



Balm for Bites

Soothe Sunburn

HAPPY OUTINGS HAPPIER

Take Along **SODA BICARBONATE** to Cope with

Bugs that waft in on the breeze, Poison Ivy vines in trees. Sun that burns what skin it sees, Sport that tires-feet to knees





Soak Soreness

Let gentle ARM & HAMMER SODA bicarbonate soothe skin irritations. Apply with a little water as SODA paste and keep moist with damp cloth. Limber tired muscles in warm SODA solution-3 tablespoons per quart water.

Send for FREE Illustrated Booklet

"How to Add Fun to Outings, Safety to Travel." Send name and address to 'Send name and address to CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., DEPT. MC-16, P. O. BOX 2266, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK.





FREEZER PAPER

KVP Sutherland mede the first freezer peper, it remeine the "stendard" for professional use. KVP® Freezer Paper has alwaye been the homemakars' favorite, too. It helps frozen foods retein

their netural juices end guarde againet freezer burn. You'll get KVP Sutherlend "quelity per-formence" from KVP Shelf Papers and Baking Cups, and Purity® Peper Cups end Platea, too.



... the paper people

KVP SUTHERLAND PAPER COMPANY...KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



SEND COUPON TODAY! CRAFTSMEN, 1400 State Ave., Dept. 26-1. Cincinnati 14, Oh

Continued from page 155 they'd been doing it so long they didn't think it was wrong. And even if they were innocent, they couldn't be cleared before the local election, and even if a man is cleared, the charge is remembered. They were surrounded. They must have known it. I listened for a mention of Stoney, and it didn't come, so I guess he had traded them for immunity. No wonder he felt so raw and alone.

Mary was listening at the door. "Well!" she said. "We haven't had so much excitement in a long time.

"Do you think it's true, Ethan?"
"Doesn't matter," I said. "That's not what it's for."

"I wonder what Mr. Baker thinks."

"He went on a holiday. Yes, I wonder what he feels."

The news and dinner and dishes put off our trip problem until it was too late for a decision or for further tears and quarreling.

In bed, I got to shivering all over. The cold, passionless savagery of the attack chilled right through the warm summer night.
Mary said, "You're all goose

lumps, dear. Do you think you have a virus?"
"No, my fancy. I guess I was just

feeling what those men must feel. They must feel awful."

"Stop it, Ethan. You can't take other people's troubles on your shoulders."

"I can, because I do."

"I wonder if you'll ever be a businessman. You're too sensitive, Ethan. It's not your crime."

"I was thinking maybe it is—every-

body's crime." "I don't understand."

"I don't much either, sweetheart." "If there was only someone who could stay with them."

"Repeat, please, Columbine!"

"How I would love to take a holiday just with you. It's been forever."
"We're short on unattached elderly female relatives. Mary, madonna, put your mind to it. I ache to be

alone with you in a strange place."
"Darling, I know, darling. I know it's been hard on you. Don't think I don't know. I'll try to think of something. I really will. Of course I love them, but-"

"I know, and I could wear my bow

"Will they put them in jail?" "I wish we could."

"Those men."

"No. It won't be necessary. They can't even appear before next Tuesday, and Thursday is election. That's wbat it's for."

"Ethan, that's cynical. You aren't like that. We'll have to go away if you're getting cynical, because- That wasn't a joke, the way you said it. You meant that."

A fear struck me. I was showing through. I couldn't let myself show through. "Oh, say, Miss Mousy, will you marry me?"

And Mary said, "Oho! Oho!"

My sudden fear that I might be showing through was great. I had made myself believe that the eyes are not the mirror of the soul; but Mary, who ordinarily lives in a house of flowers of her own growing, had heard a tone or felt a cutting wind. This was a danger—until tomorrow should be over.

If my plan had leaped up full-grown and deadly, I would have rejected it as nonsense. People don't do such things; but people play secret games. Mine began with Joey's rules for robbing a bank. Against the boredom of my job, I played with it, and everything along the way fell into it. Allen and his mouse mask.

leaking toilet in the store, rusty pistol, holiday coming up, Joey wadding paper in the lock of the bank's alley door. As a game, I timed the process, enacted it, tested it.

I don't know when my game stopped being a game. Perhaps when I knew I might buy the store and would need money to run it. For one thing, it is hard to throw away a perfect structure without testing it. And as for the dishonesty, the crime-it was not a crime against men, only against money. No one would get hurt. Money is insured. The real crimes were against men, against Danny and against Marullo. If I could do what I had done, theft was nothing. Actually, before I knew it was not a game, my procedure and equipment and timing were as near perfection as possible.

I don't think I had any fear. I had rehearsed that out of me; but I did have a breathlessness, like the stage fright of an actor standing in the wings on his opening night. And it was like a play, in that every con-ceivable mischance had been inspected and eliminated.

In my worry that I would not sleep, I slept, deeply and, as far as I know, without dreams. I was dressed and gone before Mary was fully awake.

oey was in the coffee shop, and be patted the stool beside him. "Can't, Morph. I'm late. Annie, could you give me a quart of coffee in a carton?"

"It'll have to be two pints, Eth." "Good. Even gooder.

She filled and covered the little paper buckets and put them in a bag. Joey finished and left with me.

You'll have to say Mass without the bishop this morning," I said. "Guess so. Say, how about that

news?"

"I can't take it in." "You remember I said I smelled

something."
"I thought about that when I heard

it. You've got quite a nose. "It's part of the trade. Baker can come back now. Wonder if he will."
"Come back?"

"You get no smell there?"

"You get no smell there?"
I looked at him helplessly. "You mean I should see something?"
"That's what I mean. The law of the fang is not repealed."
"There must be a whole world I

miss. I was trying to remember whether it's both lettuce and mayon-

"Both." He stripped the cello-phane cover from bis pack of cigarettes and wadded it to push in the lock. "Don't bother to bring them. I'll come for the sandwiches." He went in his door, and there was no click of the spring lock.

I did hope that Joey never discovered he was the best teacher I had ever had. He not only informed, he demonstrated and, without knowing it, prepared a way for me.

Everyone who knew about such things, the experts, agreed that only money gets money. The best way is always the simplest. The shocking simplicity of the thing was its greatest strength. But I really believe it was only a detailed daydream until Marullo, through none of his fault, walked in his own darkness over a cliff. Once it seemed almost certain that I could get the store for my own. only then did the dreaming come down to earth. A good but ill-informed question might be: If I could get the store, why did I need money? Mr. Baker would understand. So would Joey. So, for that matter, would Marullo. The store without running capital was worse than no store at all. The Appian

Way of bankruptcy is lined with the graves of unprotected ventures. I have one grave there already. Mary's money in marked bills bulged in my hip pocket, but Marullo would take as much of that as he could get. Then, the first of the month. The wholesale houses are not openhanded with credit for unproved organizations. Therefore, I would still need money, and that money was waiting for me behind ticking steel doors. The process of getting it, designed as daydream, stood up remarkably when inspected.

That robbery is unlawful troubled me little. Marullo was no problem. If he were not the victim, he might have planned it himself. Danwas troubling, even though I could, with perfect truth, assume that he was finished, anyway. Mr. Baker's ineffectual attempt to do the same thing to Danny gave me more justification than most men need. But Danny remained a burning in my guts, and I had to accept that, as one accepts a wound in successful com-bat. I had to live with that; but maybe it would heal in time or be walled off with forgetfulness, the way a shell fragment gets walled off with cartilage.

The immediate thing was the money, and that move was as carefully prepared and timed as an electric

The Morphy laws for successfully robbing a bank stood up well, and I remembered them and had even added one. First law: Have no past record. Well, I had none. Number record. Well, I had none. Number two: No accomplies or confidents. I certainly had none. Number three: No dames. Well, Margie Young-thunt was the only person I knew who could be called a dame, and I was not about to drink champagne out of ber slipper. Number four: Don't splurge. Well, I wouldn't. Don't splurge. Well, I wouldn't. Gradually, I would use the money to pay bills to wholesalers. I had a place for it. In my Knight Templar hatbox there was a support of velvetcovered cardboard, the size and shape of my head. This was already lifted free and the edges coated with contact cement, so it could be restored in an instant.

Recognition: A Mickey Mouse mask from a box of Peeks. An old cotton raincoat of Marullo's-all tan cotton raincoats look alike-and a pair of those tear-off plastic gloves that come on a roll. The mask was cut several days ago, and the box and cereal flushed down the toilet, as the mask and gloves would be. The old. silvered Iver Johnson pistol was smoked with lampblack, and on the toilet floor was a can of crankcase oil to throw it in, for delivery to Chief Stoney at the first opportunity.

I had added my own final law: Don't be a pig. Don't take too much. Avoid large bills. Six or ten thousand in tens and twenties would be enough and easy to handle and to hide. A cardboard cakebox on the cold counter would be the swag bag, and when next seen, it would have a cake in it. Everything in place and ready.

I was almost sorry Mr. Baker wasn't bere. There would be only Morph and Harry Robbit and Edith Alden. It was planned to the split second. At five minutes to nine, I would place the broom in the store entrance. I'd practiced over and over. Apron tucked up, scale weight on the toilet chain to keep it flushing. Anvone who came in would hear the water and draw his own conclusion. Coat, mask, cakebox, gun, gloves. Cross the alley on the stroke of nine, shove open the back door, put on mask, enter just after time clock

buzzes and loev swings open the door. With the gun, motion the three to lie down. They'd give no trouble. As Joey said, the money was insured; he wasn't. Pick up money, put it in cakebox, cross alley, flush gloves and mask down toilet, put gun in can of oil, coat off, apron down, money in hatbox, cake in cakebox, pick up broom, and go on sweeping sidewalk, available and visible when the alarm came. The whole thing one minute and forty secondstimed, checked, and rechecked.

But carefully as I had planned and timed, I still felt a little breathless, and I swept out the store prior to opening the two front doors. I wore yesterday's apron, so that new wrinkles would not be noticeable.

And would you believe it, time stood still as though a Joshua in a wing collar had shot the sun in its father's big watch had set its heels and resisted morning.

It was long since I had addressed

my flock on the shelves aloud, but this morning I did, perhaps out of nervousness. "My friends," I said, "what you are about to witness is a mystery. I know I can depend on you to keep silent. If any of you have any feeling about the moral issue involved, I challenge you and will ask you to leave." I paused. "No objections? Very well. If I ever hear of an oyster or a cabbage discussing this with strangers, the sentence is death by dinner fork.

"And I want to thank you all. We have been together, humble workers in the vineyard, and I a servant as you are. But now a change is coming. I will be master here henceforth. but I promise I will be a good and kind and understanding master. The time approaches, my friends. The curtain rises. Farewell." And as I moved to the front doors with the broom, I heard my own voice cry, "Danny-Danny! Get out of my guts." A great shudder shook me, so that I had to lean on the broom a moment before I opened the doors.

My father's watch said nine with its black, stumpy hour hand and minus six with its long, thin minute hand. I could feel its heartbeat against my palm as I looked at it.

(To be concluded)

Summary of Parts I and II MAIN CHARACTERS: ETHAN AL-LEN HAWLEY, clerk-manager of a grocery store in New Baytown. MARY HAWLEY, his wife. Their children: teen-age ELLEN; the younger ALLEN.
ALFIO MARULLO, Italian, owner of the grocery. MARGIE YOUNG-HUNT, a friend of Mary's—an attractive widow; divorced from her first husband. MR. BAKER, president of the First National Bank. His father and Ethan's grandfather once owned the ship Belle-Adair. JOEY MORPHY, a bachelor; teller at the bank. DANNY TAYLOR, Ethan's friend since boyhood; now the town drunk. MR. BIGGERS, salesman for a grocery-

supply firm.
The Hawleys, shipowners whalers, were once powerful in New Baytown, on the Long Island shore. But Ethan's grandfather lost the Belle-Adair in an unexplained fire; his father lost the rest of the family fortune; Ethan lost the grocery store where he now works. He feels he is a failure in a town his forefathers once owned.

On Good Friday, everyone talks money to Ethan. Joey outlines a foolproof scheme for bank robbery. Mr. Baker urges Ethan to invest Mary's \$6,500 inheritance from her brother, and Mary herself thinks he

should gamble with it. Margie tells Mary's fortune with cards; they predict prominence and wealth for Ethan. Marullo complains that Ethan is too scrupulous. You must learn the tricks, he says, or go broke. Then Biggers offers Ethan a kickback if he'll buy supplies from Big-gers' company. Even the children seem obsessed by money. Ellen is sick of being poor, and Allen is determined to get some "loot," even by trickery. Both are writing essays for a national I Love America contest and hoping to win.

That night, Ethan goes to his Place a small cave in the ruined foundation of the old Hawley dock-to think over the disturbing day. The cynical advice repels him. Yet on Saturday, be leads Joey on to talk of ruthless moneymaking; asks Mr. Baker to see him Sunday; deviously suggests Marallo visit Italy and leave him in charge of the store; asks Margie to repeat the fortunetelling. She sees wealth in the cards again, but has a vision of a rattlesnake changing its skin. This is a symbol, Ethan realizes, of the way external pressures are changing him. Well, if moral rules can be broken when money is concerned, perhaps he, too, should abolish the rules and boldly seek success.

At tea with the Bakers on Easter

afternoon. Ethan learns of a plot to take over New Baytown's facilities and turn out the present town administration. He could get in on the ground floor, Baker tells him. By election day, July 7, the plotters will be in control. The urgent need is an airport, to provide transportation for the big-money interests they want to attract. When Ethan goes to Danny Taylor's shack that evening, he learns that Baker has already been after the Taylor country property, the only ground level enough for an airport: but Danny refused to sign it away. Ethan urges him to keep it, go away for a cure of his alcoholism, and make a new start. Danny agrees to take a thousand dollars and try a cure, although he suspects Ethan is gambling he will put up the meadow as collateral and then drink himself

Monday morning, Joey tells Ethan he thinks Marullo came into the United States illegally, after the 1921 emergency immigration law, and is 'deportation bait." At the bank's back door, he jams the spring lock with tissue and describes Baker's punctual nine-o'clock opening of the safe-and two more nieces are added to the bank-robbery game forming in Ethan's imagination. In the store, he puts his Knights Templar hatbox behind the counter; hangs a scale weight on the toilet chain, to keep it flushing: takes down a box of Peeks cereal, with its Mickey Mouse mask; transfers an old revolver to the drawer below the cash register-these are his first physical contributions to the game. Now, timing himself with his father's old railroad watch, he practices his moves.

During the morning, Police Chief Stoney Smith reports that he has witnessed Danny's signature on two mysterious papers. Impressed by Ethan's rejection of Biggers' offer, Marullo suggests working out a part-nership and laughs when Ethan says he may take the whole store. Mary, not knowing what the money is for, brings a thousand dollars in cash, in a brown bank envelope. On his way home, Ethan leaves it on Danny's bed. All evening, he wishes he could get it back, for it is poison moneyand he has poisoned it. The next morning, he finds the brown envelope under the grocery door. In it are three sheets of lined paper-Danny's will, his note of hand, and a message: Dear Eth: This is what you want. The first two, he puts in his wallet; the third, he destroys. Then he cleans the entire store, and as he works, he sings: "Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by this sun of York." It isn't a song, but he sings it.

THE BEST-GROOMED PEOPLE USE ... RIVA MANICURE IMPLEMENTS Look for the TRIM display in stores everywhere THE W. E. BASSETT CO. . Derby, Conn.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids **New Way Without Surgery** Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place, thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a naw healing at the problem of the problem of

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)-discovery of a world-famous research institute,
This substance is now available in sup-

pository or cintment form under the same Preparation H.S. Ask for it at all drug

The letter

Continued from page 49

That appeared to be the end of the tale, because Rafe closed up, too, and didn't say any more. Together, as I worked, we thought about the mat-

Finally, because I wanted to see if he had anything more to say, I said, "Then a hole in the stocking doesn't really mean a letter is coming?'

"Well, that same night, she was setting by the candle, mending them holes, when the taper gave a flicker. and she looked at it. Counted on her fingers up to seventeen before she quit watching; then she turned to this fellow and said she'd seen her letter in the candle. She'd get it in seventeen days." "Did she?"

"The next day, she told him it was sixteen days away. Every day after that, she plagued him to get her a mailbox put up on the road, so's she'd be sure of getting her letter when the seventeen days was up You know how when somebody gets a notion.

I said I did.

"She didn't let up on him for two weeks. Finally, this fellow said he was tired of hearing her plague him, and for her to leave him quiet." Rafe stopped talking and watched me as I packed rocks and boulders around

"You put that post in the wrong way, son," he said. "You going to leave it so?"

"What's wrong with it?"

"You put it in upside down. Ought to plant a post the way the tree grew, or all the luck will run outen the pole.

"It will stand up," I said. I kept on working, squaring off the post so that it stood true.

"I ain't one to plague nobody," Rafe McCutcheon said, and I could tell that he washed his hands of me and my mailbox. "Once they gets a notion, they'll plague it no matter what," he said. He was thinking about women again, I guessed. "Don't care what comes of it, just so they gets their notion."

I agreed by not answering.

"This fellow didn't see no profit in all that work, but his missus was bound to have one, once she saw the signs. This fellow told her to let up on him, he'd get to it.

"What was this fellow's name?" I asked.

Rafe must not have heard me, "She kept saying he didn't have much time left. Every time he took a step outside, she reminded him. Seemed like nothing mattered to her at all but that letter. Talked about it till this fellow was all but distracted. 'Supposing,' he asked her, 'supposing I was to build you this mailbox. Supposing I go to all the trouble to get some boards and a post and dig a hole and make this box, with a red

rag on a stick to hail the postman—"
"You don't have to go to all that trouble,' she said. 'All you got to do is put a box out there so I can get my letter. I don't need no red flag.'
"'Well, I'm just supposing,' he said

to her.

"'Supposing you quit supposing and make me that mailbox

'You're bound and set on having it, ain't vou? No matter what,' he said.

" 'There ain't nothing else matters. I'm going to get a letter. I seen spiders in the road again. Twice,' she said.

" Supposing I go to all this trouble, and then you don't get no letter. Supposing that,' he said.

'I'll get a letter,' she said, like she was positive. 'I don't care what it says, just so it's a letter. I been seeing it in the candle.'

'See anything else in that candle?' this fellow asked her, but she was too busy thinking on that letter to trouble with him.

"Well, this fellow knew there wasn't nothing to do but make her that mailbox, and he knew there wasn't any sense his staying around that house if, when the day came, she didn't get her letter. So he got his ax and some boards and nails, and he went down to the road and put her up a mailbox."

Rafe McCutcheon stopped and indicated the secondhand galvanized metal mailbox I had. "It wa'n't nothing fancy like that box. Wa'n't

no reason to waste time on that. She didn't look for nothing only that one letter, and this fellow figured the box he made would last out that letter. Didn't have to stand up but one day and one night, if the signs were true, and if they weren't, it didn't make no difference, anyway.

'Well, this fellow started thinking while he was making the box. He figured the rest of his life he would be plagued about that letter. He didn't have to see no spiders in the road, or holes come in his stockings, to know that, either way, he was going to hear about that letter the rest of

'So this fellow, he just finished up that mailbox and put it alongside the road, and then when he was done, he put his ax over his shoulder, and he started walking down the mountain. Just kept on walking."

I had the post in solidly and was building the large boulders around it. McCutcheon saw that I would have to be using the stone he was perched on, so he got up slowly and stood in the road. He didn't go on with his story until 1 straightened up and looked at him. He had a straight man, and he knew it.

"You mean he just went away and didn't come back?" I asked,

'This fellow walked down the mountain and across the valley to the other side." "And never went back?"

"Nope. Never went back."

"Then he never knew whether she got her letter or not?"

"Yep, she got her letter, all right. Reckon the mailman delivered it right on time, seventeen days to the minute. This fellow didn't want her to be plaguing the mailman about it all his life, either. This fellow stopped at the foot of the mountain and wrote his missus a letter, told her he wasn't coming back." Rafe McCutcheon gave my mailpost a whack with his stick. "Good and solid." he said. and turned to go. He must have expected my question, because before I could ask it, he looked at me, hard and solemn. "Ain't been back since," he said, and went on down the mountain, his back straight and his step





from 39° Fr.M. QUICKLINE COMPANY
1544 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit 11, Mich.
LOOK FOR QUICK IRON-ON PATCH PRODUCTS

1,35c,60c. At your druggist. Money refund-tof satisfied. Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

CORN MOSCO *CORN* I'll Send You 2 Different Assortments of

CHRISTMAS CARDS ON APPROVAL AND 4 LINES OF PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS FRED

And Show You How Socios 300 in Your Socios 30

to \$300 this easy way. Send the coupon below TODAY.
WALLACE BROWN, ?1 East 26th St., Dept. P.G., NewYork 1D, N.Y. WALLACE BROWN, Inc., Dept. P-6, 11 East 26th 5t., New York 10, N. Y. Rush 2 Christmas Card Ass'ts, on approxi—plus FREE Samples of Personal Christmas Cards & FREE Catalog. City.....State......





TOILAFLEX Toilet ALL-ANGLE Plunger

OOUBLE SIZE CUP, DOUBLE PRESSURE
 DESIGNEO TO FLEX AT ANY ANGLE
 CENTERS ITSELF, CAN'T SKIO AROUND
 TAPERED TAIL GIVES AIR TIGHT FIT

\$265 fully guaranteed AT HAROWARE STORES EVERYWHERE

Improved EZO Helps Relieve Pain of Pressure and Slipping of **FALSE TEETH** Chew in comfort with NEW, SC **EZO DENTAL CUSHIONS**

Grips Dentures Firmer, Quicker! Helps Keep Seeds Out Helps Ease Pressure on Gums Helps Plate Fit Snug Helps Prevent Clicking Ask for New EZO Heavy Gauge Cushions! AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG COUNTER 60c

Woman Relieved of Agonizing ITCH

"I nearly itched to death for 7hyears. I benijound wonder-working creme, wonder-working creme, writes 7h years, Then I found a new



wonder-working creme.

Now I'm happy," writes

Mrs. P. Ramsay of L. A. Calif.
Here's blessed relief from toorture of agonizing rich in women,
chafing, hemorrholds, rash and
eczema with an amazing new
scientiffe formula called LANACANE. This
fast acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful
bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and
bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and
bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and
bacteria germs while it soothes raw. Irritated and
bacteria germs while it soothes raw.

The soothes relief to the soothes raw. Irritated and
bacteria germs while it soothes raw.

The soothes relief to the soothes raw. Irritated and
bacteria germs while it soothes raw.

The soothes relief to the soothes raw.

The soothes relief to the soothes raw.

The soothes raw relief to the soothes raw.

The soothes relief to the soothes raw.

The soothes raw relief to the soothes raw.





Gel your own al WHOLESALE. Make up to \$3.85 an hour in your spare time . . . make over \$60.00 on only 50 orders. Your customer's name printed on every card without extra cost, and they sell as low as 4¢ a card! they sell as low as 44 a card!
46 FAVORITE CARDS FREE, alt
different styles. Send no money.
Write for sample kit and FREE
GIFT for promptness, plus complete money-making details.

General Cerd Ce. Dept. MC 7 1300 West Jeckson Bivd. Chicago 7, Illineis



The next King of England

Continued from page 87

When Elizabeth became Queen, he automatically became the Duke of Cornwall, under a charter of Edward III's dating to 1337, which gives that rank to the sovereign's eldest son. It also makes him landlord of some profitable real estate, the Duchy of Cornwall, which has been in the family since the same date. It produces more than \$250,000 a year, a ninth of which is put away annually for him to collect when he is eighteen; at twenty-one, he starts to draw the full income. The young landlord's property is constantly being improved. In South London, cold-water flats that used to bring \$3 a week now rent for seven times that when a new bathroom and kitchen are added. Inflation and the modernization of the monarchy will further boost his income. One problem is teaching him how to spend it.

ther titles make him the Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Lord of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland. The first gives him the right to wear his own Rothesay tartan, specially woven as a surprise present from the late Marquess of Bute. A lively pattern of hunting-pink red. with vertical green lines crossing white and green, it is his exclusively, though when he is older, his personal servants may be allowed to wear it. His enthusiasm for the tartan is mild. The kilt he sometimes puts on, at Balmoral, to satisfy local Scottish pride is cut from the Rothesay plaid. He is not very fond of kilts. He prefers blue jeans. On a trip to Wales, he was shown some bolts of coarse flannel, hand-woven in black and white stripes. They sparked his fancy, possibly because they re-minded him of the Western haberdashery he sees on television at home. Some shirts were ordered for him, and he finds them more suitable than velvet or ermine.

The Queen lets him dress sloppily during holidays. Rumpled sweater, yellow T shirt, pants with no hint of a crease, rubber boots-this is his favorite outfit. It's a disappointment to women who saw him as a Little Lord Fauntleroy when he blossomed out, at the age of two, in a bow tie. It started a boom. For years, he was dressed in the nanny tradition of strap sandals and velvet-collared topcoats. At five, he appeared in a natty brown velvet deerstalker cap, which manufacturers swiftly copied and sold by the thousand. Much the same thing happened when he was photographed in a wool sweater adorned with sailors dancing the hornpipe. His sister, with her father's permission, shows up in public in slacks, and Philip takes Charles sailing in blue oilskins and sou'wester, picked up for five dollars the set in a store at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. Charles hated his school cap, stuffed it into his raincoat pocket whenever he left for a vacation, didn't wear it again until his private detective, Sergeant Reginald Summers, escorted him to London's Paddington Station and into a reserved compartment for the train ride to Cheam. The Queen did not go along to kiss him goodby, for fear she would draw a crowd.

Charles wore short pants at school. His pants were, in fact, often shorter than most, because the Queen is not extravagant about clothes for anybody, including herself. She spends some \$28,000 on a new wardrobe and has an official allowance for it; but

most of the money goes for dresses for state occasions. Even at fashionconscious Ascot, she has worn the same outfit two years running. So her heir is often squeezed into suits he has outgrown.

Like many British prep-school boys, Charles is younger in looks and behavior than an American boy of similar age. An American twelveyear-old is borrowing his father's neckties, eying his razor, and dreaming about the keys to the car. Charles is forbidden so much as hair dressing. The barber, supplied by Trumpers of Curzon Street, London, who catered to his grandfather and greatgrandfather, gives him a tidy but uninspired cowlick. His haircuts cost 65 cents, excluding tip. Roger Poirier

IF YOU'RE MOVING SOON, it will be an exciting and busy time for you. In the rush of planning and packing . . . don't forget McCall's! SIX WEEKS BEFORE YOU MOVE send us a letter, card or post office change-of-address form, telling

- vour old address (a recent McCall's label is best)
- vour new address have one.
- and your new zone number, if you

McCALL'S WILL ARRIVE PROMPTLY to help make your wonderful new home happier than

GOOD LUCK FROM MeCALL'S III

BOX 986 B DAYTON OHIO

of Paris, the Duke of Windsor's barber, indiscreetly remarked: "The Duke does not like Prince Charles hair style. He has often said he would like to bring him here.'

The future King is kept on a tight financial rein. At Cheam, he was allowed \$12.60 a year as spending money. Once his funds ran out, and he sold to other boys such personal treasures as penknives and marbles, to buy candy. Unfortunately, in the tuck shop, called "The Bank." his deal was discovered and the proceeds were confiscated. On vacation, he gets 35 cents a week. He has a small boy's taste for water pistols and cap guns and likes to shop for comicbook thrillers. In one store, he gazed longingly at a tool set until he learned the cost. "Much too dear for me," he sighed. He has a pony, Greensleeves; but, like his father, he doesn't share Queen Elizabeth's view that a horse is probably man's best friend. That is more in line with his sister's passion. She also owns a pony, which she called Charles until its name was quietly changed to William.

Anne is, at present, the only important girl in her brother's life. She is a self-reliant young lady, with her mother's blue eyes, fair hair, and will power. At five, she helped the housemaids with their dusting and boasted, "I can write. I can sew. I can bathe myself." She has no trouble winning her way over Charles, who mostly gives in, loses his temper with her occasionally, and, if necessary, puts up his fists to defend her. They are encouraged to play with the neighbors' children on the royal estates, climbing trees, waging warfare fallen apples or snowballs. Among the bluebloods in Charles' circle are his cousin Prince Richard of Gloucester, age sixteen, and another cousin, Viscount Lascelles, who is ten. There are Harold and Andrew. sons of Lieutenant Martin Charteris, the Queen's assistant private secretary; Lord Ipswich, son of Lord and Lady Euston; Micbael Knatchbull. son of Lord Bradbourne; and sixteenyear-old Guy Nevill, son of Lord Rupert Nevill. Charles finds time, too, to play with his brother, whose future worries him. "Poor baby," he says.
"He will have no one to play with. Mother will have to have another.'

Girls hover on the outskirts, mostly as companions to Anne. Guy has a thirteen-year-old sister, Angela. There is a Charteris sister: Francesca, fifteen. Lady Sarah Coke, sixteen, blonde, leggy, and the Duke of Leicester's daughter, visited him when he was convalescing from chicken pox at Sandringham.

No serious matchmaking has been attempted for Charles, though his mother was only thirteen when she met Philip and developed an instant crush. But the question of a suitable bride has been discussed inside and outside the family for years. A monarchy depends in its essence on its bloodlines, so the Prince's matrimonial prospects are a national concern. Among the few monarchies left in Europe, there is a dearth of eligible brides-to-be. The Scandinavian Princesses are too old; the daughters of King Paul of Greece are grown women. Luxembourg, Monaco, and Lichtenstein are too minor in stature. Any royal Belgian girl would be ruled out as a Catholic, since the British sovereign is temporal head of the Church of England. The only princesses reasonably close to Charles' age are Maria Christine of the Netherlands, a year older, and Anne Marie of Denmark, two years older. A British newspaper has speculated about five nonroyal but patrician names: Caroline Percy, fourteenyear-old daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and her sisters, Lady Victoria, twelve, and Lady Julia, ten; Lady Georgiana Petty-Fitzmaurice, eleven, the Marquess of Lansdowne's daughter; and Lady Marguerite Chetwynd-Talbot, eleven, whose father is the Earl of Shrewshurv.

The odds are that Charles, with his mother's blessing, will marry for love, just as she and her parents did. But in an age of change, it's impossible to foretell how far restrictions surrounding a royal heir may be lifted and how free his choice may be.

This is in the future, however. Charles still must endure more experience in the art of being royal. He has survived the normal childhood diseases, bumps, and bruises, the worst of them being a fall downstairs that twisted his ankle and kept him three weeks in a cast. When his tonsils were removed, he stored them in a jar, to show visitors and friends. Each vacation, he has a dental checkup with Dr. Alan McLeod, of Upper Wimpole Street. Without braces, the dentist straightened the boy's front teeth, which used to protrude slightly. Because good feet are essential to a King and Charles was inclined to toe in, a splint was ordered for him. He had to wear it every night in bed. It was luxurious compared with the contrivance devised for George VI as a boy, who kept it on day and night to correct knock-knees-"I expect I shall get used to it," said George. Charles has been cured and sleeps more comfortably. His legs remain in training, however, with half-hour exercises in simply standing still, to teach him not to fidget in public. He is not permitted to sit around at home.

He has been going to dancing classes for years-originally at weekly sessions in Buckingham Palace, conducted by the intimidating Miss Vacani, and later, during holidays, at a Knightsbridge academy. At an age when girls and white gloves are equally tiresome, he shows some interest in the cha-cha. At Balmoral last summer, the Queen Mother superintended him in Highland dancing, as well as in tamer waltzes and

fox trots.

Under Prince Philip's prompting, the Queen is letting Charles get a taste of his future. She had an obvious struggle to stifle her emotions when he appeared in public for the first time in long trousers. In a new navy-blue suit, he read the lesson at Sunday service in the little fifteenthcentury church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the village of West Newton, near Sandringham. The Queen sat with Philip, Princess Anne, and Princess Margaret; a host of other rela-tives attended. It was the first time Charles had spoken in public—the start of countless speeches to be made in countless causes. The thought must have stirred his mother's heart. She seldom permits herself tears, but her eyes were suddenly bright with love, pride, and-who knows?-pity.

He wore long trousers soon afterward, at the wedding, in Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, of his distant cousin Lady Pamela Mountbatten to interior decorator David Hicks. It was the biggest social event Charles had been to since his mother was crowned. Anne was one of the five bridesmaids, wearing pink slippers and long white dresses of Swiss organdy, lined with flannel against the cold. A snowstorm blew up, and during the reception at Earl Mountbatten's home of Broadlands, the lights failed. Holding a soft drink in a champagne glass, the Prince sprang into the breach, very much the young worldling. "It would be jolly good weather for tobogganing, wouldn't

Some British matrons strongly disapproved of the long trousers; they wanted to see Charles' knees for another year or so. The protests were almost as loud as those made to the Queen by the English League against Cruel Sports for letting the boy hunt, fish, and shoot-the last of which he does with Old Thunderer, a shotgun owned by three generations of Kings

The coutious unveiling of the world sends him out unannounced, with Anne and a nanny, to London movie houses. They sat through Ben-Hur. And they sat through a documentary entitled Princess Margaret, This Is Your Life; their reactions remain a family secret. They have been to the circus, the Royal Tournament, and the fun fair in London's Festival Gardens, where Charles spent ninety minutes at the electric speedway, hoopla stalls, and mirror maze. They toured Scotland Yard, winding up with a cops-and-robbers dash around London in a squad car. They visited the Tower of London, where Anne Boleyn was beheaded, and Westminster Abbey, where Charles will one day be crowned.

More and more, he is taken out by his parents. He stands in the background, but close enough to hear some practical lessons in making small talk to fit all occasions. The Queen sees to it that he meets visiting dignitaries, and urges him to remember names, and use them.

He is being schooled in the social graces. Lord Rupert Nevill-old Etonian, ex-Life Guard, father of three, and close friend of the family's -introduced him to Buck's Club, Mayfair, and gave him a wineless luncheon. The Prince has hosted his first cocktail party. The guests, all adults, were invited—with his mother's approval-to drink liquor ordered by Charles from the Sandringham cellars and to nibble sausages. The Queen, Philip, the Queen Mother, Margaret, and Tony agreed that the host, who stuck to orangeade, did a commendable job.

Philip has taught his son enough about sailing for him to startle in-structors at the Royal Naval College, in Greenwich, with his mastery of navigation. His father lets him take the wheel of a turbo-jet speedboat and pilot it at twenty knots. Charles has plainly driven cars along the royal estates' private roads; it shows in his handling, at speeds up to fif-teen miles an hour, of a bright-red Go-Kart presented to him, along with a blue one for Anne. Auntie Meg has had a run in them, too.

Charles is closest to his father. which is not surprising. Philip, musand mechanically

would be any boy's hero. He copies Philip's walk, his quick turn of head. the way he clasps his hands behind his back. "His father has an insati-able curiosity," one Cheam master said, "and Prince Charles has evi-dently inherited it." Father and son go hunting, and Philip has called in James Robertson Justice, actor and sportsman, to instruct the boy in falconry and spear fishing. The Prince longs to follow his father and go into the navy. "My heart is set on the sea," he has admitted, adding quickly, "So long as my parents let me. If he has his way, he will enter the Britannia Royal Naval College at "So long as my parents let me." Dartmouth when he is seventeen. But he does not question the fact that his mother will decide his destiny. "Not everybody's mother is the Queen," he says. She already has filled in and signed the regulation blue form putting him down for a commission in the Grenadier Guards. He could be a second lieutenant in 1967. He knows this is not binding and, in any event, he would have to be tested in his last two years of schooling, to see whether he and the regiment were compatible. He would like to take the entrance exam for the navy as soon as possible, as George VI and the Duke of Windsor did at the age of twelve. They had been tutored at home and had been so sheltered that they suffered miseries as naval cadets. The Queen will not let that happen to Charles. This is one of her reasons for sending him to Cheam and Eton.

How Charles and his mother will survive the next few years is any-body's guess. The future Kinggood-natured, practical, outgoing, dogged-is being brought up to face problems, never to run away from them. But the Queen, from her own experience, believes that to hold on to happiness, he will have to learn to lead two lives-one as a King, the other reserved for himself and his other reserved for infinent and his family, with the walls of privacy built high. "I have two faces—one my public face," this reflective young mother said. "Charles also has a public face. But he doesn't know it yet." Teaching him to know this, and Teaching him to know this, and to know himself, is, in a sense, the crux of the challenge she faces.

THE END

Marriage is a private affair

Continued from page 30

This may be a painful realization; he may try to re-prove his masculinity by making himself acceptable to

younger, more attractive woman. If you feel that your husband fits into this picture, there's something else I want particularly to say to you. Very often, the emotionally disturbed condition that impels a man into unfaithfulness is closely linked with his marriage. Maladjustment in the marriage may have given him a feeling of frustration, discouragement, and worthlessness. He may have looked to his wife for understanding and healing that she could not, or would not, give him. If the wife can recognize and accept this, instead of pointing a self-righteous and accusing finger at her man, it can make a big difference in her chances of restoring the relationship.

The fifth and last type of unfaithful husband is the most obviousthe sexually frustrated. Despite all our frank, down-to-earth talk about sex these days, some wives still do not understand that a sexually starved man is highly vulnerable to any temptation that comes bis way. Even Saint Paul, who has been much criticized for his supposedly straitlaced views on sex and marriage, knew human nature well enough to warn married couples against keeping each other in an inflammable state of unsatisfied desire. This giving of satisfaction is one of the simple and elementary duties of marriage. If we neglect it, accusations of unfaithfulness against our partners have a hollow ring. A man who commits adultery is indeed culpable, whatever the circumstances; but if his wife has helped drive him to it, the justice of heaven, if not that of the courts, demands that she accept her share of responsibility.

Remember, too, that there are many ways in which a wife may frustrate her husband, apart from a downright refusal to accept his advances. She can thwart him by coldness, by evasiveness, by ridicule, even by refusing to seek help about her sex relationship with him.

The question of unfaithfulness is never a simple one. It is very com-plex, and each individual situation must be carefully examined. This is what the experienced marriage counselor tries to do. But his approach is entirely different from that of the courts. Their objective is to establish whether or not adultery has taken place. The counselor's aim is to understand just what has happened and why, and then to help husband and wife find the best and most constructive way of handling the situation. Right now, you are troubled and confused hy the discovery of your husband's unfaithfulness, and I hope what I have written here has been of some help to you. But the kind of help you really need is too personal to be given in any letter, You need to talk out your feelings with someone who can help you

deal with the problem realistically.
Obviously, I consider infidelity a
very serious matter and a breach of the moral law. But I believe that, before we judge others, we need to understand very clearly not only what they have done, but why they have done it. I believe, too, that the restoring of a broken relationship is much more important than the punishment of an offense. And I have found, from long experience as a counselor, that understanding and forgiveness are much more powerful in restoring broken relationships than judgment and condemnation.

Yours sincerely, DAVID R. MACE



good! The exclusive built-up arch, molded sole and cupped beel support and cradle your every step . . . make walking a real pleasure . . . prevent that "let-down" feeling of ordinary sandals. Ideal for home, street or recreation. Adult sizes, \$10.95 pr.

WOMEN'S: Tan, Red, White, Black MEN'S: Tan, Brown, Black CHILDREN'S: Tan, Red, White Irom \$7.95

At all Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops, leading Shoe and Dept. Stores If not available locally Dr. Scholl's Inc., Dept. 75M, Chicago 10, Illinois,

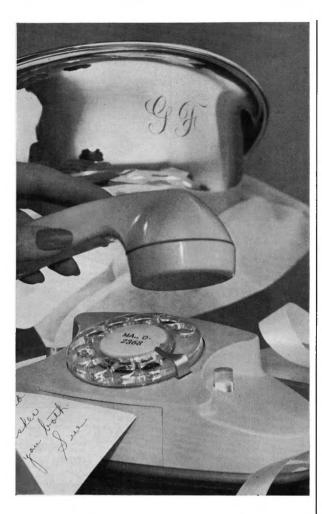
PEACE

is for the strong . . .

So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

BUY **U.S.** Savings Bonds Now!





Why not say "thanks" by Long Distance?

A heartfelt "thank you"-sometimes so hard to put on paper-can be said so easily and sincerely by telephone. So the next time you want to express your appreciation to someone you love, give it the personal touch that's such a nice part of every Long Distance call.

Keep in touch by Long Distance



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

YOURS FOR A SPOTLESS SUMMER

BY McCALL'S EQUIPMENT EDITORS

Here's a bandful of "musts" for removing stains from your washables: · Treat them at once! The longer stains remain in the fabric, the barder they are to remove, particularly if you have exposed them to high heat,

· Understand the fabric-if you have any doubts about it, test on the inside of a seam or some other in-

conspicuous place.

• Avoid using bot water on stains of unknown origin. The beat might set

. Treat blended synthetic fabrics as if they were made entirely of the fabric's natural fiber, such as cotton or silk.

 After treating the stain, wash, rinse, and dry the garment.

You'll need these to remove the common stains of summer: liquid detergent, ammonia, chlorine bleach, perborate bleach, grease solvent, 3 per cent bydrogen peroxide (the mouthwash kind), and vinegar.

For an effective chlorine-bleach solution, use 2 tablespoons liquid chlorine bleach, or 1/4 cup chlorinebleach beads, and 1 quart cool water. For delicate things, combine 2 table-spoons perborate bleach and 1 pint hot water (use lukewarm water for Dynel, wool, and silk).

Blood. Sponge with cold water. If stain remains, soak in a weak solu-tion of ammonia and water. For synthetic fabrics, use hydrogen peroxide rather than ammonia.

Fruit. From a height of two or three feet, pour boiling water through the stain. Wash. Any remaining stain requires a chlorine-bleach solution. However, if the fabric is manmade, just sponge with warm water, and wasb. Bleach out any remaining stain with perborate bleach.

Grass. Rub the stained area with

a liquid detergent, and rinse. Bleach out any remaining stain with the

Ice cream and mayonnaise. Sponge the stain with cool water. If stain does not disappear, work liquid detergent into it. Rinse, and let dry. If a greasy stain remains, sponge with a grease solvent, and let dry. Repeat if necessary. If a colored stain remains after the fabric dries, soak in a solution of equal parts of chlorine bleach and water, or a double-strength per-borate solution.

Iced tea and coffee. Pour boiling water through the stain; then wash as usual. Sponge cream stains with a grease solvent. Treat any remaining stain with chlorine-bleach solution.

Soak wash-and-wear or man-made fabrics in cool water for 30 minutes. A perborate-bleach solution should be used to rid fabric of the last traces of stain.

Milk. Sponge with cool water. Then wash as usual. Use a grease solvent on man-made fabrics

Mustard. Dampen stain with cool water; rub in liquid detergent; rinse. If stain is not removed, soak article in hot detergent solution (fabric permitting) for several hours, overnight if necessary. If stain persists, a strong perborate-bleach solution will be effective.

Perspiration. Wash stain thoroughly with liquid detergent and warm water. Work carefully, because perspiration weakens some fabrics (especially silk). If the color has been affected, try restoring it with undiluted ammonia; for an old stain, use vinegar; in either case, rinse. Remove any yellow discoloration with chlorine- or perboratebleach solution.

Soda and soft drinks. Sponge the stain with cool water, or even soak it in cool water for 30 minutes. Stubborn stains may require overnight soaking. If the stain persists, work a liquid detergent into it; then rinse. If stain still remains, bleach with a bleach solution suitable to the fabric.

Sight and sound OUTSTANDING EVENTS

Continued from page 11

but Miss Loren (excellently directed by Vittorio De Sica) gives a varied, vibrant performance, proof that under the artificial gloss that blurs her Hollywood performances there lies real

RECORDS

Humor in Music. The talk, by Leonard Bernstein, is filled with wit, clarity, and wisdom. The music, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," by Richard Strauss, is played by the New York Philharmonic, under Bernstein. It illustrates the talk to per-

stein. It illustrates the talk to perfection. (Columbia, ML 5625, mono, \$4.98; MS 6225, stereo, \$5.98)

Le Sacre du Printemps, by Igor Stravinsky: The authoritative version, played by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with Stravinsky conducting. The set includes a superb rendition of Stravinsky." "Petrouched" and a talk by the com-"Petrouchka" and a talk by the com-poser on the genesis of "Le Sacre." (Columbia, D3L 300, mono, \$12.50; D3S 614, stereo, \$14.50)

Wellington's Victory, by Ludwig van Beethoven. A rousing rendition, by

Antal Dorati and the London Symphony Orchestra (complete with real cannon and musket shots), of what is perhaps the worst piece of music Beethoven ever wrote. Still, the re-cording is great fun. There also are an explanation by Deems Taylor of how it was made and able performances of Beethoven's sublime "Pro-metheus Overture" and "Leonore Overture Number 3." (Mercury, LPS 5000, mono, \$4.98; LPS 9000, stereo, \$5.98)

A Tribute to Grandma Moses. Fortyfive paintings by one of America's favorite artists, most of them country scenes. Fort Worth Art Center, Fort Worth, Texas, July 1-31; Winnipeg Art Gallery Association, Winnipeg, Manitoba, August 15-Septem-

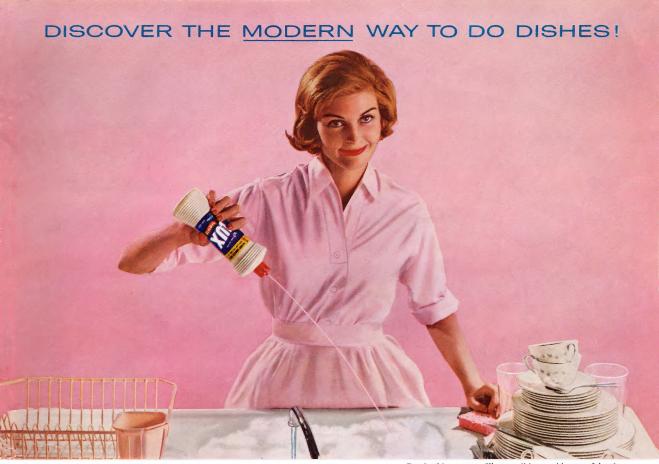
Annual Exhibition for Michigan Artists. Contemporary paintings, chosen by three judges, and for sale. The Detroit Institute of Art, Detroit, Micbigan; on view now through August 13.

Early Drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec. Fifty drawings. University of Nevada, Reno. July 1-August 30.

(Note: Dates of art tours subject to last-minute change.)

ABSOLUTELY MOST STUNNING CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

in the August issue of McCall's



One healthy squeeze fills your dishpan with powerful suds

Discover Pink Lotion LUX LIQUID for Sparkling Dishes...Lovely Hands!



WONDERFUL LUX MILDNESS. New Pink Lotion Lux Liquid now has pink mildness in every gentle drop. It looks like a soft pink lotion. . . feels like a lotion, too. And it's always heavenly on your hands no matter how many times a

day you do dishes. You'll really love it!



CUTS GREASE FASTER. These two dishes were smeared with liquid cooking fats, then put in tanks of dishwater, one containing a well-known clear liquid, the other Pink Lotion Lux Liquid. You've probably seen this TV test which shows that Lux Liquid goes to work faster, cuts grease more easily, gets dishes sparkling clean.

NEW PLASTIC SQUEEZE BOTTLE

Women love its convenience! You snip off the tip of the cap —then one good squeeze gives you enough rich suds for an average load of dishes. This modern plastic bottle can't rust or chip, won't slip from your grip!



Lux Mildness through it...more power to it!

THAT IVOIRY LOOK

-simply delicious...a fresh, clear, sparkly look to your face. You can't imagine how pretty your complexion can be till you start using mild Ivory Soap daily...gentle enough for a baby's skin. 99\frac{44.0}{100}\% pure. More doctors advise it for babies' skin, and yours, than any other soap.

